

NOTES.

The Motto is from Wordsworth's *Michael*.

CHAPTER I.

In the days when—i.e., before the introduction of machinery which extinguished domestic spinning and weaving. From the earliest periods of human history till almost the close of the 18th century the manufacture of linen was one of the most extensive and widely disseminated of the domestic industries of European countries. The preparation and spinning of yarn gave occupation to women of all classes, and the operations of weaving employed large numbers of both sexes. The inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton in the later part of the 18th century gave the linen trade as it then existed a fatal blow. To the present day in certain remote districts in Russia the domestic manufacture of linen still holds its place. The foundation of machine spinning of flax was laid by John Kendrew and Thomas Porthouse of Darlington, who in 1787 secured a patent for "a mill or machine upon new principles for spinning yarn from hemp, tow, flax, or wool." The first spinning mill was established at Hirtenberg near Vienna in 1815. It was the invention of a Frenchman, Philippe de Girard.

Weaving is one of the earliest and most universal industries of man. The most primitive form of spindle is a small stick with a notch at one end and a weight at the other end. The raw material is rolled round a distaff, and drawn off and attached to the spindle which is spun round. The raw material is thus spun into yarn. We see our fishermen use this sort of spindle. About the middle of the 16th century in Europe this spindle was fixed to a wheel which was spun round by means of a belt attached to a large wheel. The next stage in the improvement of spinning apparatus was the invention of the treadle machine by which means both hands of the operator were free. The introduction of the double-spindled wheel with flyers or twisting arms on the spindles completed the improvements on flax spinning up to the end of the 18th century.

References, such as Squire Cass's to 'the close of the war,' seem to point to the Great War (1793—1815) as the date of the story.

hummed—were busy at work. The yarn was spun by the farmer's wife and sold to the weaver who wove it into fine fabrics.

thread-lace—hand-made lace which was of course more expensive than the cheap machine-made lace of to-day.

toy spinning wheels—small spinning wheels made of the best wood (oak) and kept more for show than real use. It was, as it were, the fashion in those days for ladies to spin.

for away ..lancs—i.e., in outlying districts far away from the high roads.
deep in bosom...hills—shut in by hills on all sides.

pallid undersized—their sedentary occupation told upon their health.
pallid—pale.

br. brawny—muscular. The life out in the open made them strong and healthy.

the remnants . race—the survivors of an aboriginal race who had been driven into remote corners of the land by a stronger race.

alien-looking men—because so different from the strong healthy country-folk.

upland—as opposed to the lowlands or meadows.

dark against ..sunset—as he stood on the rise his form seemed dark against the red sky behind him. A solitary figure is what the author wants to bring before our minds, and the word 'appeared' and the mention of a winter sunset help to do so. The winter sunset brings a scene of silence and desolation before the mind, and the word 'appeared' suggests just the mere presence of the figure against the sky—a figure standing up amidst a scene of dreary loneliness.

what dog likes—George Eliot was a keen observer of men and animals. "Her knowledge of, and sympathy with, animals," says Miss Blind, "was as remarkable as that which she showed for human nature. Thus she astonished a gentleman farmer by drawing attention to the five points of his horse. Her intimate acquaintance with the dog comes out in a thousand touches." Cf. Chapter XIV.

bent under.. bag—i. e., carrying a heavy bag.

though he had good...believe—though he very probably knew.

flaxen thread—the flax spun into yarn by the farm-house spinning wheels—which, as was said above, the weaver collected and wove into linen. Spinning and weaving are two distinct processes.

the long rolls, etc.—i. e., the finished article, the yarn woven into linen. The shepherd saw the weaver as he carried home the yarn from the farm-houses, or as he returned with it woven into linen.

the Evil One.—Satan.

As George Eliot goes on to tell us, the country-folk of the days she writes of were very superstitious ; everything they were not quite familiar with was mysterious to them, and as to something that was really rare or peculiar—why, the only way of explaining it was to trace it to the Evil One. Weaving was an ingenious process and one they knew nothing about, hence it was thought that Satan had something to do with it. Also the weaver was a peculiar being himself ; they knew nothing of his antecedents, where he lived or who his parents were.

unwonted—uncommon.

intermittent—not appearing at regular intervals.

occasional—not appearing frequently.

pedlar—a hawker or travelling merchant. The *l* is intrusive, the old form of the word being *pedder*, a fish-hawker, from *ped*, basket. "In Norwich," says Brewer, "there is a place called the Ped-market, where women expose eggs, butter, cheese, etc., in open hampers."

knife-grinder—a man who went about from village to village, sharpening knives, scissors, etc.

no one knew—the author describes the feelings of the shepherd in the matter.

how was a man...explained—i.e., how was it possible to know everything about a man.

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a region of vagueness—they never left their own district, and consequently they had vague notions not only of other countries but of any district other than their own. [It was not till 1821-25 that the first railway was constructed in England.]

untravelled thought—had they travelled just a little, they would have had saner views of the outside world ; but as it was the very idea of passage from district to district or country to country was, to begin with, new to them, much less could they form a conception of a foreign country. Hence, for instance, it never entered their minds to ask where the swallows spent their winter ; their minds were a perfect blank on this subject—as they were in the case of travel in general. Hence there never ceased to be something mysterious about the "foreigners" dwelling in their midst, and this sense of mystery very often became a positive misgiving.

dim—vague, mysterious.

the swallows—spend their winter in Africa and return to England in spring.

which—used in a continuative sense.

a remnant of distrust—misgivings they could not rid their minds of; doubt always lingered in their minds.

which would have...surprise—because it would only have confirmed the fears they had all along that he was a suspicious character, though he led a quiet life and harmed nobody; one is not surprised if a person whom one has all along suspected commits a crime.

any reputation for knowledge—the mere fact that he came from an unknown part was enough for him to be viewed with suspicion; but if he was proficient in learning of any sort or showed any skill in handicraft, that was a further reason why he should be suspected. See next sentence.

any skill in handicraft—a thing unfamiliar to the villagers who were merely agriculturists. *handicraft*—a manual craft or trade. The *i* is due to false analogy with *handiwork*; A.S. *handcræft*. A.S. *cræft*, Ger. *kraft*, power.

the rapid use...tongue—facility of speech.

born...visible manner—the circumstances of whose birth and upbringing were well-known to the villagers.

the process . dexterity—rapidity and dexterity were only to be learnt in towns, not villages. Hence the art of gaining these seemed mysterious to the villagers.

conjuring—practising magical arts.

eccentric habits...loneliness—i. e. the eccentric habits which grow upon one in course of time if one keeps to oneself.

vocation—his calling or trade. Cf. *avocation*.

nutty-hedgerows—hedges of nut-trees.

stone-pit—quarry.

questionable—suspicious, i. e. in the ears of the villagers, because they were not familiar with it. The sound of a winnow or flail they knew, and if therefore aroused no suspicion.

natural—i. e. what seemed to be natural to the villagers. What they were familiar with was 'natural,' and what they were not familiar with 'unnatural.' The same way with *cheerful*.

trotting...winnowing machine—a winnowing machine is a contrivance used for fanning away the chaff from grain. George Eliot evidently refers to the sound made by this machine when she talks of the *trotting* of the machine; Mr. Hoare thinks she refers to the trotting of the horse which urges the fan.

the simpler rhythm...flail—the steadier or 'measured beat of the flail, *flail*—a wooden instrument for beating out corn from the ear,

half-fearful fascination—though they were fascinated, fear lurked in the background of their minds.

nutting or birds' nesting—gathering nuts from the hedges or taking birds' nests.

counterbalancing.. weaver—They were really afraid at seeing the wonderful way the loom acted, but tried to hide the fact that they were afraid by making fun of the peculiar noise made by the loom and of the bent figure of the weaver, and so making it appear as though they despised both weaver and loom instead of being afraid of them.

pleasant sense—a welcome feeling at that time when they were really in a bit of a funk.

drawn from—derived from, induced by.

its alternating sounds—the two different sounds produced by the loom.

tread mill attitude—a bent posture—the attitude of a person ascending the steps of a treadmill. *Treadmill*—a form of punishment for prisoners, consisting of a revolving wheel which they have to climb and which as they tread from step to step they keep in motion.

chary—unwilling to lose, careful. A. S. *cearn*, care.

take to their heels—run away, flee.

protuberant—prominent.

to believe—i.e., for the boys to believe.

really saw nothing—were really weak sighted.

their dreadful stare—due of course to his shortsightedness. The superstitious villagers felt that from his appearance it was certain that Silas's glance could send cramp to the limbs etc.

rickets—a disease peculiar to children; characterised by softness and curvature of the bones. Mid. Eng. *wrikken*, to twist, allied to A. S. *wringan*, to twist.

a wry mouth—a twisted mouth.

who happened to be...rear—who happened not to rush away as quickly as the others.

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if he had a mind to—if he was inclined to do.

still more darkly—in a still more vague or mysterious manner. This was something more terrible.

speak the devil fair—the villagers thought that Silas was in league with the devil. They believed that if only they could offer sufficiently high

terms to the devil (through his agent, Silas) they need never resort to doctors, for the devil would cure them.

lingering echoes—traces of the primitive practice of demon-worship. The villagers looked upon the Almighty as a malignant being who could, as it were, be bribed into conferring favours on them.

perhaps even now—as George Eliot writes, in 1860—much more common was it in 1790.

caught...diligent listener—even now one hears grey-headed peasants give expression to similar views, if one keeps one's ears open.

for the rude mind benignity—one of the striking observations so characteristic of George Eliot's writings. Uncultured and unenlightened men find it difficult to conceive of an all-powerful at the same time an all-merciful God. It is only under the former aspect that every savage nation views the powers of the unseen world.

the sense of the Invisible—the idea of God.

primitive wants—fundamental wants, such as food, clothing etc. Men who have not even the necessities of life and who are not stirred by any great religious zeal conceive of God as a being who by much entreaty can be induced not to inflict harm. Men full of religious zeal do not give this world's trials much thought, as they look forward to the life in the world to come; but men with no such faith, and hard pressed by want, naturally become engrossed in material things, and how to supply their immediate needs becomes the supreme interest of their lives. Their God therefore they associate with their wants, indeed the ruling power of their lives. God, to them is a great being able to meet all their needs.

To them...possibilities—They have had so much pain and misfortune in life that it seems to them as if it were more likely they were going to have more sorrow rather than that they were going to have gladness and enjoyment.

their imagination...hope—having longed and hoped for things so far in vain they no longer long and hope. Long want has made pessimists of them.

overgrown...pasture to fear—they dare not hope, for the memory of the past with all its misfortunes does not encourage them to do so. Their minds are obsessed with the fear that the future will be no brighter than the past. The metaphor is from grazing; it is well-sustained, barren—overgrown—pasture.

pictual—food, Lat. *pictualis*, relating to living, *vivere*, to live.

Experience—his experience had schooled him into being satisfied with ordinary food; having been compelled all his life to be content with ordinary food, he did not know what it was to want anything else.

phantasm—the faintest show, (so thoroughly had he been schooled to be satisfied with ordinary food.)

old echoes—the old state of things.

undrowned...voices—not having been driven out by the influence of modern thought.

Not that it was etc.—Ellipsis. "I do not mean to say that etc."

outskirts of civilisation—in out-of-the-way places far from centres of civilisation (big towns.)

meagre—thin, lean.

Merry England—*merry* means here 'cheerful,' 'prosperous.'

spiritual point of view...tithes—Farmers pay a tenth part of the produce of land and stock to the local clergyman usually, for the maintenance of the clergy and other church purposes. In this parish the farms were large and rich, and paid large sums as tithe to the clergyman. George Eliot has a hit at the worldly-mindedness of the clergy of former days. The first object of the clergy ought of course to be the spiritual welfare of their flocks, such matters as revenue being only of secondary importance.

nestled—situated comfortable—the houses all lay together like birds in a nest, *snug*—comfortable.

turnpike—originally a frame consisting of two bars crossing each other at right angles and turning on a post with the object of preventing beasts from passing through, but admitting a person to pass between the arms. Cf. Ben Jonson, 'I turn upon my axle like a turnpike.' When roads were made in England and toll-houses erected, the term was applied to the gate or bar set across the road to stop carriage and animals till toll was paid. Turn + pike, lit. swinging bar.

the vibrations ..coach-horn—There were no railways in those days; the chief mode of locomotion for long distances was the stage-coach. The conductor sounded a horn when the coach was entering a town and when it was about to start. By saying that Raveloe was not reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn George Eliot means that it lay far away from all coach-routes, and was not therefore in touch with the busy outside world.

the vibrations . public opinion—an example of condensation. 'We can speak right enough of the vibrations of the coach-horn, but we cannot very well speak of the vibrations of public opinion except with humorous effect

—as if public opinion were a sort of buzz ! This form of condensation is very common in Dickens's works ; for instance, he speaks of a man taking out his handkerchief and his tears at the same time. See Abbott's *How to Write Clearly*.

home-steads—farm-houses. They were built of brick and stone, showing that the inmates were well-to-do.

orchard—gardens of fruit-trees.

weathercocks—vanes in the form of cocks at the top of towers etc. to show the direction of the wind.

standing—i. e. of course the homesteads.

rectory—the rector's house. In the Church of England a *rector* is a clergyman who has the charge of a parish and has the whole right to the ecclesiastical dues therein. A *vicar* receives only a portion of the tithes or a salary. The two or three homesteads were grander buildings than even the rectory.

peeped—i.e., it could be seen through the trees.

showed the summits—told you at once who were the big people of the district. From the fact that there were two or three fine houses in the village it was evident that the land was not in the hands of one great proprietor, but in the hands of several landholders. *summits*—Cf. *lifting* above ; the two or three homesteads in question stood out from among the other houses, both literally and figuratively the summits of the village.

great park and manor house—The land belonging to a lord or nobleman is called a 'manor,' and a 'manor-house' is the house or seat belonging to a manor. It is generally situated in an extensive park.

could farm badly .. ease—During the Great War (1793-1815) the price of wheat rose very high. England was no longer self-supporting for food, and the distress caused by the Industrial Revolution and the Agricultural Revolution, which was consolidating small holdings into large farms, was accentuated by the war. George Eliot has a hit at the careless farming which prevailed at this time.

rollicking—careless.

Whitsuntide—the seventh Sunday after Easter, commemorating the day of Pentecost or the descent of the Holy Spirit, when the converts in the primitive Church wore white robes.

Easter—the festival commemorating the resurrection of Christ. *tide*—season.

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pallid—pale, wan. Lat. *pallidus*, pale.

exceptional nature...occupation—weaving was something quite new to the villagers. The unfavorable opinion which they formed of Silas from his appearance was confirmed by his suspicious occupation and by the fact that he had come from an unknown country.

unknown region—Cf. *region of vagueness*, page 2.

Northward—i. e. Northward—the North country.

So had his way of life—understand *mysterious peculiarities* as the object of *his*; *way* is the subject. The way in which he lived also struck them as being very strange.

door-sill—threshold. He invited nobody to his cottage; he was not hospitable.

a pint—i. e. of ale.

the Rainbow—the name of the village inn. Some inns have some fantastic names. The 'sign' is always painted on a board which hangs either from the inn or from a post some little way from the inn. In the present case the sign was of course that of a rainbow. 'The Red Lion,' 'The Green Man,' 'The Coach and Horses,' 'The Spread Eagle,' 'The Load of Hay,' are some names of inns. The 'Boar's Head' was the inn in Eastcheap which Sir John Falstaff frequented.

wheelwright's—where the villagers met to have a chat.

save...his calling—i. e. either to collect yarn or to give up linen.

he would never...against her will—It was soon seen that the young man meant to have nothing to do with the people in the village, and so there was no fear of his ever urging one of the village girls to marry him against her will. The girls did not want to marry him, because his appearance frightened them, and also because they knew he was subject to fits. He left them severely alone almost as if he knew the opinion they had of him, viz., that he looked like a man risen from the dead, and that it would be no use his asking any one of them to marry him.

personality—personal appearance.

unexampled eyes—eyes the like of which they had never seen before.

the mole-catcher—moles are small animals like mice with very small eyes and soft fur. They burrow in the ground, and cast up little heaps of mould. They live chiefly on worms.

stile—a step, or set of steps, for climbing over a wall or fence, consisting of one or more bars placed one over the other.

(eyes) were set—fixed—with a lifeless stare in them.

had made up his mind—felt sure.

came all right again—got all right again, *i. e.* regained consciousness.

like—this is a vulgar and very common use of 'like'; = 'as if it were.
you—the indefinite use.

more by token—in proof of this; besides, indeed—a corroborative phrase. Jem means to say that he was not drawing from his imagination, because he could call to mind the very day (and it was a well-marked day) on which the incident occurred. Notice the rustic mode of reasoning and thinking. Cf. *Tom Brown at Rugby* I, 1, 'Surely a dragon was killed there, for you may see the marks yet where his blood ran down, and more by token the place where it ran down is the easiest way up the hill-side.

saw-pit—a pit where wood is sawed.

"fit"—a convenient term to cover any strange attack.

the argumentative Mr. Macey—See Introduction. *Argumentative* is a permanent epithet.

clerk of the parish—whose business it was to register births etc., lead the responses in church, and in other ways to assist the vicar.

to go off...down—to be seized by a fit, and yet not fall down.

a stroke—a sudden disorder of the nerves, as paralysis etc.

throw him on the parish—leave him to be supported by the parish. The first Poor Law Act was passed in 1562.

to look to—to whom he might look to support him.

"Gee!"—the word used to start a horse.

got over-wise—learnt strange arts.

shell-less state—disembodied state, the soul without the body. Mr. Macey mixes his metaphors by first talking of a bird and a nest and then of a 'shell-less state.' The comparison of the soul to a bird is very common. Cf. *Enoch Arden*.

Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,

The little innocent soul fitted away.

Shakespeare calls the soul 'swift winged.'

those who...teach them more—*i. e.*, evil spirits. By their intercourse with evil spirits they became possessed of strange wisdom.

with their...parson—by the aid of their senses and the parson.

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charms—substances having magical powers. See p. 14.

cured Sally Oates—See next Chapter.

if he would—if he wished to do so.

worth speaking fair—it was worth while being on good terms with him.

this vague fear—viz., that he was in league with the devil.

for protecting him—this does not read well; 'for his protection' would be better. *him* reflexive object.

highly welcome settler—The old linen weaver being dead, there would have been no one in the village from whom the 'richer housewives' could have got their linen and to whom the poorer housewives could have sold their yarn but for Silas.

provident—seeing beforehand and providing for the future.

their little stock—the force of *their* is 'which they had spun.'

their sense—The villagers might suspect Silas of being in league with the powers of darkness, but as long as he dealt honestly in his trade, and belied their fears, they were not unwilling to do business with him.

the quality or the tale—the linen had to be of the same quality and weight as the yarn supplied to him. *Tale*—number or reckoning. Cf. To tell one's beads.

novelty to habit—the next sentence explains what is meant. The ideas formed of Silas at the beginning crystallised in course of time into settled prejudices.

a fine sight—a vulgarism for 'a large quantity.' The money would be a fine sight if displayed to men's view.

could buy up "bigger men"—i. e. had more money than men who were considered to be much wealthier than he was.

Marner's inward life...metamorphosis—Marner's inner life had been modified one way and the other until a complete change in character was the result. *metamorphosis*—a change of form.

fervid nature—an ardent nature eager for human sympathy. Lat. *fervere*, to boil.

when it has fled—i. e. 'to solitude.'

movement—state of feelings, emotion.

mental activity—the quickening of his intellect. He thought seriously about some of the great facts of life.

close fellowship—with the other members of the sect. The numbers of the sect being small, it was possible for the members to know each other intimately.

an artisan...religious sect—an artisan who had early become a member of a small religious sect.

Where the poorest layman...speels—In large religious bodies the clergy deal with matters affecting the church; but in small societies even the

poorest person can make his influence felt. Even if he does not speak, his vote given in silence influences the government of the community.

little hidden world—i.e. a society the existence of which was unknown to the outside world

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a mysterious rigidity ..consciousness—he had had an epileptic fit. His limbs got stiff and he lost consciousness.

To have sought a medical explanation—Experiences such as these were believed to be of divine origin, and to lead to heavenly visions. To trace them therefore to natural causes was nothing short of deliberately shutting out the divine light from one's soul. Cases are on record of people having remarkable experiences in ecstatic states.

selected—i.e. by God.

discipline—training.

though the effort...trance—Since Silas had had no vision it was not possible to tell what God meant to do with him. It was only by means of a vision that God made known His purpose, and in the absence of a vision therefore that purpose could not be ascertained.

light—knowledge of God and His ways. Though there had been no vision, it was believed that Silas had gained spiritual insight and had been filled with fresh zeal. They felt certain that some change or other must have been brought about by the trance.

A less truthful man etc.—As trances were always supposed to be attended with visions, Silas could very easily have imposed on the credulity of his weaker brethren, and given out afterwards that he had seen a vision, for the details of which he could have drawn on his imagination. He could have said that he did not at first remember the vision, but that it subsequently occurred to him. But Silas was too honest a man to do such a thing. *resurgent*—rising again as from the dead. His mind had been a perfect blank, but afterwards the vision rose to mind.

a less sane man—a man with a weaker intellect than Silas's might have persuaded himself that he had really seen a vision.

Culture had not defined...knowledge—It is only a cultured mind which defines for itself the limits of knowledge or what things it is possible to reason about and understand and what things it is not possible to apprehend intellectually. (An uncultured mind, having no clear notions on matters of this nature, allows mysticism to prevail where knowledge should, and vice versa.) Where deep religious faith co-exists with want of culture the tendency is to view with awe and reverence all things of an unusual character; thus mysticism prevails where knowledge should. In what

seems to us such a clear case for the exercise of intellect as that of the use of medicine Silas felt that prayer and faith were called for. The habit of referring all things to God grew upon him, and took complete possession of his mind. He felt it was sinful for him to rely on his knowledge of medicinal herbs, because he would be tempted to put trust in his own skill and not in the power of God.

a solemn bequest—She had no property to leave him ; all she left him was her knowledge of medicinal herbs which she told him to use as a Divine gift.

inherited delight—i.e., from his mother who loved to wander about in search of medicinal herbs.

foxglove etc.—plants used extensively in medicine. The leaves of foxglove are used as a soothing medicine. *daudeliou*, a common plant with a yellow flower, with leaves with jagged tooth-like edges. Fr. *dent de lion*, tooth of the lion. *coltsfoot*—once used for asthma and coughing.

wear to him the character—appear or seem to him.

a temptation—to try his faith and trust in God ; in times of illness he felt he ought to trust chiefly to prayer and faith.

David and Jonathan—the most intimate friendship recorded in the Bible (I Samuel XVIII, 1-4). 'The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul.'

shining instance—beautiful example.

given to—addicted to.

weaker brethren—less spiritual members of the church than himself.

dazzled by his own light ..teachers—he had such a high opinion of his own spiritual knowledge that he thought himself wiser than his teachers.

impressible self-doubting natures—Silas doubted his own capabilities and was easily influenced by suggestions from without.

admire imperativeness—a weak nature naturally admires a stern, self-reliant nature.

lean on contradiction—Marner trusted implicitly in his friend : if contradicted by him in anything, he did not doubt his friend, but doubted himself. He deferred to his friend's judgment in all things.

heightened by—rendered all the more striking by.

absence of special observation—there was a sort of aimless gaze in his eyes ; he did not direct his gaze to any definite object.

deer-like...because the eyes of a deer are large and prominent, Marner had a simple, guileless look in his eyes.

self-complacent suppression—from the expression in his face one could see that Dane was well satisfied with himself though he tried to assume an expression of humility. He had not Marner's simple, artless expression.

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Assurance of salvation—most Dissenters believe that not only may a man be saved, but that a knowledge of his having been saved is granted to him by God.

John Wesley wrote thus to his mother, "The Holy Ghost confers on us the graces necessary for, and our souls receive the seeds of, an immortal nature. Now, surely these graces are not of so little force as that we cannot perceive whether we have them, or not: if we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us, which He will not do unless we are regenerate, certainly we must be sensible of it. If we can never have any certainty of our being in a state of salvation, good reason it is that every moment should be spent, not in joy, but in fear and trembling; and then undoubtedly, in this life, we are of all men most miserable. God deliver us from such a fearful expectation as this! I am persuaded we may know if we are now in a state of salvation, since that is expressly promised in the holy Scriptures to our sincere endeavours; and we are surely able to judge of our own sincerity." (Watson's *Life*, pp. 9,10.)

than hope mingled with fear—than a hope that he would be saved with the fear at the same time that he might not be.

longing wonder—he could not understand how Dane could be so sure of having been saved, and longed to have the same assurance himself.

conversion—the time when he repented of sin, and took Christ for his Saviour to deliver him from the guilt and power of sin. Acts XVI, 31. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'

"calling and election sure"—Dane saw these words in a dream standing by themselves, and took the appearance to be a sign from God that he was saved—had become one of the elect. The words are from II *Peter*, I, 10, 'Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.'

the open Bible—i. e. Dane's own Bible.

colloquies—conversations. Lat. *col*, together, *loqui*, to speak.

whose unmatured souls... twilight—On whose spiritual faculties though no high influences have been brought to bear, still they have striven to get a knowledge of what is spiritual and infinite. They have few to sympathise with their aspirations, crude as they appear to be, and thus they may be said to be 'forsaken.' *twilight*, i. e. superstition and ignorance.

no chill—no diminution.

been engaged to—i. e. they were under a mutual promise to marry.

mutual savings—‘This use of *mutual* as synonymous with *common* is inconsistent with the idea of interchange, or reciprocal relation, which properly belongs to it; but the word has been so used by many writers of high authority. The present tendency is toward careful discrimination.’ (Webster). In the present case, however, the use may be defended, as the joint savings tended to add to the mutual comfort of the parties concerned.

in order to—for the purpose of.

Sunday interviews—Sunday was the only day on which the servant could get leave, and see Marner.

cataleptic fit—a sudden seizure in which there is more or less complete insensibility with the absence of the power of voluntary motion. Gr. *kata*, down, *lambano*, *lepsomai*, I seize.

fellow members—of the church assembled in Lantern Yard.

jarred with—was out of harmony with the general attitude of sympathetic interest.

singled out—marked out for special spiritual dealings.

hid no accursed thing—that he was the victim of no secret sin.

accursed thing—is a Biblical phrase. See *Joshua VII*—1, 11, 13. *office*—duty.

a strange fluctuation...dislike—Sarah’s attitude towards him was queer: at one time she professed great love for him, and at another showed, in spite of herself, a disinclination to be in his company. *fluctuation*.. a floating backwards and forwards. Lzt. *fluctus*, a wave.

recognised in the prayer-meetings—prayers having been offered for the pair.

without strict investigation—i. e. by the elders of the church. The dissenting churches exercise great control over the private lives of their members. The enquiry in the present case would have been as to whether any wrong doing on the part of either of the lovers had led to the breaking off of the engagement.

deacon—an officer who among other duties has that of dispensing charity.

tended—nursed.

the one—i.e. William. *the other*—i.e. Silas.

sitting up—watching.

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had to lift—was obliged to lift.

to see—in order to see.

rigid—‘rigor mortis’ had set in.

the minister among them—absolute construction ; understand *being*.

vestry—a small room adjoining a church in which the minister puts on his robes in preparation for public worship. Lat. *vestis*, a robe.

to him—in his eyes.

God's people—Silas knew of no other worshippers of God than those of Lantern Yard.

bureau—a cupboard to contain papers, a cash—box, etc. ; an 'almirah.'

God will clear me—God will make my honesty clear.

three pounds five—i. e. £ 3-5 s.

groanèd—of course a hypocritical groan.

neglected the dead body—Marner did not know when the deacon expired. The minister of course insinuates that it was because he was otherwise busy—busy searching for money.

not in the body—Marner imagines that his spirit left his body during his "visitation." It is a common idea among savages with regard to dreams that their spirits leave their bodies when they are asleep, and roam about in other worlds.

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tucked—hidden away.

gone in and out together—a biblical phrase meaning 'lived.' St. John X, 9.

secret chambers...heart—How am I to know what secret thoughts you have cherished in your heart, and thus let Satan gain power over you'

Suddenly a flush—the thought flashed across Marner's mind that it was Dane who had stolen the money, and his face got flushed (i.e. turned red).

that sent...made him tremble—Marner was shocked to find himself about to accuse his friend in public ; it just occurred to him in time that he would be disgracing his friend if he did do so, and he trembled to think what he was on the point of doing. One still notices a remnant of Marner's regard for Dane—he still 'leans on contradiction.' However, he soon loses control over himself, and speaks out. See the last line of the page.

the flush back—he turned pale.

the knife wasn't in my pocket—i.e., when he was watching at the bedside.

I know nothing...mean—Dane pretends he knows nothing about the knife. Marner is, however, sure he took it, and therefore refuses further explanation for fear of getting his friend into trouble.

I am sore stricken—Biblical phraseology. Cf. *Psalm* VI, 3, 'My soul is sore vexed,' and *Isaiah* V, 5, 'Why should ye be stricken any more?' *stricken*...afflicted.

God will clear me—Marner had not lost his faith in God yet.

On their return—i.e., from Marner's lodgings whither all had been to search for the money.

prosecution was forbidden—this was in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament. Cf. *I Corinthians*, VI, 1—7, 'Dare any of you, having a matter against another, go to law before the unjust, and not 'before the saints?...Is it so, that there is not a wise man among you? no, not one that shall be able to judge between his brethren? But brother goeth to law with brother, and that before the unbeliever. Now therefore there is utterly a fault among you, because ye go to law one with another.' Wesley also spoke of 'brother going to law with brother' as an evil.

even had the case...scandal—In the present case the members of the Church in Lantern Yard were naturally loath to have the case made public, considering the nature of the crime—a member of the Church robbing a dying deacon! But even if the theft had not been as bad as it was, the members of the Church would not have made the case public, as it went against their principles—principles drawing their authority from the Bible itself—to take their cases into court.

This resolution—Only those unacquainted with the religious life of the poor and ignorant will be surprised at this decision to pray and draw lots. Mention is, however, made in the Bible of important matters having been decided by the drawing of lots: Saul was chosen king by lot, *I. Samuel* X, 17, and St. Matthias apostle by lot also, *Acts*, I. 26.

obscure—hidden, about which one hears very little.

sorrow and mourning...behind—Silas felt that there was sorrow in store for him even after the lots were drawn and he was proved innocent, because he knew his friendship with Dane would cease and his faith in his fellow church-members had been shaken for good after he had seen with what ease they believed a false report.

bruised—the commoner word is 'shaken'; but perhaps the word 'bruised' was used to describe at the same time the effect on his spirit—that of crushing it. The use is no doubt reminiscent of Scripture. Cf. *Isaiah* LIII, 10, 'Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.'

the fold of the church—Cf. *St. John* X, II.

shaken by agitation—quivering, through emotion. Marner was in a highly nervous and excited state of mind.

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I don't remember putting...pocket—you must have kept it.

to lay the sin at my door—to charge me with the crime. Cf. Genesis IV, 7, 'If thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.'

for all that—in spite of that. I expected God to clear me, but He has failed to do so, and has instead made it appear as though you were innocent. You may very likely continue to prosper.

meekly—as if he were practising Christian forbearance. Cf. Romans, XII, 17, 'Recompense no man evil for evil,' and verse 21, 'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.'

the voice of Satan. Dane has no difficulty in convincing his brethren that it was Marner who stole the money, Marner's wicked nature had at last shown itself.

the bitterness of his wounded spirit—his keen distress.

her whole faith would be upset—On hearing of the terrible wrong done Marner—she would likewise have her trust in God and man shaken.

*To people accustomed etc.—A mind of some culture and penetration distinguishes between the essentials and the non-essentials in religion. All forms and ceremonies, it recognises, are non-essentials, and admit of change without interference with what is vital to religion. Indeed with liberal minds the form in which religion should clothe itself is a constant topic of discussion, that form being adopted for which some rational explanation can be given. With uncultured minds, however, this is not the case: with them religion is identified with the particular forms with which they have been accustomed. Hence when Marner was expelled from Lantern Yard, and was deprived of the only form of religion he had been accustomed to, there was nothing for it but for him to ignore God altogether. The non-essentials in his religion swept the essentials along with them. He had not the necessary culture to call in question the means adopted for ascertaining God's Will.—*vis.*, that of the drawing of lots. And besides he was in a state of mental prostration, and quite unfit for calm reflection.*

independent thought—Marner had not isolated in his mind the form of his religion from the religious feeling, and had not reasoned about it to the exclusion of everything else. A person accustomed to do so would, as soon as the lots declared him guilty, have simply asked himself whether the particular mode or form adopted for obtaining God's judgment was not decided by chance instead of by God. He would have lost faith not in God, but in the drawing of lots as a means of obtaining God's judgment. But it was different with Marner; to him the drawing of lots was, as it were, part

of his creed. Form and religious feeling were indissolubly blended, and to lose faith in one was to drive out the other.

an angel who records—In the Bible God is spoken of as recording in a book the deeds of men. Cf. *Exodus*, XXXII, 32 where Moses says to God 'blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.' Cf. also *Malachi*, III, 16, 'A book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name,' and *Revelations*, XX, 12, 'And the books were open' The recording angel is a familiar figure in literature.

benumbing unbelief—unbelief that benumbed or paralysed his mental faculties. He tried to banish from his mind his mental anguish by sitting at his loom and working away as usual.

she held—she considered,

Summary.

The chapter might be headed 'prologue.' It describes (a) the time, (b) the scene of the story, (c) the past history of Silas Marner.

(a) The story relates to the days when machinery had just begun to be employed in the art of weaving. The weavers of those days were pale, undersized men belonging to towns, who travelled about in outlying districts, collecting the yarn which used to be spun by the women of each house, and taking it away to weave it into cloth. The peasants of those days were very ignorant and superstitious, and anything they were not accustomed to they viewed with suspicion. The weaver, along with the pedlar and the knife-grinder, was a mysterious being to them, because he emanated from what was to them an unknown world, for they had lived all their lives in their villages, and the outside world was to them a land of mystery. Besides the art of weaving was unknown to them, and there was much that was strange in the appearance of the weaver himself, and the peculiar way he appeared and disappeared at each village.

(b) Near the village of Raveloe a weaver named, Silas Marner, worked in a cottage not far from a stone-pit. He was an endless source of suspicion to the villagers: now it was the peculiar noise made by his loom and his large brown protuberant eyes which frightened the Raveloe boys, now it was his little knowledge of medicinal herbs and the fact that he cured Sally Oates which made the parents of the boys think he must be in league with the Evil One. Raveloe lay out of the reach of the outside world, and old fancies and ideas persisted there. But it was a well-to-do village for all that, and could boast of two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads and a fine old church, with a large churchyard.

(c) It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had come to Raveloe. All that time he had lived by himself in his cottage, inviting no one to it nor entering into the life of the villagers; only so far as business demanded it did he have anything to do with them. This behaviour of his confirmed the villagers in their suspicion and to add to their fears Jem Rodney had seen Silas in a "fit." Indeed it was only because he was the only weaver in the neighbourhood that the villagers did not persecute Silas. Meanwhile his inward life had been 'a history and a metamorphosis.' Before coming to Raveloe he had belonged to a narrow religious sect, and had been a member of 'the

church assembling in Lantern Yard.' There he was once believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith, and after a seizure he had had at a prayer-meeting was considered to be one chosen by God for special dealings. He was an intensely religious young man, and being without the culture to distinguish between the domain of reason and that of faith, let his religious faith dominate all his life, so that he began to feel that it was not right to trust in herbs to cure ailments instead of in the power of prayer. To his loving and trusting nature a person in whom to trust and confide was a necessity, and Silas formed a deep attachment for a fellow-worshipper, named William Dane. Dane's character was the very opposite of Silas's; indeed it was his self-assurance which attracted Silas so, because Silas's character was essentially a self-doubting one. But Dane was a villain at heart, and was the wrecker of his friend's happiness. His first attack on his confiding friend was on the occasion of the cataleptic fit which the latter had at the prayer-meeting. In his opinion, said Dane, the trance was more like a visitation of Satan, and he accordingly exhorted his friend to see that he 'hid no accursed thing in his soul.' The simple Silas Marner received the exhortation quite seriously, never doubting his friend, though he noticed that Sarah, the young servant woman to whom he was engaged to be married, seemed to have changed in her manner towards him. Just at this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and Silas took his turn one night to sit up by his bedside. Dane was to have watched the latter half of the night, but gave out the next morning that he had been prevented by sickness from doing so. This he did because on coming in to relieve Marner he had found him in cataleptic fit, and had seized the opportunity to steal a bag of money belonging to the deacon, and to put Marner's knife in the bureau to make it appear as though Marner had stolen the money. The next morning Marner was charged with having stolen the money and with having neglected the deacon (for the deacon had died when Marner was in his cataleptic fit); and not only was the empty bag found in Marner's room, but when lots were drawn Marner was declared guilty. In his anguish Marner cried, "There is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent." Sarah broke off her engagement, and in little more than a month was married to William Dane. Not long afterwards Silas Marner left Lantern Yard with his trust in God and man shaken—"which is little short of madness to a loving nature."

CHAPTER II.

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Made various by learning—A sudden change of environment following a reverse of a serious nature often leads to a total change in one's outlook on life and one's attitude towards men and things. Men, who by their culture realise that there are various modes of living—that life is not confined to a single set of circumstances, should experience no such break in the continuity of their lives with a change of scene. The philosopher is a citizen not of his own town only, but of the whole world. As Bacon says, 'Reading maketh a full man.'

to keep a fast hold etc.—their views on life and religion change, and their past life seems but a dream; amid strange surroundings all seems strange and bewildering.

where... another lap—where the earth presents a different aspect; 'Amid different scenery.'

other forms—i.e. other social customs and forms of worship—all different to those to which they have been accustomed and in accordance with which they were brought up.

unhinged—unsettled ; driven to give up their 'old faith and love.'

old faith and love—the faith in and love for both God and man which they once had.

Lethean influence—Lethe (i.e. oblivion) was in Greek mythology a stream in the nether world a draught of whose waters obliterated all recollection of the past and its sorrows. The ghosts of the dead drank of its waters on their entrance into Pluto's kingdom. As George Eliot has observed, in a strange land everything seems strange, and the past seems but a dream. Just as men resort to drugs to forget the past, so men seek out other lands and other scenes as a means of forgetting the past.

its symbols have all vanished—and, as the saying goes, 'out of sight out of mind'. The 'symbols' are of course all those social customs, forms of worship etc., which were a part of their former lives. Being in a strange land with other social customs, other modes of worship, and with nothing to recall the past they soon forget their own past lives. Some of the 'symbols' of Marner's past life are enumerated lower down in the para. where George Eliot shows how everything was new to Silas Marner at Raveloe, and how there was nothing to recall by association the past.

the present too is dreamy—One cannot generally take an interest in what is totally new to one ; there must be something present to recall the past—some feature or features resembling something in the past to recall old scenes and revive old interests. Otherwise we take but a languid interest in the present or no interest at all, and a sense of unreality or dream—like vagueness creeps into our lives.

their experience—i.e. of those people who have sought to wipe out the past and all its painful memories by quitting the place forever associated with such memories, and seeking fresh scenes in other lands.

simple weaver—Silas Marner was a poor ignorant man who simply obeyed the dictates of his feelings. After the events of the last chapter he felt he could no longer stay at Lantern Yard, and so fled. The act was not an act of deliberate introspection, a dictate of reason which prescribed exile as a cure for his mental anguish ; but a simple impulse, an instinctive shrinking from what caused pain, and a resort to what was felt would bring relief. Silas did not know what he was going to, as would have been the case, at least to a certain extent, had he chosen exile as a cure for his

ills after a deliberate act of introspection; for then he would have considered the reasons for and against exile, and under the latter head would have come the consideration of what his lot might be like in a strange place. Such reflection he was incapable of; he simply obeyed the impulse of the hour. Hence his new surroundings seemed very strange to him, because he had in no way prepared himself for change.

set within sight etc.,—His old home had been in a bare elevated plain surrounded by hills in the distance; his new home was in a low, thickly-wooded valley, where he felt as if the very light of heaven were shut out from him.

There was nothing etc.,—Most probably Marner lived in some dirty back lane and perhaps looked out on the backs of some dirty houses when he woke every morning!

dewy brambles—the bushes all wet with dew.

rank tufted grass—long coarse grass ending in a tuft or bunch.

that life centring in Lantern Yard—the life forever associated with Lantern Yard. An earnest Dissenter like Marner had always given his chapel the central position in his thoughts; religion entered into all the details of his life, and his chapel was, as it were, the centre of his religion.

the altar-place dispensations...a sacred spot where he had felt God's presence near him and had been blessed with peace and joy. *Altar*—used here figuratively for a place of worship. The *alter* in a Christian church is the table on which the officiating priest consecrates the bread and wine in the Holy Communion; it is at the east end of the Church. Lat. *altus* high. *dispensations*—God's dealings with him; His free gifts and pledges of mercy and love. Lat. *dispendere*, to weigh out.

pews—long seats or benches separated by low partitions. O. Fr. *pui*, a raised place. Lat. *podium*, a front seat in the amphitheatre where the emperor and other distinguished persons sat. Gr. *podion*, orig. a footstool.

a subdued rustling—the worshippers entered their pews reverently, trying not to make a noise. *rustling*—i.e. of their clothes.

pitched in...petition—a particular tone of voice was adopted for their prayers when the members prayed aloud; they all prayed with the same tone of supplication to God. *pitched* qualifies *voice*.

uttered—the subject is *voice*.

occult and familiar—there were words and phrases which they used in their prayers with which they were familiar from constant use, but whose exact significance was unknown to them. There are many archaic words and phrases in the Bible some of which perhaps crept into the conventional language of prayer of the members of Lantern Yard,—though for the

matter of that even words of ordinary difficulty would have been unintelligible to the ignorant worshippers. The words and phrases were, however, repeated with all reverence, as if they had some hidden meaning and power. See note on *hard words*.

the amulet—something worn round the neck as a charm against sickness, harm, or witchcraft. Arabic *himalat*, lit. 'a carrier,' applied to a shoulder-belt by which a small Koran is hung on the breast. Though a familiar object to the wearer, a charm is nevertheless looked on with a sense of awe.

unquestioned doctrine—doctrine with which all agreed.

swayed to and fro—moved from side to side in the pulpit as he preached,

handled the book...held the Bible as he preached. Some preachers have a Bible in their hands when they preach for purposes of ready reference. Or perhaps it is his *interpretation* of the Bible that is meant.

the very pauses—The hymns were given out two lines at a time in order that those without books and those unable to read might join in the singing. It was in 1870 that the Elementary Education Act was passed and 1876 that elementary education was made compulsory in England.

the recurrent swell...song—the voices rising again and again in chorus. The verses of a hymn are all sung to the same tune.

channel of divine influences—all these 'forms' made up Marner's religion, and through them he derived spiritual strength.

they were...emotions—for to Marner's mind the outward forms were everything: he knew no religion apart from the particular form of it he had always been accustomed to. Amid what were to him religious surroundings his spiritual life grew and was strengthened.

hard words...abstraction—Hymns are, as a rule, written in simple language, and a weaver who finds hard words even in them is not likely to be able to think of religion apart from its external forms. Religion is more a matter of feeling and associations to an uncultured mind, not of clear and vigorous thought.

as the little child etc.—The little child knows nothing of parental love in the abstract, but clings to its mother, the concrete embodiment of such love.

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orchards—gardens of fruit-trees. A.S. *ortgeard*, *wyrigeard*, lit. wort-yard, i. e., a yard for herbs.

lazy with neglected plenty—with thick clusters of fruit drooping on the trees on whose cultivation however no care has been bestowed.

lounging—standing lazily at their own doors. *lounging* is a pres. participle qualifying *men*. The men preferred standing about at their doors to going to church.

purple-faced—with much eating and drinking.

jogging—riding or driving along slowly.

turning in at—to have a drink and a chat with the landlord

homesteads—farm houses.

supped heavily—hence their purple faces and drowsiness after supper.

the light of the evening hearth—the farmers slept before the fire in the evenings after supper.

laying up...life to come—they were continually spinning. It looked almost as if they thought linen would be required for the life beyond the grave, they were always so busy spinning.

There were no lips etc.—Everything was entirely different at Raveloe. The people held no views in common with Silas, and nothing they said could arouse him from his stupor, and awaken painful recollections. His spiritual nature was paralysed.

each territory...divinities—Athena was the protectress of Athens, Romulus the protector of Rome. Pan, the god of forests, dwelt in grottoes, and wandered over rocks and mountains, or through valleys. The Naiads presided over rivers, lakes, etc. The Dryads had their abodes in wooded mountains away from the haunts of men.

his native gods—the gods of the place where he was born.

primitive men—men belonging to the early ages of the world.

sullenness—resentment. This was the case with Marner; he was angry with the God who had given an unpropitious, i. e. inauspicious or unfavorable, answer at the drawing of the lots.

among the streets...Marner's religion entered every detail of his life; when he was out in the streets he offered up little prayers to God.

was very far...land—change of scene had made the memory of the past seem vague and unreal.

careless abundance—having all that they needed in abundance the men led an easy-going life with no cares or anxiety.

that trust—i. e., in God.

bitterness—unhappiness.

The little light etc.—As has already been remarked, Marner's religion was mainly a matter of feeling; it had not an intellectual basis. So little indeed was he able to reason with himself about his religion that his faith

gave way at the first shock it received, for it was without the means of re-assuring and satisfying itself that in spite of the verdict of the lots it still might believe in God's overruling Providence—that faith in a just God was still possible. With his loss of faith went Marner's whole religious life, and his soul was shrouded in spiritual darkness. As George Eliot has told us, to Marner religion meant Lantern Yard and every detail of its life. He had never learnt that God could be sought elsewhere, and that His love and care extended beyond the precincts of Lantern Yard. The figure is that of a curtain or screen keeping out a few straggling rays of light from a dark place.

His first movement—or impulse in, of course, the new life he had begun, *unremittingly*—incessantly.

never asking himself—he simply worked on, because work drew his mind off from all that gave him pain to think of. Work thus became an end in itself; Marner worked not thinking so much of the money he would get for his work as to keep himself occupied. Cf. the next two sentences.

the tale...the stipulated quantity. A.S. *taln*, a reckoning, a tale, also speech; Ger. *zahl*, a number.

Mrs. Osgood—a well-known lady of Raveloe.

to bridge over...life—to give him something definite to live and work for, to supply him with a continuous aim in life—and so to make up for what is now lacking in his life. A man with plenty to do has not the time to brood over the deep longings of his heart, and in course of time his work becomes the sole interest of his life. Thus, whereas before there were big gaps in his life for want of a suitable object on which to fix the affections of his heart, now he has an object to engross all his attention and in course of time to win his affections also.

Silas's hand satisfied itself...Silas got engrossed in the operations of weaving.

throwing the shuttle—The shuttle shoots the thread of the woof between the threads of the warp (the threads stretched out lengthwise). Before the introduction of machinery the shuttle was thrown across by the hand. See note on *spinning wheels*, page 1. A.S. *sceotan*, shoot.

Then there were—In addition to the work of weaving Marner had other work by having to supply all his wants himself.

immediate promptings—These promptings or calls to work had to be obeyed at once. The calls of hunger cannot be put off.

unquestioning activity—He worked as if by instinct, not knowing why he worked,

there was nothing that...love—for everything was strange to him at Raveloe, nor had his relations with the villagers been such as to call forth his love towards them; also with his faith in God shaken, he had lost the grand motive of his life:

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Unseen Love—Loving God.

Thought was arrested—He was too upset in mind for clear thought. Cf. p. 10.

its old narrow pathway...i.e., his Lantern Yard theology. As has been said, to Marner religion was Lantern Yard with its doctrines and its 'ritual,' and apart from Lantern Yard he knew of no religion. *now*—now that, since.

affection seemed to have died—His love for God and man had gone with the rude shock his faith had received.

keenest nerves...referring to the fact that Marner's nature was a loving, trustful nature, and that this very trust of his had been sorely tried. George Eliot was fond of drawing her illustrations from science. As early as 1839 she wrote to Miss Lewis in the following strain, "I have lately led so unsettled a life and have been so desultory in my employments, that my mind, never of the most highly organised genus, is more than usually chaotic; or rather it is like a stratum of conglomerated fragments, that shows here a jaw and rib of some ponderous quadruped, there a delicate alto-relievo of some fern-like plant, tiny shells, and mysterious non-descripts encrusted and united with some unvaried and un-interesting but useful stone etc." A somewhat objectionable use of physiological images disfigures a few pages of the *Mill on the Floss*. George Eliot and G. H. Lewes spent much time together on the study of Zoology.

table—linen—linen table-cloths, napkins, etc.

after a lower rate—according to or at a lower rate. He now worked for himself, and not for a middleman, and so got all the profits himself.

that he should offer—as a result of, or on account of, the love that he bore him.

who saw no vista—the value of money consists in the use to which it can be put; of what use was money to a man who had nothing to look forward to but to go on weaving—perhaps to the end of his days? But Marner did not look ahead; the hoarding of money became one more of those mechanical operations of which his life now consisted now that he had no purpose in life. He thus became a miser through force of circumstances. *Vista*, view or prospect. Italian *vista*, sight, view. Lat. *videre*, to see.

to ask that—viz. of what use the guineas were.

subsisting quite aloof from—something quite different from. In his former life there had been a definite attempt to live up to a certain standard and in conformity with certain principles, and had to that extent been an earnest, self-conscious life; his present life was wholly without a purpose, and consisted simply in the gratifying of blind impulses. It was lived for the day and the hour, not in loving trust of God and man.

*The weaver's hand.. full breadth—*Even as a boy he had had to earn his own bread.

mysterious money... To the ignorant mind it seems strange why it is with money alone we can buy things.

*earthly good—*We are told that Marner spent a large proportion of his money on objects of piety and charity. Money was the immediate object of his toil only on account of the use to which it could be put—on account of the good he could do by means of it; for as yet he lived in loving fellowship with man.

Marner must have been about thirty five years old at the time the story begins: he was twenty when the lots were drawn, and he had been at Raveloe fifteen years.

love it little—i. e. for its own sake like a miser.

*every penny had its purpose—*when he put his money to some use or other, and did not hoard it. It was a pleasure then to live; it was not money that he loved, but the simple joy of living and of being able to help others.

*when all purpose was gone—*for he had cut himself off from the world, and had no object on which to spend his money. He worked neither to live nor to give, but simply from blind impulse. His was an insect-like existence.

*a sense of fulfilled effort—*the sense that he had gained what he had been labouring for. All purpose had gone out of his life, and the pleasure involved in earning money (derived from the sense of satisfaction at having completed a task) soon developed into a love of money itself. He came to love money through the pleasureable feelings associated with the earning of money. We must remember that Marner lived more by instinct than by reason. *a loam.. desire—*was a circumstance which was sufficient to lead to the growth of avarice in him. *loam*, a rich kind of soil consisting of a mixture of clay and sand with organic matter to which its fertility is chiefly due.

*thought it was brighter—*now that he had come to love money itself, *gathering gloom—*increasing darkness.

suffering from the terrible symptoms—of course this is not correct; people do not 'suffer from the symptoms of a disease, but from the disease itself.

dropsy—or more properly 'hydropsy,' from Gr. *hydor*, water.

the precursors...death—the same symptoms which his mother had had before she died. Lat, *præ*, before, *currere*, to run.

a rush of pity—'We hardly know,' said Hegel, 'what it is to feel for human misery until we have heard a shriek'; so also was it with Marner in being moved to feel pity for Sally Oates. Though, as we are told on p. 12, 'there were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain,' the sight of a suffering person coupled with the fact that it was his mother whom he had seen in a similar state at once called forth his pity.

foxglove—has the power of diminishing the action of the heart, and is therefore a very useful medicine to employ in disease of the heart.

Sally Oates—the cobber's wife. See also page 5.

ease her—give her relief.

a sense of unity—His life at Lantern Yard had been one of loving fellowship with those around him and of love and sympathy towards all those in need or sickness. His present act of charity by calling forth in him the same old feelings of pity and sympathy made him feel as if there had been no break between his past and his present life—as if he continued to live as he had done before. Now that he had been aroused from his insect-like existence he might once more have lived in active fellowship with his fellow man.

"stuff"—a contemptuous term for medicine.

Doctor Kimble—the village doctor.

it was natural—because of his being a doctor.

brown waters—the rather contemptuous name given by the villagers to Marner's preparation of foxglove.

the occult character—the hidden or mysterious nature. It seemed quite evident that there was something mysterious about Marner's cure. The villagers of course suspected that he was in league with the Evil One. Lat. *occulere*, *occultum*, to hide.

'wise woman at Tarley'—some woman at the village of Tarley who had had the reputation of being a witch. *Wise woman* is a euphemism for 'witch'.

the same sort—i. e. a 'wise man' or wizard.

how did he know—the wonderful cure implied (in a weaver like Marner) supernatural knowledge of some sort, and not only a knowledge of the medicinal properties of herbs, for what was *his* knowledge of medicines compared with that of Dr. Kimble's?

a fine sight more—a colloquial expression meaning 'a great deal more.'
than that—than to effect such cures as Sally Oates's.

In this and the next sentence George Eliot gives us the villagers' opinion.

words that she muttered—*mantras*.

you—the 'indefinite you.'

the while—while she muttered the words.

water in the head—water on the brain—a disease of the brain consisting of an accumulation of serous fluid in the cranial cavity; dropsy of the brain. When it occurs in infancy, it often enlarges the head enormously.

Ann Coulter—some woman of the village.

and now it was all clear—the villagers now felt that their old fears had been justified. See page 2, "all cleverness ..nature of conjuring," and page 4, 'His appearance...unknown region.'

set his face against—be opposed to or dislike (Marner).

bring back the milk—Mothers, whose milk had ceased to flow, came to him. *the* = their.

stuff against—medicine to keep off (the rheumatics etc.)

knots in the hands—little knots or swellings in the blood-vessels of the hand due to a stoppage of the circulation; cramp.

driven—carried on.

Money...was no temptation—Though Marner was getting to love the money he earned by weaving, accompanied, as it was, with the sense of 'fulfilled effort,' he felt no impulse to grab the money offered him for charms, because his nature was thoroughly honest, and he had never learnt to deceive. *on this condition*—obtained in this way.

it was long before—people kept on coming to him for some time to come though he refused to sell them charms.

the hope in his wisdom—i.e. that he would cure them.

set the misfortune down to—ascribed it to, etc.

transient sense—Cf. page 13, 'An incident happened which seemed to open a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbours...Silas felt a sense of unity between his past and present life which might have been the result of his long isolation.'

beginning of his rescue from the insect-like existence into which his nature had shrunk.' When, however, the villagers misunderstood his refusals to sell them charms, and set down to malice what was his honesty, he withdrew more than ever from them, and his isolation became more complete.

the guineas etc.—obtained from his weaving.

drew—took out for his own use.

trying to solve the problem—what a miser tries to do; he will not spend money even on himself.

sum—or number of strokes. Drawn originally for a purpose, *viz.*, that of marking the flight of time, the lines themselves soon engross his attention, and then his interest is not in keeping a record of the moments as they fly, but in gazing at the lines themselves, and grouping them into triangles.

mastering purpose—ruling passion.

wile away—make to pass easily or pleasantly; beguile.

inanity—aimlessness, senselessness. Lat. *inanis*, empty.

fatigued waiting—waiting which tires us.

repeating some trivial...sound—We have all of us surely often sat breaking up bits of broomstick into small bits, piling up pebbles into little heaps, singing snatches of songs, or tearing up paper very carefully! *trivial*—strictly speaking, means "belonging to the public road." Latin, *trivium*, which is not *tres viæ* (three roads), but from the Greek *tribo*, (to rub), meaning the worn or beaten path. As what comes out of the road is common, so trivial means of little value. Trench connects this word with *trivium* (*tres viæ* or cross ways), and says the gossip carried on at these places gave rise to the present meaning of the word. (Brewer).

until the repetition.. habit—A habit begins with the feeling of wanting to repeat a thing. After repeating some trivial movement a certain number of times we find we want to go on repeating it, and what was merely a passing whim grows into a habit. *incipient*, beginning to be. Lat. *incipere*, to begin.

That will help us to understand—Where money is not saved for a purpose the hoarding of money soon grows into a habit and becomes an end in itself. Marner had originally no purpose (Cf. page 13) in saving money. The impulse to save was like that of weaving, simply one of wanting to lessen the dreariness of his life with occupation of some sort.

the very beginning of their hoard—when they have begun to hoard.

into a square—a square, that is, formed of little piles of ten guineas each placed side by side.

a new desire—i.e., for more, 'for hoards were wanting still.'

a hopeless riddle—His faith both in God and man had gone, nor had he the culture to give him any substitute for his old religion. Everything had become a puzzle to him, a problem to be solved. His own existence, that of the world and of the evil in it—all awaited an explanation. A.S. *ræðelse*—*ræðan*, to guess, to read. Cf. notes on *culture had not etc.* (p. 6) and *to people accustomed* (p. 10).

intense nature—earnest or high strung nature. Lat. *intensus*, stretched. Had Marner not had his high-strung nature he would quietly have settled down to his weaving, and, engrossed in its mechanical operations, would have forgotten all else. The receipt of money, however, at the completion of each piece of work together with the sense of 'fulfilled effort' which it brought along with it broke the monotony of weaving, and became another object to claim his affection, until he began to feel as if a strange sympathy existed between him and his coins, as he had already felt in the case of his loom. Had he had a less emotional nature the objects around him would not thus have played upon his feelings. But, as it was, he could not settle into a state of complete apathy; object after object came along which either by its associations or through its appearing at a particular juncture claimed his affection. An apathetic nature would have been indifferent to all such claims.

his immediate sensations—his feelings at the time.

his familiars—his familiar friends.

their form and colour...thirst—it was like satisfying a thirst to look at them, so intense grew his craving.

covering the bricks with sand—to hide the traces of the removal of the bricks. The floors of cottages were generally sprinkled with sand, as the floors required less cleaning when thus treated.

flock-beds—beds or mattresses stuffed with flock or refuse wool. Lat. *floccus*, a lock of wool, through O. Fr. *fluc*. Stockings, the lining of waistcoats, teapots, and chimneys have been favourite places to hide money in.

in the days of King Alfred—After providing for the defence of his realm, Alfred devoted himself to its good government. 'All the law dooms of his land that were given in his absence he used to keenly question, of what sort they were, just or unjust; and if he found any wrong-doing in them he would call the judges themselves before him.' 'Day and night,' says his biographer, 'he was busied in the correction of local injustice. In later days, when troubles came again, men longed for the "laws of King Alfred,"'

without betraying themselves—for in a small village like Raveloe where the people all knew each other intimately, and where it was known who were the monied people, suspicion would at once have been aroused if a rustic was found to spend more money than he was generally believed to possess.

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a course as dark and dubious—See note on *untravelled thought* (page 2). To the mind of an untravelled peasant the idea of leaving his village was terrible. Lat. *dubius*, doubtful.

rising—increasing.

narrowing—i. e. in its sympathies. His life became more and more self-centred and his interests more circumscribed.

hardening—driving all sympathy for his fellow creatures out of his heart, (and reducing his life to a mere pulsation of desire.) Cf. *Job vi, 10*; 'I would harden myself in sorrow.' We may speak of a life *hardening* into a *pulsation* in so far as the word 'pulsation' suggests the absence of feeling (for others) together with a machine-like existence.

no relation to any other being—he lived for himself only.

without an end—See page 13, 'when all purpose was gone from his life.'

crudite research—learned investigations. Lat. *crudere*, to free from rudeness, *e*, from, *rudis*, rude.

well-knit—carefully reasoned out. Learned men have undertaken profound investigations, worked out the details of schemes, or evolved speculative theories with no definite end in view beyond that of keeping themselves busily engaged and of shutting out from their minds all distressing thoughts.

shrank and bent themselves relation—Marner worked away like a machine, and his figure adapted itself to the particular kinds of movements required in his work, until he began to look like a part of a machine himself ('a handle or a crooked tube'). Marner did not take an intelligent interest in his work, but seemed to work on with the regularity and constancy of a machine.

which had no meaning—on seeing Marner's bent figure people seemed to look naturally for his loom, almost as if he were part of it, and had no meaning standing by himself. It is surprising how soon our sympathies wither and fade if we have not the living voice to remind us of a friend's existence. We soon drift into a state of mind from which all feeling is absent. Marner had cut himself off from the villagers, and lived apart,

Before long too he had contracted eccentric habits; so the villagers got to look upon him as a lifeless machine.

The prominent eyes—the trustful look in his eyes had given place to a sharp, almost greedy stare.

not yet forty—he was about thirty-five. See note on *earthly good*, p. 13.

"*Old Master Marner*"—"Master" is now usually applied to boys only. It is now pronounced 'Mister' when applied to men, though country people still say 'Master,' which was the old pronunciation.

withering—i. e. of his moral nature. Even at this time when his sympathies were dying out one after the other, and the love of money was becoming the ruling passion of his life, an incident occurred which showed that he could still love things other than money—that his nature had not yet quite 'hardened' into 'a mere pulsation of desire.' There were still traces of his old affectionate nature in him.

sap of affection—keeping up the metaphor of the withering tree; George Eliot compares his moral nature to a tree, and his affection to the sap, or vital juice, of the tree.

a couple of fields off—at a distance equal to the length of two fields, i. e. Marner had to go through two fields to get to the well.

held—considered.

the very few conveniences—Cf. para 2, p. 15, 'Marner drew less and less for his own wants.'

always lending its handle—as in the case of his loom Marner looked upon the usefulness of his pot as a sign almost of sympathy for himself. Cf. page 15. One sees how loving a nature Marner's must have been that these little 'kindnesses' from inanimate objects should have called forth so much genuine affection from him.

the impress of its handle—the well-known feel of the handle seemed, as it were, the grasp of a friend's hand.

mingled with—the pleasurable sensation of drinking fresh clear water which followed got to be associated with the impress of the handle on his palm.

stile—between one field and the other. See note on *stile*, p. 4.

the stones that overarched the ditch—a ditch ran alongside the wall separating the two fields, and a small bridge made of stones crossed it.

monotony—there was but little variety between the alternating sounds of the loom, see page 2. Monotony is properly the frequent recurrence of the same tone or sound. Gr. *monos*, alone. *tonos*, a tone.

sameness—in the way the threads of the warp and the woof crossed each other. There should be a comma after *web*.

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a constraint—When a movement has been continued for a certain length of time, the muscles adapt themselves to the requirements of the movement, and then some difficulty is experienced to modify or restrain it.

revelry—he feasted his eyes on the sight of the gold.

which wasted no place—there were spaces between the curved sides of the round iron pot and the sides of the hole. The flexible bags could be stuffed into all such available space.

bathed his hands—let them glide through his fingers and over the sides of his palm—as children do with sand on the beach, taking it up in their hands, and letting it pour through their fingers.

only half-earned—for he was not yet paid for the unfinished cloth still in his loom.

the end—‘he saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving,’ page 13.

were still—continued to be.

to fetch—to get, that is, the raw material—the yarn—from the farm houses.

his work—i.e. the yarn which he wove into linen.

these two belonged to the past—Even while at Lantern Yard he had given up searching for medicinal plants, for ‘he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge’ (page 6), nor after his experience with Sally Oates could he have had any inducement to go in search of herbs again.

had shrunk away—He had gradually lost all the interests of life until his life had narrowed into ‘a mere pulsation of desire.’ His old life had been a ‘full’ life.

the grassy fringe of its old breadth—the grass which grows on both sides of the sandy course, and which shows how broad the rivulet once was.

shivering—The surface of the water quivers in the wind: the rivulet is not broad enough to have even ripples on its surface.

Summary.

This chapter describes the stages through which the inward life of Marner passed during the fifteen years he was at Raveloe.

In coming to Raveloe Marner came to a place which was quite different to his native town. Instead of being situated in an elevated district in the vicinity of hills Raveloe lay in a low, thickly wooded district; and every morning instead of looking

out on the streets of a town Marner looked out on the country lanes of a village. Here he was amid scenes of peace and plenty—of orchards with trees loaded with fruit; of rich, purple-faced farmers who lived lazy, idle lives and who were seen jogging along the streets and turning in at the 'Rainbow,' and of women who seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. Here the people were not regular church-goers, but lounged at their doors during service time. There was no chapel at Raveloe, but a large church with a large churchyard. There was nothing to awaken by association memories of his religious life at Lantern Yard, and to arouse the old religious emotions.

Amid these strange surroundings and among people who knew nothing of his past history and who differed entirely in sentiment from him, Marner was cut off completely from his old life, which seemed now but a dream to him. With his old life went his old faith. To an ignorant mind like Marner's religion had come to be identified with Lantern Yard and every little detail of its life, and away from all that in his mind stood for religion he felt as if he had got away from the influence of the God in Whom he had once trusted. The more readily did he therefore relapse into a godless existence, since also he was unable, through want of culture, to provide for himself any substitute for his old religion.

His first need was that of an occupation of some sort to engross his attention and to banish the memory of the past from his thoughts. This occupation he found in weaving and in attending to his own daily wants. He got into his loom, and worked away quite mechanically—very often far into the middle of the night. The receipt of money, however, at the completion of each piece of work, broke the continuity of interest in weaving; and, accompanied as the receipt of it used to be with the sense of "fulfilled effort," money began gradually to attract his attention, and, the saving of it became before long another of the mechanical occupations with which he filled his life; for having no use to which to put his money—for he cared for nobody that he should want to spend money on others—the hoarding of money became an end in itself and hardened into a habit. Just at this time too happened an incident which drove him more into himself. One day taking a pair of shoes to be mended he saw the cobbler's wife, Sally Oates, suffering from the terrible effects of heart disease and dropsy, and moved with mingled pity at the sight of her and with the memory of what he had seen his mother suffer, he gave her a preparation of foxglove, as the doctor had done her no good; and his medicine gave her some relief. Soon he was besieged by people wanting him to charm away all sorts of complaints, for the villagers had concluded that he was a wizard, since his 'stuff' had acted where Dr. Kimble's medicine had failed, and how could a poor weaver's medicine act where a doctor's had failed, if it wasn't that magic had been employed to eke out the effects of the medicine? The villagers brought Marner money as an inducement to cure them, but money was no temptation to him when it was offered for such a purpose, for his nature was thoroughly honest, and to practise deceit of any kind did not come natural to it. He therefore drove the villagers away from his door with growing irritation, and then when any man or woman had an accident or a new attack after applying to him, it was set down to Marner's ill-will and irritated glances. Thus it came to pass that his movement of pity towards Sally Oates, which had given him a transient sense of brotherhood, heightened the repulsion between him and his neighbours, and made his isolation more complete.

In its isolation his clinging nature needed some object to love and cherish no matter in what crude a manner, and money which was always with him and which came in at the completion of each piece of work, claimed this position. As in the case of his loom, he began to think that it grew conscious of him, and to feel that he would

on no account exchange his coins for others with whose appearance he was not familiar. His coins became, as it were, his friends. At night he closed his shutters, drew out his coins from their hiding place in a hole in the floor of his cottage, spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them, counted them and set them up in regular piles, felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half-earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. So year after year Marner lived in solitude, weaving and hoarding with no end in view, as if almost he were part of a machine himself, his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire. His trusting, guileless look gave way to a greedy stare, and he looked old and withered.

But even at this time an incident occurred which showed that the sap of his affection had not dried up. For one day when returning from the well a couple of fields off from his cottage he stumbled against the step of the stile between two fields, and broke the old brown earthenware pot which he had had almost ever since he had been at Raveloe, and which he had come to look upon as a faithful companion. Deeply grieved at his loss, he stuck the pieces together, and put the pot back in the place where it used always to be.

CHAPTER III.

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Squire—a country gentleman, an owner of land in England, especially if of old family; corresponding to our Zemindar.

He was only one among...parishioners—Cf. page 3, para. 2. A *parish* is a district under a parson or vicar, and a *parishioner* one who belongs to or is connected with a parish.

timeless origin—going back to days of which all record had been lost.

fearful blank—the villagers could not picture to themselves Raveloe without the Osgoods. They were altogether wanting in imagination, and could only think of Raveloe as they had always known the place to be. Cf. their want of imagination to picture the outside world.

complaints of the game—George Eliot has a hit at what is really the petty-mindedness of the Squire, but her satire is without malice. Writing to Blackwood once in another connection, she said, "My artistic bent is directed not at all to the presentation of eminently irreproachable characters, but to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgment, pity, and sympathy." Landowners were as a rule fond of sport, and therefore favoured the increase of game on their lands; but to the tenants the increase of game was a nuisance, as such creatures as hares, for instance, attacked their crops. Squire Cass liked

having these complaints, as he fancied himself then a big landlord; for it is only with big landowners that these complaints are common, as with all their tenants they sometimes overlook the interests of one or two of them.

that glorious war time—the Napoleonic war (1793—1815), *glorious*—as both farmer and landlord thought, because during the war the price of wheat rose very high, and the farmers made big profits and were able to pay high rents to the landowners, who consequently looked upon the war as 'a special favour of Providence.' See note on *could farm badly*, p. 3.

the fall of prices—after the conclusion of the peace.

yeomen—small landed proprietors above the grade of labourer and next in order to the gentry.

✓ *anointing their wheels*—We grease the wheels of a cart or carriage to make it run easily. The extravagant habits and bad husbandry of the 'small squires and yeomen' were hastening their ruin.

a various surface—districts whose physical features vary. The peasantry of each country have their own peculiarities. We have seen in the case of Raveloe what effect their natural surroundings had on the peasantry.

breathed on by—affected by.

the winds of heaven—the influences of climate.

the thoughts of men—the great movements both religious and political which stir men.

moving and crossing each other—the climatic conditions of a country may either favour the development of certain mental traits in a people or may be unfavorable for their appearance.

incalculable results—the influence of environment is subtle and often far-reaching. People living in the tropics differ in character from those living in higher latitudes. The calm, philosophical turn of mind of the Hindu is traced by some to the climate of India, just as the active nature of the Briton is ascribed to his cold climate which makes an active outdoor life a necessity.

Raveloe lay—Raveloe with its rutted country lanes lay hidden away among trees.

the currents ..energy—Raveloe was not in a manufacturing district. At the beginning of the eighteenth century England was chiefly an agricultural country, but during the latter half of the century she grew to be the workshop of the world. It was not only in weaving and spinning that inventions came; just at this time iron-masters learnt to use coal instead of charcoal for smelting, and this sent England's iron industry up with a leap. The latter half of the century was the era of machinery. The inventions of

Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton laid the foundation of Britain's gigantic cotton industry, and soon Cheshire and Lancashire were busy with cotton-mills. Invention followed invention, and manufacturing towns arose on all sides.

Puritanical earnestness—The name 'Puritan' was originally given to a body of clergymen of the Church of England who refused to assent to the Act of Uniformity passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, because it required them to conform to Popish doctrine and ritual, but was afterwards applied to the whole body of Nonconformists in England in the 16th and 17th centuries, who insisted on rigid adherence to the simplicity prescribed in these matters by the Bible. Earnestness is generally associated with the puritanical character. George Eliot alludes to the religious movement set on foot by John Wesley (1703—1791) and his brother Charles known as Methodism. While at college at Oxford John and his brother, with others, were distinguished for their religious earnestness, and were nicknamed Methodists. Wesley was a believer in and a preacher of 'the immediate connection of the soul with, and its direct dependence upon, 'God's grace in Christ alone.' This gospel he went forth and preached, riding about from place to place on horseback, and finding wherever he went the people in thousands eager to hear him. To the working-classes his visits were specially welcome, and it was among them they bore most fruit. "The key note of his ministry he himself gave utterance to when he exclaimed, 'Church or no Church, the people must be saved'."

gout and apoplexy—the results of heavy drinking and gluttony.

mysteriously—as though they did not know what they were due to, though of course they knew all the time the cause. Another satiric touch, *in the right of it*—had every right to lead a jolly life.

multiplication of orts—There was much that was left over or wasted at the feasts of the rich which went to the poor. *orts*, scraps, leavings; e.g. I shall not eat your orts. Low Ger. *ort*; refuse of fodder.

heirlooms—i.e. the leavings belonged to the poor according to custom.

Betty Fay—some poor villager.

scented the boiling...hams—could tell by the rich smell when hams were being cooked at the Squire's. But Betty did not long for such a luxury as ham; she was quite contented with the liquor or broth in which the hams had been boiled, which she knew would be given to her. *unctuous*, oily, greasy. Lat. *unguere*, *unctum*, to anoint.

on all hands—by everybody.

a fine thing—because of all the leavings.

the rounds of beef—there were huge rounds of beef and barrels of ale at the feasts. A round of beef is a cut of the thigh, 'through and across the bone'.

top-knots—a knot of ribbons worn by women on the top of the head.

band boxes—light boxes for holding ladies' clothes, millinery, etc.

the risk of fording—the risk of having to ford.

pillions—a 'pillion' is a cushion or pad put on behind a man's saddle, on which a woman may ride. The woman holds on to the man's waist. Irish *pillium*, Gaelic *pillcan*, a pad, a pack-saddle. *puell*, a skin or mat, Lat. *pellis*, skin.

precious burden—the bandboxes.

a brief pleasure—after having run such risks they expected to have a good time, and not to have their pleasure cut short.

On this ground—i.e. that their pleasure might not be cut short, 'but that they might be able to spend as many days as possible in merry-making.

in the dark seasons—i.e. in winter, when (in northern latitudes) there are very few hours of sunshine, and the days are generally dark.

little work—there is very little to do in the fields during winter. Harvest time is in summer when there is plenty to do.

were long—i.e. seemed long through there not being much to do.

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keep open house—entertain the people of the neighbourhood.

standing dishes—such as rounds of beef, hams, pork-pies, etc., which last some time, and have not to be prepared every day.

the Orchards—the name of Mrs. Osgood's house.

chines—pieces of the backbone of a pig, with the adjoining parts, much prized by country folk.

with the scut of fire—i.e. just removed from the oven; quite fresh.

spun butter etc.—freshly churned butter made into threads.

appetites at leisure—i.e. things such as people with nothing much to do would like to have. It is generally easy to satisfy the taste of a hungry person who has plenty to do, for he is likely to eat anything that is put before him. But a person who has little to do it is generally hard to please; as being in no great hurry for anything, he generally grows particular over what he eats, and wants something very dainty and nice for his palate.

that presence of the wife and mother—Cf. the Tamil saying that the house without a wife's presence is like a burning ghât,

fountain...love and fear—A mother's presence inspires love and fear both among the members of the family and among the servants. Her tender love has a hallowing influence not only in calling forth love for herself, but in also making the members of the family love one another. Their love for her is a restraining influence over them, and her presence is, as it were, that of a guardian angel. With a mistress in the house the servants are afraid to waste, and are kept up to the mark. Consequently everything is in order, and the servants learn habits of neatness and tidiness. *Parlour and kitchen*—metonymy, The parlour is the family sitting room.

and this—this absence.

finished excellence—the highest degree of excellence. Had there been a mistress of the house everything would have been nicely cooked.

to preside—the Squire being the greatest man among the frequenters of the Rainbow.

own dark wainscot—i. e. of his own parlour at the Red House. 'Wainscot' is a wooden lining or boarding of the walls of apartments. See illustration in Webster. The wainscot of some country seats is very old, and quite black from age. Instead of presiding in his own grand old wainscotted parlour he presided in the parlour of the public inn, regardless of his family pride. O. Dut. *waegheschot*, wall-boarding, *waeg*, a wall, *schot*, a partition.

had turned out rather ill—had not grown up to be good men.

where moral censure was severe—where a high standard in morals obtained and where consequently the people scrutinised the morals of others very closely, and demanded that they should live lives above reproach. People were very slack at Raveloe; they did not lead the earnest lives the members of the church assembling in Lantern Yard led.

but it was thought—even at Raveloe.

could afford it—had the means to meet all their expenses.

shook their heads—to show their disapproval.

swopping—exchanging property.

something...wild oats—'swopping' and betting they saw would end in trouble. 'To sow one's wild oats, is to indulge in the usual youthful dissipation. Dunstan, the villagers saw, was likely to continue in his evil habits even after the attainment of manhood, and to come to grief.

went dry—had none.

a monument...tankards—marks of the highest respectability in the eyes of the villagers. It is a custom in England (and elsewhere) to bury famous men in churches. Thus Shakespeare is buried in the chancel of Holy.

Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon, Milton at the foot of the altar rails of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, London; Nelson in St. Paul's Cathedral, etc. Sometimes only a monument is erected. Thus there is a monument to Shakespeare in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. Little village churches copy the example of large churches and cathedrals, and raise their monuments to the memory of village magnates. In the eyes of the villagers it is a great honor to have a monument in the village church. In this matter and the matter of the tankards George Eliot has a sly 'hit' at the villagers. A tankard is a large vessel for holding liquors. The squire's tankards were part of the family property, and had descended to him perhaps from some old member of the family, being therefore evidence for the 'timeless origin' of the family.

King George—George III, reigned from 1760 to 1820,

a thousand pities—a great shame, something very regrettable.

open-faced—frank.

to come into the land—to succeed to the estate—being the eldest son,

should take to...brother—should follow in his brother's (i.e. Dunstan's) footsteps, i.e. go in for swopping and betting, etc.

Miss Nancy Lammeter—of whom he was fond.

he had looked...shyly—had treated him coldly. Her manner towards him had been rather strained; she had not treated him like a friend, but as if he had been a stranger. The Squire's heir being an important person in the village he was a frequent topic of conversation, and his movements were carefully watched. George Eliot is giving us the village gossip.

Whitsuntide twelvemonth—i.e. Whitsuntide of last year. In the same way people say 'Christmas twelvemonth' meaning 'the Christmas of the previous year.'

more than common—there was something seriously wrong, more wrong (supplying the ellipsis) 'than it is common to be wrong.'

did n't look...open—he looked seedy and seemed to have something on his mind.

was saying—used to say.

should come to be mistress—Should marry Godfrey.

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in that way—a vulgarism for 'in such a way'. George Eliot is reporting the words of the villagers.

never suffered...wasted—A Lammeter was needed to preside over the Red House to put a stop to the waste and profusion that prevailed there.

had the best...place—each person (the servants included) had food of the best quality according to his or her rank.

would be a saving—for she would curtail expenditure, and what additional expenditure would be incurred on her upkeep would be more than made up by what she would be the means of saving—even if she brought nothing in the way of dowry, which was not likely to be the case,

to her fortune *i.e.* the fortune she would come in for by marrying Godfrey, for she would before long be squireess.

incomings—the money that came in as rent etc.

more holes...own hand in—*i.e.* there were other ways in which his money went besides what he spent himself. His sons squandered a good deal of his money.

turn over a new leaf—reform.

might say "Goodbye"—he might as well give up the idea of ever winning Nancy. She would give him up for good.

once hopeful—Cf. what has just been said in the previous para. People had once hoped the best of Godfrey, but now that he seemed to be following in his brother's footsteps they had begun to shake their heads and to feel that he had belied their hopes.

foxes' brushes—tails of foxes, the trophies of the sport of fox-hunting.

flat ale—stale beer, that had been drawn long ago and had been left standing in the tankards.

half-choked—nearly going out; not a clean, bright fire, but a dull, smouldering one. This is a very significant touch, because if there is anything a woman takes a pride in it is a clean hearth.

pipes—long clay pipes very common in old country houses.

any hallowing charm—*i.e.* the presence of women. There was no woman in the family; if there had been the parlour would not have been in such an untidy state. Woman's excellences, says Hannah More, 'consist not so much in acts as in habits, in

'Those thousand decencies which daily flow
From all her words and actions.'

'A description', she adds, 'more calculated than any I ever met with to convey an idea of the purest conduct; resulting from the best principles; it gives an image of that tranquillity, smoothness, and quiet beauty, which is the very essence of perfection in a wife.'

gloomy vexation—One could see from the gloomy look on his face that Godfrey chafed under something—was annoyed or angry at something. Such a look was another sign of the want of the tender influence of a

woman, and was in keeping with his gloomy surroundings. Burns once said; "There is a foggy atmosphere native to my soul in the hour of care which makes the dreary objects seem larger than life," to which Prof. Wilson replies, 'He who suffers thus cannot be relieved by any appliances save those that touch the heart—the homelier the more sanative, and none so sure as a wife's affectionate ways, quietly moving about the house affairs.'

blond—fair. He was of fair complexion. The word is generally spelt 'blonde' (Fr.)

thick-set—having a short, thick body.

heavy looking—dull and lazy looking.

gratuitously elated bearing—he walked in in an absurdly dignified manner. Some men become very precise in the first stage of intoxication, others try to worry out some imaginary problem or other, others again become very communicative, and so on. *gratuitous*—without reason.

the spaniel...retreated—perhaps not to get a kick from Dunstan. Dunstan's cruel nature was known even to the dog; it was the same nature which made him enjoy his ale the more when others 'went dry. O. Fr. *espagneul* (Fr. *epagneul*, Sp. *Espanol*), Spanish. Lat. *Hispania* Lit. Spanish dog.

Master—of course used in a taunting manner. Brothers call each other simply by their Christian names.

What do you .me—What do you want to see me about? Godfrey had sent for Dunstan.

my elders and betters—whom it is my duty to obey. In the Church Catechism the child is taught that he ought to 'submit himself to all his governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters. To order himself lowly and reverently to all his betters.'

shake yourself sober—come to your senses. A tipsy man often shakes himself to collect his thoughts.

gloom—he was gloomy on account of the difficulties he had got into over Molly Farren.

uncalculating anger—Godfrey wanted to work himself up into a passion regardless of the consequences. If he was sober, he would not have the pluck to pitch into his brother, as he would dread the consequences of his secret being told the Squire. But under the influence of liquor all thought of consequences would be absent from his mind, and he could give free vent to his wrath.

that rent of Fowler's—Fowler, was one of the Squire's tenants. He had paid his half-yearly rent to Godfrey; but instead of paying it to the Squire Godfrey had lent it to Dunstan. He now wants the money from Dunstan to pay up the Squire, who thinks that the rent has not been paid, and is angry with his tenant.

he's threatening to distrain—The Squire threatens to send his bailiff to seize property equal in value to the rent. *distrain*—to take possession of property as security for non-payment of rent. Lat. *dis*, asunder, *stringere*, to draw tight.

it'll all be out soon—because Fowler would tell the Squire that he had paid Godfrey the rent, *be out*—be known.

Cox—the steward or manager of the estate.

'come and pay up—colloquial for 'pay up.' Similarly below 'see and get' is colloquial for 'get' simply.

short o' cash—has not much ready money.

to stand any nonsense—to put up with any tricks.

making away with money—squandering his money.

Suppose now...yourself—why not you get the money yourself?—i. e. pray get it yourself.

you was—a provincialism.

your brotherly love—sarcasm; of course it was not his love at all, but his fear lest his goings-on might be made public.

that look—of mockery.

a good-natured brother—sarcasm. Dunstan goes on to explain how he was good-natured; it was because though he had Godfrey completely in his power, and could have ruined him at any moment, still he refrained from doing so. But needless to say it was not on account of any love he bore him that he kept his secret. It was only because the secret was worth so much that he kept it, and also his was just the cruel nature to delight in torturing Godfrey by making him feel that he was entirely at his mercy and that his secret might be divulged any day. Dunstan would not lose his control over his brother for anything.

I might get home—i. e. by telling your secret (which is told us in the next sentence) to the Squire. Of course *turne* is a misprint for *turned*.

cut off...shilling—disinherited. a *shilling*—i. e. with very little to live on.

nice young woman—irony. She was anything but a nice young woman.

very unhappy—this is how he refers to his brother's remorse!

I should slip...place—I should be treated as the eldest son and be made heir of father's estates. Dunstan means that the Squire would turn Godfrey out of the house, and disinherit him, if he heard that his eldest son had married a common woman like Molly Farren. *as could be*—ellipsis, 'as anything could be.' Dunstan means that there would be no difficulty at all about his being made heir; he would simply step into his brother's place as a matter of course.

quivering—i. e. with anger. Dunstan had taunted him enough.

to bless myself with—a slang, really meaningless expression, having an intensive force.

I'll follow—I'll tell what I know about you.

Rob—the third son. 'Bob' is short for 'Robert.'

He'd only think...you—he wouldn't grieve if I told him tales about you; he would think it a good opportunity to get rid of you.

nodding sideways—to show that he did not think that his brother was right in what he had said.

looked out window—perhaps as though to hide the smile his brother's remarks had provoked. Dunstan of course is trying to annoy his brother in every possible way.

It 'ud—it would.

very pleasant company—I should not half mind being turned out; in fact it would be very pleasant, as I should be with you. Dunstan explains why he should always like to be with Godfrey; of course he is bitterly ironical, though there is a good deal of truth in his saying that he would not know what to do without Godfrey, for to his spiteful nature it was very pleasant to have somebody to be cruel to.

handsome brother—We may be pretty sure that Dunstan was not handsome himself.

old Kimble—a disrespectful allusion to the village doctor (p. 14). From Godfrey's reply we learn that Dr. Kimble had already lent him money.

Wildfire—Godfrey's spirited horse.

that's easy talking—it is easy to say so, but by no means easy to sell a horse at a moment's notice.

Bryce and Keating—young gentlemen, friends of the Casses.

You'll get...than one—when it is known the horse is for sale, you'll find several people wanting to buy it.

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get back home—if I go to the hunt I won't get home till late and shall be covered with mud. Godfrey wanted to go to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance that night.

trying to speak...treble—trying to imitate a girl's shrill, affected tone of voice. *turning one side*—mimicking an affected girl's manner. Dunstan of course is trying to annoy his brother. *mincing*—literally means 'cutting up small'; Dunstan did not articulate his words clearly, but spoke with a sort of lisp, trying to imitate the affected pronunciation of a girl. A S, *min*, small. Cf. Lat. *minor*: *treble*—shrill, feminine voice.

we shall dance—This use of *we* is sarcastic. Cf. 'How good we are' = how good you are.

promise—shall promise.

and be taken etc.—and shall be taken etc. Godfrey was at present in Nancy's bad books. Cf. p. 19.

artificial tone—not in his natural voice, but in the 'mincing treble.'

taking a whip—Dunstan prepares to defend himself in case Godfrey should carry out his threat—but assumes a careless attitude, taking up the whip as if to play with it.

butt-end—the thick end or handle.

a very good chance—of regaining her favour and marrying her.

creep up her sleeve again—get into her good graces again.

saving time—He need not wait till Molly has taken a drop too much laudanum before paying his court to Nancy; he might start doing so at once, and then when Molly took the drop too much, all would be ready for him to marry Nancy. He would so hasten his marriage with Nancy.

too much laudanum—Molly had contracted the pernicious habit of taking laudanum.

if she didn't know it—Nancy wouldn't mind marrying you if she didn't know anything about your marriage with Molly. *second*—i.e. second wife; Nancy would imagine that she was the only woman who had won Godfrey's affections, *it*—that she was a second.

a good natured brother—i.e. of course Dunstan himself. This is the third time Dunstan has referred to himself as Godfrey's 'good-natured brother.'

you'll be so very .him—Dunstan means that he will give him everything that is in his power to buy his silence. Dunstan is bitterly sarcastic. He is doing all that is in his power to aggravate his brother,

what it is--how matters stand.

My patience...end—I cannot put up with you any longer. Dunstan was going too far, and Godfrey felt he was losing all control over himself. If harassed any more by his brother, he would go himself to the Squire, and tell him his secret.

sharpness—power of discernment.

urge...too far—i. e. make him desperate.

one leap...another—i. e. make the commission of another desperate act as easy as any other act Dunstan has in the past driven him to commit. Godfrey explains in the next sentence what the 'leap' is going to be this time. Dunstan will goad him on until he will be able to bear it no longer, and then he will pluck up enough courage to tell the Squire his secret himself rather than be tormented by Dunstan. Cf. the expression 'a leap in the dark.'

I don't know...now—I think you have now driven me to tell my father everything.

I should get...back—I shall get rid of you. Perhaps, as Mr. Hoare suggests, there is a reference to Sinbad who took an old man on his back and could not get rid of him. But trouble or misfortune is often spoken of as a burden; thus Christian in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* had a heavy pack on his back which fell off immediately he reached the foot of the cross.

She's been threatening...tell him—Godfrey had evidently not been giving Molly enough money.

worth any price—don't delude yourself into thinking that I will pay you any sum you ask for to keep you quiet.

you drain me...money—you take all my money.

It's all one—it all comes to same thing. If I pay you and don't pay her, she'll go and tell the Squire my secret; and if I pay her and don't pay you, you'll go and do so. I'm on the horns of a dilemma; so had better tell the Squire myself.

overshot his mark—pressed Godfrey too much. Dunstan of course did not want to drive Godfrey to desperation and to make him tell his secret to the Squire. He wanted the secret to be kept so as always to be able to get money out of Godfrey by threatening to divulge his secret.

driven into decision—the decision to make a clean breast of everything to his father.

across two chairs—his feet on one, his body on the other.

window seat—a boarded seat in the recess of the window.

Godfrey . moving his fingers—Godfrey stood hesitating.

helped him . decision—he was physically strong but weak morally.

knocked down nor throttled—Godfrey was ready enough to knock a man down, but when it came to having to face disgrace his whole nature shrank; he had animal courage, but not moral courage.

dreaded consequences...sides—He did not want to be in continual submission to Dunstan nor could he face the anger of his father or bear the loss of Nancy.

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anticipate—or forestall all possible betrayals whether by Dunstan or Molly by going himself to his father and telling him his secret.

by such a step i. e.—by his own avowal.

the present evil—of being under Dunstan's power.

were not contingent—there was no doubt, as to what would happen if Godfrey confessed everything to his father; there would be no hope left for him after that. Whereas if matters stood as they were there was room for hope; it was just possible that neither Dunstan nor Molly would betray him. *contingent*—liable, but not certain to happen.

the near vision...certainty—it was so terrible to think of what awaited him if he confessed that it was a relief to go back to his present state of doubt and hesitancy. In the next three sentences is given what passed through Godfrey's mind.

to dig and to beg—as the unjust steward of the parable was when he was ejected from his post, 'I cannot dig, to beg I am ashamed,' *St. Luke*, XVI, 3. *to dig*—to do manual labour.

an uprooted tree—A big tree cannot take root again when once uprooted like a sapling or young tree can. What could a young man born and bred a gentleman do in the way of earning a living for himself by means of manual labour? If he had been a labourer, it would have been another matter, as he could have found work elsewhere.

earth and sky—good soil and favorable climatic conditions. In the same way Godfrey was by the favour of Providence, a gentleman.

the one . better self—his marriage with Molly Farren. When once his marriage was known and he was disinherited, what would be the use of trying to regain his position when he had such a woman as Molly for his wife? It would be different if he had Nancy with him.

on the other side of confession—after he had confessed the truth.

'listing—the vulgar form of 'enlisting.' To 'enlist' is to enroll and bind oneself for military or naval service.

the most desperate step—even at the present day no well-to-do family would like one of its members to become a soldier; but particularly at this time military service was looked upon as something very degrading. Cf. Cowper's lines on the aims of the soldier,

To swear, to game, to drink, to show at home,
By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To astonish and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once.
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

rather trust to casualities—he would rather trust to chance and see what might turn up in his favour rather than go deliberately himself and tell the Squire all, and thus wipe out for good the last shadow of a chance for himself. 'Betrayal was not certain.'

sitting at the feast.. loved—enjoying life and making love to Nancy.

with the sword.. him—One day Damocles, a flatterer at the court of elder Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, extravagantly extolled the happiness of kings to his patron; whereupon his patron invited him to a magnificent banquet, allowing him to try the felicity he so much envied. On looking up, however, Damocles saw a sword hanging over his head hung by a single hair, and the banquet became a tantalising torment to him. Hence Damocles' sword has come to stand for evil foreboded and dreaded. The 'sword' in the present case is of course the liability of being betrayed at any moment.

the cold darkness—the world where nobody would care for him.

his pride—Though Godfrey felt that he would give Dunstan anything rather than carry out his threat to tell the Squire everything, still after the defiant way he had spoken to Dunstan, telling him that he need not flatter himself that his secret was worth any price he chose to ask, he could not very well stultify himself by assuming an attitude of conciliation, and of betraying his real willingness to buy over Dunstan at any cost. So he continued the quarrel.

this—i.e. for the quarrel to be continued.

shorter draughts—to be able to reply to Godfrey if he spoke.

It's just like you—Dunstan's cruel, spiteful nature again; he liked to see Wildfire sold, because he knew that the horse was the last thing Godfrey had.

cool—indifferent, without feeling.

best bit of horse-flesh—the finest horse. 'horse-flesh' is used colloquially for horses collectively.

the stables emptied—as they will be before long if we go on selling our horses. Everybody would then sneer at us, and say how poor we must have become to have to sell all our horses.

placably—as if he did not want to take offence at his brother's words.

you do me justice—you recognise how I always get the best of a bargain.

I'm a jewel—I am very good at enticing people.

I should't look...handsome—said in his usual sarcastic vein.

I daresay—you are doubtless right (said ironically), (but catch me trust my horse to you).

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Bramcole—some outlying village.

so obliging—sarcasm.

it's all one to me—it makes no difference to me. I shan't get into trouble.

to accomodate you—to do you a good turn, to oblige you.

it's not convenient—Godfrey wanted to go to Mrs. Osgood's dance, and a day's hunting was not a good preparation for it.

so far—as the 'meet,' or the place where the huntsmen were to meet.

to within...life—almost to death.

another sort of fear—the fear, of course, lest his secret should become known. If he gave Dunstan a sound flogging, the secret would necessarily come out, as people would want to know why he had flogged him, and besides Dunstan would take his revenge by letting out the secret.

feeling.. resentment—See last para on page 22. "Godfrey stood etc."

no nonsense—you don't mean to trick me, do you?

sell him all fair—you will sell him at a fair price, and not cheat me out of some of the money you get for him?

everything...smash—we will no longer be able to hide from father the fact that we took Fowler's money, and everything must come out.

to trust to—to raise money on. To sell Wildfire was the last means of raising money.

less pleasure...broken too—Godfrey's ruin would involve Dunstan's also. If Dunstan cheated Godfrey over Wildfire, not only would Godfrey be ruined also but Dunstan would be ruined, because the Squire would

be so angry when he knew that Dunstan had taken Fowler's money that he would turn him out too. There is a reference to Samson (*Judges*, XVI, 30) who pulled down a house over himself and the Philistines in it, so that 'the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.'

you'd come round—you would agree with me.

to bring...the scratch—to make Bryce offer a good price for the horse. In prize-fighting a line is scratched on the ground, and the toe of the fighter must come up to the scratch; hence, 'coming up to the scratch' means about to do what we want a person to do.

if I get you a penny—if I get you anything at all. Dunstan means that the least he will get for the horse is £120. Cf. 'He's worth a lakh, if he's worth an anna', meaning 'he's worth a lakh at least?'

rain cats and dogs—rain very heavily. 'In Northern mythology,' says Brewer, 'the cat is supposed to have great influence on the weather' and English sailors still say, "The cat has a gale of wind in her tail," when she is unusually frisky. Witches that rode upon the storms were said to assume the form of cats; and the stormy north-west wind is called the *cat's-nose* in the Harz even at the present day. The dog is a signal of wind, like the wolf, both which animals were attendants of Odin, the storm-god. In old German pictures the wind is figured as the "head of a dog or wolf," from which blasts issue. The *cat* therefore symbolises the down-pouring rain, and the *dog* the strong gusts of wind which accompany a rain-storm; and a "rain of cats and dogs" is a heavy rain with wind.' Or a perversion of the word *catadupe* (a waterfall); it is raining *catadupes* or cataracts.

whether he wished...not—Godfrey did not want to part with Wildfire, and so half wished that it would rain; and yet he dared not hope for it to do so, for where was he to get the money from if Wildfire was not sold?

Not it—it is never going to rain tomorrow.

you never hold trumps—you are never lucky. A 'trump' card is a card of a particular suit (usually determined by chance for each deal) any card of which takes any card of the other suits. Trumps are the *winning* cards, and on the possession of them the game depends. 'Trump' is a corruption of *triumph*, Fr. *triomphe*. Cf. Fr. *carte de triomphe*.

crooked sixpence—the possession of which is supposed to bring luck.

ne-ver—Dunstan can now crow over his brother, as he has got him to give in about Wildfire, and can, as a gentle reminder to Godfrey that he is completely in his (Dunstan's) power, be as emphatic as he is.

might be...for it—might be hurt by your fall.

Make...easy—By his reply Dunstan shows that there was no 'love' lost between the brothers, because the point of his sarcastic remark is in his assumption of the existence of love where none really exists. His remark is really directed against Godfrey's concern for his horse rather than for the safety of his brother.

see double—a euphemism for 'get drunk'. A drunken man often imagines he sees two things instead of one.

it 'ud spoil the fun—of enticing people into my bargains. Cf. p. 23, 'I'm a jewel for 'ticing people into bargains.'

whenever I fall ..legs—I am always able to get through a difficult situation all right: I always have my wits about me, and am never at a loss what to do. A good deal of agility and presence of mind is needed for a man who is thrown to alight always on his feet; hence, 'to fall on one's feet' means to come well out of a difficulty.

rumination—meditation. Literally 'chewing the cud.' Lat. *ruminare*—*rumen*, the gullet. Cf. Milton, 'To chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Godfrey was very unhappy, and drove away his cares by the excitement of sporting, etc.

rarer—less frequent.

less oblivious pleasure—pleasure that lasted longer than the excitement of sporting etc. Lat. *oblivisci*, to forget.

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The subtle.. culture—George Eliot puts in, as it were, a plea for Godfrey, and describes the pathos in the lives of the ignorant with their primitive joys and sorrows. She herself had her full share of 'the subtle and varied pains springing from the higher sensibility that accompanies higher culture.' When only twenty she wrote to Miss Lewis thus, 'I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on controverted matters than myself ..however congruous a theory may be with my notions, I cannot find that comfortable repose that others appear to possess after having made their election of a class of sentiments.' Later on she speaks of her mind requiring rest, and throughout her early letters at any rate a persistent note of sadness is sounded. George Eliot felt keenly the hardships and sufferings of commonplace people. In her paper on *Silly Novels* she is very severe on those who seek their subjects "among titles and carriages."

impersonal enjoyment—enjoyment and consolation derived from the contemplation of things or situations other than the immediate concerns

of their lives. Culture widens a man's sympathies, and makes him take an interest in things that do not directly concern him. An uncultured mind cannot, so to speak, get away from itself, but is always with its griefs and sorrows. Cf. below, 'their thoughts could find no resting place outside the ever-trodden round of their own petty history.'

perpetual urgent companionship—the uncultured have no interests outside the immediate concerns of their lives, and consequently they cannot help brooding over their griefs and discontents.

prosaic—dull, uninteresting.

ridic round—on inspection;

getting heavier—getting fatter, because they 'ate and drank freely' (p. 18); *early errors*—'rioting.'

Perhaps the love etc.—George Eliot gives an illustration.

days.. long—Time hung heavy on their hands, and so they gave way to intemperance to break the monotony of their lives. But when there was a girl to love and cherish, the days would not be too long, for then there would be some one to live and work for, and life would no more consist in 'the half-listless gratification of senses dulled by monotony.'

the maiden was lost—either died or married somebody else.

over the furrows—across the fields—shooting game.

might be independent of variety—might not feel the need for variety (in their talk); might be oblivious of the fact that they are repeating themselves. Drunken men say with all earnestness what they have said a thousand times before.

any...twelvemonth—i.e. less than a year ago.

flushed and dull-eyed—with so much eating and drinking.

native—natural, inborn.

when...were fresh—when they were young.

had been pierced...on—had been injured by the transitory joys they hoped to win; Biblical phraseology, cf. II Kings, XVIII, 21, 'Now, behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it: so is Pharaoh King of Egypt unto all that trust on him.' See Isaiah XLII, 3. A reed is figurative of weakness.

lightly—thoughtlessly.

put...jetters—had got themselves into hopeless difficulties.

under...circumstances—when their happiness had been wrecked. George Eliot says in *Adam Bede*, 'All honour and reverence to the divine

beauty of form ; let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too, which lies in the secret of deep human sympathy. . . . There are few prophets in the world ; few sublimely beautiful women ; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities : I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know.'

their thoughts . . . history—they could only think of themselves, and brood over their own 'griefs and discontents.' There was nothing to interest them which was not in some way connected with their workaday world.

A movement of compunction—a fit of remorse. He had ruined Molly, and then made what atonement he could by marrying her.

small indefinable influences—such as pity, generosity, timidity, etc. It is surprising to what an extent and by what insignificant means a weak nature can be influenced. A personal relation awakens various emotions all of which sway a weak nature one way or the other.

a blight—that which blasted all his hopes.

low passion—his love for Molly was not honorable. He got infatuated with her, but soon found out his mistake.

cupidity—Dunstan thought that Godfrey would be disinherited on account of his marriage, and that he himself would succeed to the estate. Lat. *cupere*, to desire.

if Godfrey . . . victim—but such was not the case ; Godfrey was conscious of his own guilt. *a victim*—of Dunstan's cunning.

the iron bit . . . mouth—the cruel position in which he had been placed by his disgraceful marriage. Godfrey was like a bridled horse, not free to do as he wished, but forced to obey circumstances.

had had . . . cunning—Godfrey saw that he was not altogether a victim of Dunstan's cunning, but that he was to blame himself, and hence he feared the consequences of avowal, for everything would go against him. Godfrey cursed not only Dunstan's cunning, but himself also—that his own vicious folly should now be standing in the way of his winning Nancy Lammeter. The ties he had made were 'a constant exasperation' to him. George Eliot says in *Felix Holt*, "There is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly climbing hopes, some hard entail of suffering, some quickly satiated desire that survives, with the life in death of the old paralytic vice, to see itself cursed by its woeful progeny—some tragic mark of kinship in the one brief life to the

far-stretching life that went before, and to the life that is to come, after, such as has raised the pity and terror of men ever since they began to discern between will and destiny."

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when their promptings...away—when the passions which prompted us to commit them have spent themselves. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I, Sc. ii, 'The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple.'

tacit—silent. Lat. *tacitus* past part. of *tacere* to be silent.

think...with joy—George Eliot explains how.

as his father's home...been—See para 2, p. 19, 'For the Squire's wife had died long ago. etc.'

foolish habit—drinking, cardplaying, etc.

a feverish way...vacancy—a vague impulse to fill his life with occupation of some sort—to lessen the tedium of life.

the hearth smiles—where the home-life was dreary without the warmth of family affection.

where the daily order—where the daily habits were not regulated and corrected on account of there being no order at home.

easy—weak, yielding.

family courses—the habits of the family, i. e. of drinking, and leading a lazy idle life. Godfrey's character was not strong enough to make him rise superior to circumstances.

but the need, etc.—in spite of the general atmosphere of indolence and absence of all effort for self-improvement in which he lived Godfrey's higher impulses very often asserted themselves: the great need of his life, he felt, was a woman's influence—he needed an object to love and cherish.

the good he preferred—showing that his was not a wicked nature; it was only a weak nature, and needed strength from without. At present Godfrey lacked strength of purpose.

liberal orderliness—everything was looked after in the Lammeter household, but there was nothing mean about this care. We are told on p. 25 that the Lammeters had been brought up in such a way that 'they never suffered a pinch of salt to be wasted,' but at the same time 'everybody in their household had of the best, according to his place.'

sunned...Nancy—Nancy's presence added an additional charm.

when temptations go to sleep—when we cease to be tempted. We all know how beautiful is the deep calm of morning. It has been the theme of many a beautiful hymn and poem.

good angel—i. e. our better self. It is a popular belief that we each have a good and a bad angel stationed one at each shoulder.

The hope . paradise—the hope of Nancy being his own, and of making the Red House like the Lammeters' house.

shut him out of it—of course the paradise. It was sin that drove Adam and Eve out of the garden of Eden.

Instead of keeping etc.—Sin is compared to the dirty mire of a bog and Nancy's influence to a strong silken rope by means of which she draws him out of the mire.

green banks—the grass-grown banks, i. e. a pure, upright life. The mere thought of Nancy would have kept him from backsliding, he could not have given way to sin while he had Nancy in his thoughts, his love for her and her purity would have made it impossible for him to do so. With *green banks*. Cf. Psalm XXIII, 2.

where...step firmly—once out of the mire of sin it would be easy for Godfrey to keep straight. So long as he gave way to sin, one sin involved him in another, and what with his weak nature he was without the means for helping himself. Once in a bog a person sinks deeper and deeper in. *step firmly*, with *step* Cf. the use of *walk* so common in the Bible; e. g. *Romans*, XIII, 13, "Let us walk honestly."

he had let himself...slime—by Dunstan and his own weak nature

it was useless to struggle—for once in a bog the more one struggles, the deeper one goes down into the mire.

ties—through his marriage with Molly Farren.

which...wholesome motive—We have already (p. 23) been told that the tie 'degraded him and left him without motive for trying to recover his better self.' He had ruined all his prospects by his alliance with Molly.

one position...present—He would rather live with a 'sword hanging over him and terror in his heart' than have the secret disclosed and every hope of winning Nancy ruined.

warding off—Hence he parted even with Wildfire.

family pride—The proud Squire would not tolerate such a degrading marriage on the part of his eldest son.

turn his back on—give up for good.

hereditary case—As a Squire's son he was able to lead a lazy idle life and to command a certain amount of respect from others. All this constituted for him the joy of living. See note on *complaints of the game*, page 18.

the more the chance—just how a weak nature unwilling to look facts in the face reasons. Perhaps Godfrey thought that money would turn up for him from some quarter or other, or perhaps that Molly would die. At any rate he felt that as long as the Squire knew nothing of his secret there was hope for him; *something* might turn up for him. So he did all he could to have his secret kept.

to which...sold himself—He had himself to thank for the difficulties he had got into.

faint indication—though Nancy 'looked shyly' (p. 19) on him, there were still signs that she cared for him, and he cherished and eagerly looked for all such little indications of her lingering regard for him.

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fitfully—by fits and starts, now and then.

bright-winged prize—Nancy seemed like an angel or a fairy to him. Thus run the opening lines of a popular song,

I wander on as in a dream,
My goal a paradise must be;
For there an angel waits 'twould seem,
And lo! dear heart, 'tis only thee.

his chain—George Eliot compares Godfrey to a chained captive who leaps forward in his efforts to regain his liberty, but is tugged back by his chain. After days spent in gloomy seclusion when he brooded over the cruel position in which he was placed, and did not like to think of Nancy, Godfrey would pluck up courage and be seized with a longing to see Nancy. *his chain*, i.e. his degrading marriage with Molly which prevented him from marrying Nancy.

galling—exasperating, harassing. The word keeps up the metaphor, because 'to gall' literally means 'to hurt the skin by rubbing.' When the 'captive' leaps forwards, the chains round his ankles wound or chafe the skin, adding pain to his exasperation at not being able to get away.

was on him—he was seized with one of those fits.

it would have etc.—just the yearning itself would have been enough to make him trust Wildfire to Dunstan.

disappoint the yearning--He would not of course have been able to go to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance if he had had to go to the hunt himself in order to sell Wildfire, for he would have come home at eight o'clock 'splashed up to the chin', and nobody cares to go to a dance after a long hunt, (p. 22).

meet--the place where all had to meet for the hunt.

unhappy woman--Molly. Molly was unhappy not only in being the victim of the vicious habit to which she was addicted, but also in having a husband who despised and rejected her. Still it was Godfrey who was really the unhappy one.

vicinage--neighbourhood (of Batherley). Lat. *vicinus*, neighbouring--*vicus*, a row of houses. Molly had got on to Godfrey's nerves, and he loathed going to the place where he might meet her.

yoke--though a change of figure, meaning like *chain* above bondage of some sort. When a man has involved himself in difficulties all as a result of his own folly, he becomes exasperated with himself and very bitter against the person or persons in whose power he has placed himself. Such a change takes place even in the case of people who are by nature gentle and kind.

cruel wishes--that his wife should die.

that seemed to enter etc.--George Eliot is adapting Scripture. *St. Luke*, XI, 24-26, 'When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places, seeking rest; and finding none, he saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out. And when he cometh, he findeth it swept and garnished. Then goeth he; and taketh to him seven other spirits more wicked than himself; and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.' So long as a man keeps his heart open to evil influences, he goes on from bad to worse.

ready-garnished--well furnished or adorned.

the cock-fighting--Some particular cock-fighting that had taken place in the neighbourhood.

a button--a bit, 'rap,' 'fig,' 'atom,' etc. are similarly used. Godfrey wanted to wile away his time; that was all.

in impatience...caress--eager to be caressed by Godfrey.

unresenting Snuff--Snuff was not angry because her master took no notice of her.

career--course. There was no one else for her to love. Godfrey was too much engrossed in the contemplation of his woes and troubles to give Snuff a thought.

Summary.

This chapter gives us an insight into the social life of Raveloc and the domestic life of the Red House.

Raveloc lay in a rural district, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritanical earnestness. The war was still going on, and the small squire and yeoman flourished here as they did elsewhere in the country. The rich here ate and drank freely, and feasted their friends when the seasons brought round the great merrymakings; nor did the poor grumble, but contented themselves with the leavings of the rich. Raveloc was a picture of primitive English life.

The greatest man in Raveloc was Squire Cass, who lived at the Red House, nearly opposite the church. He was only one among several landed parishioners, but he alone was honoured with the title of Squire; for though Mr. Osgood's family was also understood to be of timeless origin, he merely owned the farm he occupied, whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord. His family also had a monument in the church and tankards older than King George—which were marks, in the eyes of the villagers, of the highest respectability. The Squire's wife had been dead many years, and the Red House was without that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in parlour and kitchen. This helped to account not only for there being more profusion than finished excellence at the feasts of the Red House and for the general state of disorder things were in, but also for the frequency with which the proud Squire condescended to preside in the parlour of the Rainbow rather than in his own dark wainscoted parlour, and perhaps also for the fact that his sons had turned out rather ill. It was the talk of the village that the Squire had kept all his sons (Godfrey, Dunstan, and Bob) at home in idleness, and that he allowed them so much licence. Even the eldest son, Godfrey, they noticed, seemed of late to be following in his brother Dunstan's footsteps. Though a fine open-faced, good-natured young man, such was his home-life all destitute, as it was, of any hallowing charm, that his easy disposition made him fall in unresistingly with the family courses...Sporting, drinking, and cardplaying broke the monotony of living, though his was essentially a domestic nature and by no means vicious. Indeed he felt deeply the need of some tender permanent affection, of some influence that would make the good he preferred easy to pursue. In the Lammeter family he found the neatness, purity, and liberal orderliness he longed for; there not a pinch of salt was allowed to be wasted, but still everybody in their household had of the best according to his station. For four years he had thought of Nanoy Lammeter, and had wooed her with tacit worship, yet in a weak moment he had made ties for himself which robbed him of all wholesome motive, and were a constant exasperation; for as a result partly of a trap laid for him by his brother Dunstan, a spiteful, jecering fellow, with a dangerous taste for swopping and betting, he had been urged into a degrading marriage with a girl named Dolly Farren, a victim of opium, and had ever since been himself the victim of his brother's rapacity. By means of threats to disclose his secret Dunstan extorted money from him, nor would Godfrey have felt his position as keenly as he did had he not felt that he was himself to blame for the difficulties he had got into. But Dunstan was going too far; he had squandered the hundred pounds which Godfrey had got from Fowler, one of the Squire's tenants, and given him, and now the Squire was asking for the money and threatening to distrain if Fowler did not pay up in a week. Godfrey sent for Dunstan, a thick-set, heavy-looking young man, who arrived in the first stage of intoxication. Godfrey had himself been taking more than was good for him, and the

look of gloomy vexation on his face was in strange keeping with the state of disorder in which things were in the parlour. Dunstan met his brother with a sneer, and when Godfrey told him to see that he got the money, and pretty quickly too, Dunstan replied that as Godfrey had been so kind as to give him the money, he would also be good enough to pay the money himself, and with many more such taunts drove Godfrey almost to desperation. But though Godfrey defied him, and threatened to tell the Squire everything himself, Dunstan still had him in his power; because though Godfrey had plenty of animal courage, he was a moral coward. Dunstan gave him time to think. What was he to do, reasoned Godfrey with himself, if turned out on to the world? The only thing to do would be to enlist,—the most desperate step, short of suicide, in the eyes of respectable families. It would be bad enough having to give up all the luxury he had always been accustomed to, but to have to give up Nancy too—that would be too terrible! No! he would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve. Soon to Dunstan's delight Godfrey veered round, and consented to sell Wildfire, though he had been indignant the moment before when Dunstan suggested that he should sell his horse. He did more than consent to sell Wildfire; he also consented to let Dunstan sell him for him, an idea which he had scouted before. This was because he was seized with one of his deep yearnings to see Nancy. She was to be at Mr. Osgood's birthday dance, and if he went to the hunt to sell Wildfire, he could not of course go to the dance, as he would come home late and quite tired. He had another reason also; the meet was to be near Batherley, the market place near which lived Molly Farren, whom he feared he might meet in that vicinity. Her image was becoming more odious to him every day, and the good-humoured, affectionate-hearted Godfrey Cass was fast becoming a bitter man, visited by cruel wishes.

Having settled matters with his brother, Godfrey repaired to the Rainbow there to hear the talk about the cock-fighting, though he himself took no interest in cock-fighting; still everybody was at the Rainbow, and what else was there to be done?

CHAPTER IV.

raw—disagreeably damp and chill.

judiciously...pace—when a man rides to cover on the horse on which he means to hunt all day, it is of course not wise to ride him fast to cover. Dunstan had no second horse, and was obliged to ride to cover on the horse (Wildfire) on which he meant to hunt all day.

cover—the meeting place. This is generally a thicket or a bush. The usual earth-holes of a fox being covered up the night before a hunt, the fox conceals itself in a thicket or bush; and as soon as it quits the bush or other 'cover' the hunt begins.

hunter—a hunter is bred and trained for hunting, and is not generally used for riding to cover, for which purpose a 'hack' or ordinary saddle horse as distinguished from a hunting or a carriage horse, would be used.

farther extremity—the end away either from Squire Cass's or from the village of Raveloe. The stonepit and Marner's cottage were evidently situated on the outskirts of the village, and Dunstan had to pass both on

his way out to Batherley; on his return journey Marner's cottage is one of the first objects he sees on entering Raveloe (p. 31).

unenclosed—not fenced in. When Dunstan was coming along in the dark he knew he would be able to tell when he was near the opening at the Stone-pits by 'the break in the hedgerow,' (p. 31). Cf. also 94, 'Her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow.'

this season--winter,

trodden—full of footprints; not smooth and clean, but full of little hollows filled with water.

red...high up—A 'quarry' is a pit from which stone is taken for building purposes. Much rain had evidently fallen, so that the water was standing at a high level in the deserted quarry.

That--viz, that the spot looked very dreary.

old fool—He referred to Dr. Kimble as 'old Kimble' in conversation with Godfrey, (p. 21). The *of* is appositional.

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rattling already—though so early in the morning. Dunstan's spiteful, envious nature had no patience with merit of any kind. Cf. his sneering remark to Godfrey, 'I shouldn't look so handsome in the saddle,' (p. 23).

heard talk—heard, that is, *people* talk.

excellent security—because Godfrey would be Squire some day. But of course Dunstan used the word 'prospects' ironically, because he knew that Godfrey's prospects were by no means brilliant. He might be cut off with a shilling any day.

agreeable—both to Godfrey and Dunstan: Godfrey need not sell Wild-fire, and Dunstan could be 'accommodated' with the 'handsome surplus'.

surplus—excess above what is required. Lat. *super*, over, *plus*, more.

beyond...needs—the one hundred pounds needed to pay the Squire for Fowler's rent.

accommodate—oblige, furnish him with the money he was always in need of. Lat. *ad*, to, and *commodare*, to make fit, help.

faithful brother—George Eliot is giving us what passed through Dunstan's mind. Cf. page 21, 'I'm such a good-natured brother'. *faithful*—i. e. kept Godfrey's secret.

had almost etc.—was on the point of returning home.

would snatch eagerly—he would fall in with the idea at once, without any hesitation. Cf. page 24, 'But it'll perhaps rain cats and dogs tomorrow, etc.' To snatch is to seize *quickly*.

that pleasure—of having Wildfire.

self-important consciousness—consciousness of his own importance: having a horse to sell gave him, he felt, some importance in the eyes of others. See lower down the way he brags to Bryce. Dunstan was a petty minded fellow. Repeat *enjoyed* before *the opportunity*.

driving a bargain—making a clever bargain. "Here the word 'drive' is about equal to push or urge home, and refers to *driving nails*; hence the expression 'to nail him,' 'to drive it home,' etc." (Brewer). Dunstan prided himself on being 'a jewel for 'ticing people into bargains,' (p. 23). 'He commits idolatry to himself, and worships his own image,' (Butler).

swaggering—showing off, behaving in a pompous, consequential manner, as if he were somebody great; lit. walking with a swaying motion. A frequentative of *swag*=sway.

taking in—cheating.

satisfaction—the consciousness of his own importance, his delight at selling Wildfire and spiting Godfrey, the prospect of taking in somebody. See previous sentence.

the further satisfaction—After the horse was sold Dunstan could worry Godfrey and force him to borrow Marner's money for him. The pleasure derived from making Godfrey do this would be in addition to the pleasure derived from selling the horse. Neither pleasure need be given up; one could be had after the other. So he rode on to cover.

setting—inciting—said of hunting dogs. To 'set' is to point out the eat or position of birds or other game.

he was...fellow—Dunstan found cause to congratulate himself pretty frequently; he had really a very high opinion of himself, for

What the weak head with strongest bias rules Is pride.

Hey-day—an interjection expressive of surprise.

who...eye on—who had long wished to possess Wildfire, because he had noticed the good points of the horse.

swopped—exchanged.

grandly...utility—even when nothing was to be gained by telling a lie.

was not...him—he did not care if his hearer did not believe him. He took a delight in lying for its own sake. He liked to talk big.

big-boned hack—a big, coarse animal, not a slim graceful animal. A *hack*, as has been said, is a horse used for ordinary purposes.

a little account—money was owed me by Godfrey.

Wildfire.. even—the transfer of Wildfire settled the account. Godfrey gave Dunstan Wildfire, and took the hack in exchange, the difference in value between the two horses cancelling the debt, *made even*. balanced, adjusted; said of accounts, bargains or persons indebted; as, our accounts are *even*, an *even* bargain. Cf. the expression 'to be even with' meaning to be revenged on, to be quits with'.

I accommodated him—I met his wishes. Dunstan is making out that Godfrey had not the money to pay up the debt, and asked Dunstan to swop horses instead, to which proposal Dunstan generously consented, though the arrangement was not altogether what he wanted, as he wanted hard cash to buy Jortin's mare with. This boastful vein we see was natural to Dunstan.

an itch—a vulgar phrase for a strong desire.

as...bit o' blood—In stock breeding 'blood' signifies excellence or purity of breed; thus, *half blood* is descent showing one half only of pure breed, while *full blood* or *blue blood* means purity of breed. We thus have the expression 'blood horse, meaning a thorough bred. The word is also used of men to devote honorable birth, as, 'I am a gentlemen of *blood* and breeding.' (Shakespeare). Dunstan means therefore that Wildfire is as good a thorough bred as one could wish to have.

as ever...across—that anybody ever mounted. The clause has an intensive force. Cf. 'The wisest man that ever trod the earth,' etc.

Flitton—some outlying village.

he's buying—i.e. as Lord Cromleck's agent.

a cast in his eye—with a slight squint. Dunstan things that by being able thus to describe the man he adds plausibility to his lie.

stick to—keep.

I shant...hurry—it will not be easy to get a cleverer horse at leaping over fences. There are different kinds of "fences", as all obstacles are generically called in hunting: first there is timber, such as gates, stiles, and rails, then there are large banks, and lastly water. A hunter is of course trained to jump over all kinds of fences, *in a hurry* goes along with *shan't get* := readily, easily.

more blood—is better bred.

a bit too weak—a little too weak. *hind-quarters*, from the haunches downwards.

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divined—guessed, detected.

horse-dealing—It is of course a common device people employ when they want to sell anything and get a good price for it to extoll its merits, and pretend that nothing would induce them to part with. Then when they have awakened desire, they make it appear as though out of a desire to be generous they are prepared to sell it, and of course they then want their own price for it. Horse-dealing is proverbial for the sharp practice which it is said to involve, and a person who has had any experience with horse-dealers knows what they are driving at when, for instance, they say they will not part with a horse! Bryce knew what Dunstan meant.

in its first stage—Dunstan had practically said to Bryce, 'I want £ 150 for Wildfire.' This was how Bryce interpreted his remark that he (Dunstan) had been offered £ 150 for the horse, and had refused to part with him.

at that—at your keeping Wildfire,

who didn't . horse—Bryce means that even if a man had no intention of selling his horse, if he was offered half as much again as his horse was worth, he would very readily part with it *getting* refers to *man*: 'when he got.'

You'll . a hundred—this is Bryce's indirect way of saying that he is willing to give £100 for the horse; £100 is his bid.

It did occur—*Did* is emphatic. Dunstan was prudent enough to see that it would be wise of him to give up the day's hunt, but then the desire to cut a dash (to use a colloquial expression) before the field was too strong to allow him to give up the hunt. We have another example of Dunstan's vanity. *wise*—because the horse was to be delivered 'safe and sound'.

proceed, hire—Gerundial Infinitives like *give up* above.

a run—ride with the hounds.

pocket-pistol—a dram-flask for the pocket, in "self-defence", Brewer explains, 'because we cannot get a dram on the road.'

take the fences...field—cause the other members of the hunt to admire the way in which he leaped the fences. George Eliot is thoroughly idiomatic.

took...too, maney—i.e. one too many for Wildfire's safety. His own prudence must have told Dunstan that there was a limit to the number of fences he could take; however, he went ahead, and came to grief.

got . hedge stake—in leaping over a high hedge Wildfire came down on a sharp stake (a strong stick pointed at one end) that was standing up vertically on the other side of the hedge, and got pierced through the body.

ill-favoured—ugly. Cf. remark on *handsome brother*, p. 21.

unmarketable—the writer does not disguise her contempt for Dunstan. Dunstan was worth nothing; he was a ne'er-do-well.

panted his last—i.e. his last breath.

arrange his stirrup—adjust it, make it the length that suited his height. A *stirrup* is the ring of metal suspended by a strap from the saddle for the horseman's foot both while mounting and while riding. Stirrups can be lowered or highered so as to suit each particular rider.

the moment of glory—when the fox is caught by the hounds. Every body rides up then, and tries to be 'in at the death'.

more blindly—in his vexation at having been thrown behind, and in his eagerness to make up for lost time Dunstan was not careful how he took the fences. The pace at which a hunter should be ridden at his fences depends upon the nature of the fence itself and the peculiarity of each individual horse; but even with some very clever hunters to hurry them is to bring them to grief, and it is given as a good general rule to ride at fences of all descriptions as slowly as the nature of the obstacle admits.

up with the hounds—i. e. with the foremost riders.

far-off stragglers—At the beginning of a hunt all the riders are together, but as time advances some begin to lag behind. The accident happened to Dunstan at the end of the hunt, and so he came to be between 'eager riders in advance' and 'far-off stragglers' behind. *stragglers* is governed by *between*.

as likely as not—as likely (to pass) as (they were) not likely to pass; i. e. they would very probably pass in the line, etc.

immediate annoyances—Dunstan would have minded it if there had been somebody by at the time of his mishap; but as it was, nobody was by, and so he was not put out much. He was not worried by the consideration of *remote consequences*, i. e. Godfrey's anger, and the lack of money.

all over with Wildfire—that Wildfire was dead.

swaggering—such as pretending that he wasn't at all concerned at the loss of the horse, that he could now get a better one, and so forth. But no amount of bragging and boasting would alter the fact that he was in an awkward plight.

shake—the shock produced by his fall.

✓ *coppice*—a wood of small bushes and trees.

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to walk without, etc.—George Eliot has a hit at the expensive habits of young men of position. They never walked any distance, but always rode,

When they did walk; it was across the fields when they were out shooting, and then they carried a gun.

out of the question—impossible. No spirited young man had been known to do it, and he would not do it.

kicked—refused to do what he was told to. It is perfectly natural that Dunstan should use the metaphor he does, being so familiar with horses.

worry...anything—worry Godfrey so much as to make him give in in the end. We have already seen how he worried him into consenting to sell Wildfire. Dunstan had Godfrey completely in his power.

now...immediate—now that Wildfire was dead Marner's money was the only resource left.

muddy...pedestrian—boots covered with mud which let everybody know that he had walked. Of course he did not like the idea that anybody should know that he had been reduced to trudging the distance on foot.

the grinning queries—as to what had happened to his horse. The stablemen would be tickled to see Dunstan present such a poor spectacle with unmistakable signs on him of having been forced to trudge along on foot some little distance; and he knew too that they had no respect for him. Evidently they too had come to know of his spiteful nature (cf. p. 19, 'it was no matter what became of Dunsey'), and then after the stable-keeper had declared that he would never do any more business with Dunstan until he had paid up what he owed, Dunstan could no longer have commanded any respect. Then again the stablemen would have set down Dunstan's accident to his bad horsemanship, and would, Dunstan knew, treat him with scant courtesy on that account.

in the way...Raveloe—he was impatient to get back to Raveloe to carry out his 'felicitous plan,' but the thought of the indignities he would be subjected to at Batherley determined him not to go there to get the horse which he needed so badly to ride into Raveloe on. *unpleasantly*, because frustrating his desire to get into Raveloe as soon as possible, for which purpose a horse was needed.

felicitous plan—the bright idea he had conceived of inducing Marner to part with his money 'on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects.' Dunstan enjoyed taking people in. See p. 28.

casual visitation—when as he was meditating what to do he dipped his fingers into his pocket quite by chance he found, etc.

too pale a colour—were silver and not gold; perhaps the small coins were shillings. The stable-keeper would probably demand half a sovereign

for the hire of a horse, and would require *cash*. He would also want Dunstan to pay up his 'small debt.' *pale*, Cf. 'Silver, thou pale and common drudge,' *The Merchant of Venice*.

he was not...home—so that it wasn't worth his while to walk into Batherley when he would get into Raveloe in about the same time. But Dunstan didn't know this; *he* decided to walk to Raveloe not because he knew that he was about the same distance away from Raveloe that he was from Batherley, and that walking into Batherley and walking into Raveloe amounted pretty much to the same thing, but he chose 'the unprecedented course of walking home' because he saw it was high time he did so, as it was nearly four o'clock, and a mist was gathering, and he might lose his way if did not set out at once. As it was he had to *feel* his way into Raveloe. Fogs are so bad in London, for example, that you cannot see your hand if you hold it up in front of you in one. November is the month for mists and fogs in England. It might be mentioned in this connection that the 1st Nov. is the recognised date for the opening of the foxhunting season which continues till the following April.

Dunsey . clearness of head—George Eliot twits Dunstan on his faulty knowledge of the topography of the place he was in. *clearness*—though cunning enough (to be so is very often nothing more than an instinct), Dunstan had by no means a keen intellect. Most probably though in the present case we may suppose that he had never seen a map in his life, and so had never been in the habit of visualising the lie of the places of his neighbourhood.

unprecedented course—no young man of position had been known to do so.

He remembered—so he knew how to find his way back.

finger-post—a post with a finger pointing directing people to the road. There are such posts all over England, and one can go to any place one likes to just by the aid of them.

twisting...handle—to carry the whip more easily. A huntingwhip is a short whip.

rapping...boots—it was quite 'the thing' to do so, and besides gave him an air of unconcern. Our Police Inspectors are fond of rapping the tops of their boots with the little canes they carry.

dress up—elaborate and embellish with many a lie.

exceptional a mode—so much so that he looked upon it as a 'remarkable feat.' Cf. *unprecedented...home* above and the note on *without a gun*, p. 30.

a *desirable...unwontedness*—a *too bewildering . unwontedness*, that is, either in himself or in those who might see him reduced to so exceptional a mode of locomotion. He was apt to be entirely disconcerted by being in a position he had never been in before. Having a riding whip in his hand however gave him some confidence, for he knew that people might think that he had only just alighted from his horse. In the same way with people he might meet: their surprise at seeing him walking would be lessened by the whip, which would afford them a possible means of explaining the strange sight that met their gaze by suggesting that Dunstan had been riding, and had only just alighted.

gold handle—which Dunstan liked to show off.

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cut a pitiable figure—present a pitiable appearance, because of his being on foot, having lost his horse, and being splashed with mud by his walk along the slushy lanes. An acquaintance would come up, and speak to him, and everything about Wildfire would have to come out; his whip would be of no use to him then.

he silently remarked—Notice that he *silently* remarks, showing that he had at last been humbled a bit.

ruts—the tracks left by cart-wheels in the soft soil. *Fr. route*, a way, *in advance of*—in front of. A low bush ran along before the hedgerow.

A 'hedgerow' is a row of shrubs or trees planted for hedging fields.

opening—where there was no hedge but an open piece of land in which lay the Stone-pits.

break...hedgerow—when the hedge ended he would find himself beating the air.

cajoling—deceiving with flattery or fair words. *F. cajoler*, orig. to chatter like a bird in a cage, to sing; hence, to amuse with idle talk, to flatter.

his own arithmetical etc.—he did not know enough arithmetic himself to know what the advantages were of putting money out to interest, still less of course could he demonstrate to Marner those advantages; so he felt that he would have to threaten him as well as tempt him.

security—the only security he meant to offer being Godfrey's 'prospects,' p. 28.

operation—the attempt to convince him that he would be investing his money wisely. Dunstan had originally thought of 'setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money', p. 28, but with the cottage before him the temptation to 'take in' Marner himself proved too strong.

quite a natural thing—he had forgotten for the time being that he hadn't Godfrey's permission for what he was about to do.

There might...course—there were other considerations as well why he should go to the cottage: he could get a lantern from Marner, and he needed one badly.

up the bank—Marner's cottage was apparently on a higher level than the road.

fear lest way- and fall into the Stone-pits. The darkness was bewildering.

rather enjoying—he did not of course want to make the man angry; it would not have served his purpose to do so. Dunstan's spiteful nature is still to the fore.

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Was the weaver...bed—we are given Dunstan's thoughts.

the latch hole—a hole in the door through which the latchstring used to be passed. A person wishing to open a door pulled the latchstring from outside, and so raised the latch to which the string was fastened inside. The latch was either a piece of iron or a piece of wood screwed at one end to the door, but free to move up and down, and fall into a notch or cavity in the door-post, thus securing the door. Of course at night the door was locked. 'To find the latchstring out' is an American expression meaning to meet with hospitality, to be welcome. In modern English houses once the door has been pulled to it can only be opened (from outside) by means of a latchkey.

pull...down—and make a rattling noise.

the door was fastened—which would have been the case had Marner gone to sleep as Dunstan supposed. But Marner had only stepped out for a few minutes, and so had left the door 'on the latch', not for a moment suspecting that there would be any thieves abroad on such a night;—or he would have locked the door.

nothing...inviting—cold and weary as he was.

different...cooking—more cooked, when it would have given forth a lovely smell.

kettle-hanger—a rod placed transversely in the chimney from which the kettle is hung.

unpossessed of jacks—a *jack* is a general term for any mechanical contrivance serving to supply the place of a helper or boy who was commonly called *Jack*. In the present case a contrivance is meant which is used for turning meat round and round while it is being cooked so as to get all parts

equally well cooked. It consists of a spring which is wound up, and allowed to uncoil slowly when it turns the meat attached to it, and presents a fresh surface each time to the fire. Not being possessed of a jack Marner hung up his pork to the kettle-hanger, passing the string through the ring of his big door key and knotting the key about midway in the string while he twisted some of the string round it, so that when left alone the key swayed first in one direction and then in another, and so turned the piece of pork from side to side. (At least this is what it seems George Eliot means). The key of course would have to be pushed from time to time. See p. 34.

farthest extremity—that extremity most distant from the fire.

The old staring simpleton—Marner had prominent eyes — 'large brown protuberant eyes,' as George Eliot tells us on p. 2, also their trusting and dreamy look had given place to a stare, p. 16.

mouldy bread—stale, musty bread. 'Mould' is a minute fungus which grows on bodies in a damp atmosphere.

some...brief purpose—for some such purpose which would not necessitate his being absent from his cottage very long.

an interesting idea—showing how thoroughly selfish Dunstan was, and even brutal.

✓ *consequences...novelty*—consequences that he had not been able to anticipate. Though he had thought long about Marner, and had devised means for getting him to part with his money, he had never for a moment thought that he would walk into Marner's cottage, and find himself master of his (Marner's) wealth.

✓ *He went.. evidence*—he did not trouble to consider if there were any other ways in which evidence would be forthcoming against him. George Eliot explains herself how it was he did not do so.

✓ *an inference...desire*—A dull mind is swayed more by impulses than by clear reasoning; it is not given to drawing sharp lines of demarcation between fancy and fact. Very often it is carried away by an impulse, and fancy becomes fact with it for the time being. An idea may occur to it perfectly casually, but if that idea is identical with a cherished wish of its' it forgets for the moment that its 'idea' is after all only an idea, and imagines in its eagerness that its wish has been realised. Thus a wish is very often father to a thought. Dunstan not only jumped to the conclusion that Marner had fallen into the Stone-pits, but acted as if he had really done so.

problematical—not yet substantiated, uncertain, doubtful.

a possible felon—George Eliot thinks that it is only ignorant men who commit crimes. No clear-headed man, able to foresee the conse-.

quences of his crime, is ever likely to commit it. Some people, however, would not agree with George Eliot here, as some of the brightest intellects have been enlisted in the service of crime. Perhaps the student has read of the recent case of 'D. S. Windle', who swindled a London Bank out of some thousands of pounds. Low Lat. *fellonem*, acc. case of *felo*, a traitor. Cf. the Latin expression *felo de se*. lit. 'felon of himself'.

made rapi '—His eager desire had heightened his intellectual activity for the time being. His mind was like a 'lightning calculator's'; it flashed from conclusion to conclusion.

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sprinkling of sand—See p. 15, 'He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom...covering the bricks with sand'.

treadles—or 'treadles', laths, or pieces of wood, on which the weaver 'treads' to set the loom in motion, like some of our knife-grinders set their grindstones in motion.

the hook—a hunting-whip has a crooked handle with a loop of leather at the end *the thin end*, the lash end.

a long while—on account of his impatience to secure the money.

any distinct recognition—he had quite lost sight of such a possibility, such complete possession had his 'inference' taken of his mind. See note on *an inference*...*desire* on the previous page.

an undefinable dread—a dread he knew not for what. 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all'.

shut in...light—the light issuing from the open door spread out some little distance in front of the cottage, and Dunstan's black figure could have been seen with perhaps the two leathern bags in his hands by a person who might chance to come along the lane. The few shutter chinks and the latch-hole sent out but feeble beams which did not penetrate far into the darkness. *betrayal*—being spied in the light.

take his time—walk leisurely. He first had to get away from the immediate neighbourhood of the cottage.

Summary.

Dunstan set out early next morning, and rode slowly down the lane which passed at its farther extremity the stone-pit near which stood Silas Marner's cottage. A dreary sight the deserted quarry presented to Dunstan, with moist trodden clay about it, and red muddy water high up in it. Marner was already at work, for Dunstan heard the rattling of his loom. And then a thought suddenly struck Dunstan! It was strange he had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade Marner into lending him his money on the 'excellent security' of the young Squire's prospects'. Marner's hoard was likely to be enough to meet Godfrey's needs as well as leave a surplus with which Godfrey could

accommodate his 'faithful brother.' Dunstan was on the point of turning home—but no! he would not do so. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept his plan, because it might save him from parting with Wildfire; but he would not give him that pleasure. Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover, Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and possibly taking somebody in; and besides there was nothing to prevent his having as well the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.

Dunstan congratulated himself on finding Bryce and Keating there, as he had been quite sure they would be. How was it, asked Bryce, that Dunstan was on his brother's horse, and Dunstan replied with a lie that he had swapped horses with Godfrey, giving him his old hack for Wildfire on account of a little account there had been between them, which Wildfire had made even. He meant to stick to Wildfire, though he had been offered £150 for him; for he knew he wouldn't get a better horse at a fence in a hurry. Bryce, however, divined that Dunstan wanted to sell the horse, and in the end bought him for £120, to be paid on delivery of Wildfire safe and sound at the Batherley stables.

It did occur to Dunstan that it might be wise for him to give up the day's hunting, proceed at once to Batherley, and, having waited for Bryce's return, hire a horse to carry him home with the money in his pocket. But with a horse like Wildfire under him that would take the fences to the admiration of the field the inclination for a run was not easy to overcome, encouraged as he also was by confidence in his luck and by a draught of brandy from his pocket-pistol. Just near the time of glory, however, he had to stop to adjust his stirrup, and being thrown in the rear he tried hard to make up for lost time, with the result that he took the fences blindly, and taking one fence too many, got Wildfire pierced with a hedge-stake. Seeing that it was all over with Wildfire and reinforcing himself with a little brandy and much swearing, he slunk away into a coppice to his right through which he thought he could make his way to Batherley without danger of encountering any member of the hunt. But on second thoughts he determined not to go to Batherley, because he did not like the idea of appearing there with his muddy boots and of having to encounter the grinning queries of stablemen, nor, as he discovered, did he have enough money to pay for a horse as well as pay up a little debt of his, both of which he knew he would have to do before the stable-keeper would let him have a horse. Little did Dunstan know that he was not so very much farther from home than he was from Batherley, for he was not remarkable for clearness of head. Though he determined to set out on foot to Raveloe it was only because it was late and a mist was gathering. Buttoning up his coat, twisting the lash of his hunting-whip compactly round the handle, and rapping the tops of his boots with a self-possessed air, as if to assure himself that he was not at all taken by surprise, he set off in the gathering mist with the sense that he was undertaking a remarkable feat of bodily exercise. It was Godfrey's whip which he carried which he had taken (without leave) because it had a gold handle. He was not without fear lest he should meet some acquaintance in whose eyes he would cut a pitiable figure; but when at last he found himself in the well-known Raveloe lanes without having met a soul, he silently remarked that that was part of his usual good luck. All along the way the idea of Marner's money had kept on growing in vividness; even if Godfrey should at first refuse to borrow it, he felt sure he could worry him into anything. He did not much mind about taking bad news to Godfrey. And as he walked

along knowing he was coming near the Stonepits, he suddenly spied certain gleams of light which he soon guessed proceeded from Marner's cottage. He was soon groping his way to it, for he could not resist the temptation of cheating the old miser out of his money, a task which was so congenial to him and which he felt sure his brother would after all leave to him. Possibly also the weaver had a lantern which he would lend him, for he was still nearly three-quarters of a mile from home, and he was tired of feeling his way in the dark, especially too as it had begun to rain. Dunstan knocked loudly, rather enjoying the idea that the old fellow would be frightened at the sudden noise, but getting no reply, he walked into the cottage. He found that the weaver had gone out, evidently to fetch in fuel or for some such brief purpose, so Dunstan seated himself by the fire. But it was only for a moment. The thought suddenly struck him that possibly the weaver had fallen into the Stonepit, and acting on the impulse of the moment he darted up, and casting his eyes about the room, soon alighted on the spot near the treddles of the loom where the money lay hid. In haste he lifted up two bricks and there before him lay the two lantern bags filled with guineas. He felt round to see that the hole held nothing more in it, and hastily replacing the bricks and spreading sand over them, he walked out into the dark both hands full of money, being careful to close the door behind him immediately that he might shut in the stream of light. Meanwhile the rain and darkness had got thicker.

CHAPTER V.

plodding—trudging wearily along; originally 'to wade through pools', from Irish *plod*, a pool.

a sack thrown—our coolies likewise go about wrapped up in pieces of gunny during the wet weather.

horn lantern—a lantern fitted with thin sheets of horn instead of glass. Lanterns have been made of horn, talc, mica, perforated metal, oiled fabrics and paper. We still use the Chinese paper lantern.

free...change—yet what a cruel change there was to be soon!

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The sense...conviction—How many of us when stepping into a train ever think of accidents, or when mounting our bicycles think of spindles breaking or brakes not acting when we are riding down an incline! And yet we know there is every chance of accidents occurring. In the same way Marner felt that it was quite safe to leave his door on the latch, just because he had done so over and over again, and had never missed anything. If he had given the matter a thought, he would have at once seen that in spite of the fact that he had not lost anything in the past there was every possibility of his losing something each time he left his door on the latch. The sense of security however, had grown very strong in him, and had crystallised into a fixed habit of mind.

such a change...alarm—as the sinking in of the roof of the mine in the example which George Eliot gives and perhaps the fact that the door was

left open in Marner's case. George Eliot anyhow mentions the fact that the sense of security subsists even in the presence of dangerous symptoms simply to give one some idea of the force of habit.

The lapse of time etc.—Habits require time to form; the sense of security grows in strength the longer the period during which a given event has not happened. Hence, for instance, one might tell a friend, who has been in the habit of drinking unfiltered water, not to do so any more, and he promptly replies, "Why, I have done so for a year, and here I am in the best of health", and yet perhaps the next day he might drink some water which gives him enteric.

the logic of habit—i. e. the frame of mind which the long continuance of a definite state of affairs induces.

the added condition—if there is any likelihood of an event occurring, then each day as it passes brings the fatal day nearer. The lapse of time, therefore, instead of producing a sense of security should on the contrary create a sense of anxiety. *imminent*, near at hand, impending. Lat. *in*, upon, *minere*, to project.

A man will tell etc.—George Eliot illustrates the previous general statement, 'The lapse of time etc.'

though the roof etc.—an illustration of the second part of the general statement, 'even when the lapse of time etc.'

the older.. gets—another illustration of 'even when...the event imminent'; as a man grows older, the day of his death of course comes nearer. But though he may *talk* of his death, he never realises that he must die, for as Tennyson puts it,

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Hath ever truly longed for death.

so monotonous—an 'insect-like existence.'

more defenceless..usual—the door was merely on the latch. See p. 32.

double complacency—more satisfaction than usual.

hot and savoury—few men in Marner's position could afford to have hot suppers; besides Marner was becoming miserly and grudging to spend money on himself. See p. 15, 'Marner drew less and less for his own wants etc.'

it would.. nothing—the true miser's spirit

time of revelry—the time 'when his heart warmed over his gold.' See p. 17; 'But at night came his revelry etc.' *revelry*, lit, noisy festivity; through O, Fr. *reveler*, to rebel, make merry, from Lat. *rebellare*, to rebel. Marner 'feasted' his eyes on his gold; see p. 17, 'He spread them out in heaps etc.'

warmed...gold—he was stirred by strange emotions. 'He loved the guineas best.....he loved them all,' p. 17.

twisted the string—see note on *jacks*, p. 32. *huddle*—of the key

setting up—arranging in his loom. He wanted a very thin piece of twine to tie up in position the next morning in his loom some yarn preparatory to weaving it.

slipped his memory—he had forgotten about it

going...morning—when he ought to be at work in his loom; he would not let such a small matter as that of getting some twine interfere with his work. Therefore however bad the night the errand had to be done at once.

out of the question—not to be thought of.

to turn out into—to go out into (from his cottage)

things...loved better—Marner loved money better than his own comfort (cf. p. 15, 'Marner drew less and less wants') and he loved work on account of the money it brought in. 'His life had reduced itself to the functions of weaving and hoarding,' p. 15.

to the extremity...hanger—away from the fire, so as not to get burnt in his absence. Dunstan found it hanging thus ('at the farthest extremity,' p. 32) when he entered.

arming—furnishing. He had to 'defend' himself against the nasty fog and the rain.

well-knotted string—It was his door key to which he had tied up his pork and which served the purpose of a jack. If he had wanted to lock his door his primitive jack would have had to come down and then his supper could not have been cooked until his return.

such a night—such a bad night. It was a wet, dreary night and there was a dense fog as well.

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why should he come—'The lapse of time.....never happen,' p. 34.

they merely ..anxiety—Marner did not actually formulate his reasons in so many words; he simply acted in accordance with the general trend which his ideas had assumed from his experience in the past. No doubt he could have given reasons for his action if he had been asked for them; but at present the reasons were in the back-ground of his mind.

to his...eyes—as far as he could see with his dim sight.

merge...nailed boots—walking about the room he trod over the marks left by Dunstan's feet, and obliterated them with his own footprints. If he had had good sight he would on entering have noticed Dunstan's muddy

footprints on the clean sand, and would at once have seen that some one had entered his cottage during his absence.

straining eyes—showing signs of the effort it was to see clearly. See p. 16, 'The prominent eyes etc.'

The light... put out—see p. 12, 'The little light he possessed etc.'

affections made desolate—because his trust in man was shaken.

he had clung—Miss Simcox makes some good remarks on this trait in Marner's character. See Appendix I.

they had fashioned themselves—See p. 16, 'Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank.....hunted everywhere.' A man adapts himself to his environment, or in other words is susceptible to influences from without. Both physically and morally Marner adapted himself to his surroundings; *physically* to such an extent that he gave one 'the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube.....apart,' and *morally* to such an extent that 'he clung with all the force of nature to his work and his money', his loom confirming 'more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response' and his gold gathering 'his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own.' Cf. p. 16, 'his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more.....being'.

wrought on him—'worked' or produced an effect on him, *i. e.* on his nature.

monotonous craving—steady, persistent craving, showing that it had passed into a habit; 'every man's work, pursued steadily, tends...to become an end in itself.' (p. 12). Marner felt uneasy unless he heard the alternating noises of his loom.

hung over it—bent over it with fond gaze. Cf. p. 15.

gathered his power—concentrated his power of loving into his love for one single object, gold.

hard isolation—an isolation in which all thought for others was absent. His life narrowed and isolated itself more and more into 'a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being'. See note on *hardening*, p. 16. *hard*, unsympathetic, unfeeling.

like its own—Marner's thoughts and sympathies lay buried with his gold, *its*, the gold's.

unwonted—Marner was not in the habit of having roast pork for his supper.

joy...wine—it has all the exhilarating effects of wine without producing intoxication, to notice only one point of difference. In the same way we talk of hunger being the best sauce.

a golden wine...sort-- 'golden' both because it was the sight of gold which was the cause of his joy and also because to 'hang over' his gold was the highest kind of joy he knew of. In the second sense *golden* means 'very precious or rare.' Cf. the use of the word in 'golden opinions,' etc.

unsuspectingly—not suspecting what had happened in his absence.

leap violently—palpitate violently (with the shock of finding the hole empty).

only terror—He did not, or rather could not, believe that his gold had gone; only fear seized his mind, and he felt impelled to end that fear by feeling in the hole for the gold.

curiously—carefully, prying into every corner. From Lat. *cura*, care.

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lifted his hands . head—The shock upset his mental equilibrium, and he tried to restore it. We press our heads when we are bewildered and find it hard to collect our thoughts. Stunned by his loss Marner tried to collect his thoughts.

steady himself—calm himself.

sliding stones—slippery stones. Cf. 'A drowning man catches at straws.'

false hopes—that he had put the gold somewhere else. There was still hope so long as there were other places in which it was possible he might have put his gold.

kneaded it—pressed it all over with his hands to see if he had put his gold in it.

no...refuge—he had searched everywhere. He could no longer hope that he had hidden up his money somewhere; it was quite clear that the money had been stolen, and he had to face the fact.

refuge—i. e. for his thought.

there was—*was* is emphatic. George Eliot corrects herself.

refuge—'that expectation of impossibilities etc'.

expectation of...images—Marner felt that he could not have lost his money, but that if he looked again he would find it contrary to the testimony which his eyes had borne him a few moments ago.

distinct from madness—because a madman persists in his erroneous ideas, even after evidence has been adduced to show his notions are false; whereas a sane man, though he may for the time being hold false ideas, will give up those ideas, when sufficient evidence is forthcoming to prove conclusively that his ideas are false,

ringing scream—piercing scream which made the walls of the cottage echo again.

the cry of desolation—another crisis in his life was reached; he was once again left alone and desolate.

the cry...him—in the same way people find that a good cry after the first shock of some great calamity gives a certain amount of relief.

maddening pressure—it wellnigh drove him mad to think that his gold had really gone.

tottered—he was trembling all over

strongest...reality—the loss of the money had produced such a bewildering effect that he could not yet feel that he was actually moving about his cottage and not dreaming. By getting into his familiar seat he reassured himself that things were actually as they seemed to be, and that he was not dreaming.

shock of certainty—shock caused by certainty.

beat in—dashed in, showing that it was raining rather heavily.

footsteps?—Marner asks himself what he is thinking of a thief for. It seems improbable to him that a thief could have come.

return by daylight—he had returned before daylight had gone.

... was it...power—was it God? It might be; did He not bear false witness against him at Lantern Yard? Perhaps this was another of His acts of injustice. Cf. p. 10, 'there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies.'

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vaguer dread—It was bad enough losing his money, but to think that a thief had taken it whom no hands could reach was too terrible. Marner could not yet face the fact that his money had gone; he clutched at every straw of hope. *vaguer*. he could not of course picture to himself how exactly the money had gone; he only knew it had disappeared in a mysterious manner.

struggling effort—he found it hard to persuade himself that a human being had taken his money.

otherwise disreputable—the bad reputation which Jem Rodney had earned was not only on account of his poaching, but for other reasons also. *Poach*, to intrude on another's preserves in order to steal game; O. Fr. *pocher*, originally to pocket, *poche*, a pouch.

the fields—where perhaps Jem was engaged in catching moles, his Marner's.

had said...money—It was the talk of the village that Marner 'had laid by a fine sight of money, etc', (p. 5).

lingering...fire—Jem had once called on Marner to ask for a light for his pipe, but instead of departing when he had got what he wanted, he lingered in the cottage. Marner now thinks he did so to look round the cottage, and see if he could find out where Marner hid his money.

going...business—i. e. clearing out of the place.

a forlorn...desert—Marner had cut himself off from the world, and with his money taken from him he was left friendless and alone. Cf. p. 15, 'those coins which had become his familiars,' etc.

ideas of legal authority—Marner did not know whom he should apply to.

rich and stout husbands—Perhaps he came to this conclusion from the appearance of the red-faced farmers whom he saw turning in there.

superfluous...linen—Weaver as he was Marner naturally judged their prosperity by the superfluous stores of linen their wives had.

powers and dignitaries—the chief men.

bright bar—The bar of a public house or inn is a counter from behind which the liquor is served out. Seats are arranged in front of it, and, as in the present case, the room is often warmed by a big fire. Such a bar is called a public bar, and the 'less lofty customers' assemble here.

parlour—Fr. *parler*, to speak.

conviviality and condescension—The Squire not only spent a nice time in the company of his friends, but he also had the pleasure of feeling his own superiority in their midst, and of being able to patronise them.

high-screened—the seats had high backs which served as screens to shelter the occupants from cold draughts whenever the door was opened.

several personages etc.—There were several people this evening in the kitchen who were of "parlour" rank, who instead of being bullied by their superiors as they were on other evenings in the parlour were able themselves to bully and patronise the humbler beer-drinkers in the kitchen. Working people do not put up with much bullying nowadays from their middle class brethren!

hectoring—bullying. Hector, the eldest son of Priam and Hecuba, was the chief hero of Troy in the war with the Greeks. He fought with the bravest of the enemy, and finally slew Patroclus, the friend of Achilles, which roused the latter from his long lethargy to challenge him to fight. Achilles chased him three times round the city, pierced him with his spear,

and dragged his dead body after his chariot round Troy. His body was at the command of Zeus delivered up to Priam and buried with great pomp within the city walls. 'It is hard,' as Brewer says, 'to conceive how the brave, modest, noble-minded patriot came to be made the synonym of a braggart and blusterer like Ajax.'

spirits and water—the drink of the select few of the parlour, and of course more expensive than the humbler beer consumed by the frequenters of the kitchen.

Summary.

This chapter deals with a great crisis in Marner's life—the loss of his gold.

When Dunstan turned his back on the cottage, Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it. He was plodding along with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an overcoat and with a horn lantern in his hand, and was returning from the village whither he had been to buy a piece of very fine twine for "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early next morning. He had been out that day to give up a handsome piece of linen to Miss Priscilla Lammeter, but not having had to pass through the village he had forgotten about the twine and had only remembered about it when he was setting about to roast for his supper that evening the bit of pork which Miss Lammeter had that day given him. It was a misty fog to turn out into, but there were things Marner cared more for than his own comfort; he clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money, so that he felt he could not possibly lose time the next morning by having to go out to buy twine. The errand also would, in ordinary weather, have taken only twenty minutes. So Marner set out, leaving his door on the latch, as he had hung up his pork to his door-key which he used as a jack and he did not want to take it down, and so postpone the cooking of his supper till his return. Also the sense of security which had grown up in him as a result of his having lived fifteen years in his cottage and never having missed anything could suggest no cause for alarm, and it seemed impossible too that anybody could be about on such a night. With a mind at ease and free from the presentiment of change he plodded home, thinking with double complacency of his supper, first because it would be hot and savoury, and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. He did not notice Dunstan's foot-prints in the clean sand of his cottage as he entered, (for he was shortsighted), and he soon obliterated all traces of them with his own footprints as he walked about putting his hat and lantern by. He then sat by his fire tending his meat and warming himself. But as soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and, so with candle in hand he went to the hole, and sweeping away the sand without noticing any change, he removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but he could not believe that his gold was gone: he simply felt an impulse to rid his mind of the terror which seized it. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it carefully, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he by a sudden impulse put his gold somewhere else, and then forgotten it? But after a thorough search he came back to the hole, and kneeling down felt once more all round. The money was gone, but in his

bewilderment Marner thought that perhaps it was after all on his table. Getting up from his trembling knees he looked round at the table; but it was bare. He looked all round his dwelling, and saw every object in his cottage—but his gold was not there. Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments he stood motionless, and then tottered towards his loom and got into the seat where he used to work, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality. All his false hopes had vanished, and soon the idea of a thief began to present itself. He entertained the idea eagerly, because a thief could be caught and he made to restore the gold. He started from the loom to the door, and when he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night, and then it occurred to him that he had never noticed footprints in the cottage either on his return by daylight or in the evening. Was it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach, which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and eventually pitched upon Jem Rodney as the thief, as Jem had often chaffed him about his money, and had once irritated him by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man, there was ease in the thought; for Jem could be found and made to restore the gold which had gone from him, and which had left his soul like a forlorn traveller on an unknown desert. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people of the village—the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass—would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out into the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. The Rainbow was, in Marner's view, a place of luxurious resort and a place where he was likely to find the powers and dignities of Raveloe, so thither he turned his steps. The parlour was dark to-night, the chief personages who ornamented its circle being all at Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance; so Marner turned into the bright bar or kitchen where the less lofty customers assembled and where on the present occasion were assembled several personages who would otherwise have been admitted to the parlour.

CHAPTER VI.

This seems the proper place to quote a few suggestive remarks on George Eliot's humour from a powerful article contributed by Prof. Dowden to the *Contemporary Review*, 1872, further extracts from which we give in the appendix:—

“George Eliot's humour allies itself with her intellect on the one hand, and with her sympathies and moral perceptions on the other. The grotesque in human character is reclaimed from the province of the humorous by her affections, when that is possible, and is shown to be a pathetic form of beauty. The pale brown eyed weaver, gazing out from his cottage door with blurred vision or poring with miserly devotion over his golden hoard touches us, but does not make us smile. The comedy of incident, the farcical, lies outside her province; once or twice for reasons that appear hardly adequate, the comedy of incident was attempted, and the result was not successful. The humour of George Eliot usually belongs to her entire conception of a character, and cannot be separated from it. Her humorous effects are secured by letting her mind drop sympathetically into a level of lower intelligence, or duller moral perception, and

by the conscious presence at the same time of a higher self. The humorous impression exists only in the qualified organs of perception, which remain at the higher, the normal point of view. What had been merely an undulation of matter, when it touches the prepared surface of the retina, breaks into light. By the fire of the "Rainbow Inn," the butcher and the farrier, the parish clerk and the deputy clerk puff their pipes with an air of severity staring at one another as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked," while the humbler beer-drinkers "keep their eyelids down, and rub their hands across their mouths as if the draughts of beer were a funereal duty, attended with embarrassing sadness." The slow talk about the red Durham is conducted with a sense of grave responsibility on both sides. It is ~~we~~ who are looking on unobserved who experience a rippling over of our moral nature with manifold laughter; it is to our lips the smile rises—a smile which is expressive not of any acute access of risibility, but of a voluminous enjoyment, a mass of mingled feeling, partly tender, partly pathetic, partly humorous. The dramatic appropriateness of the humorous utterances of George Eliot's characters renders them unpresentable by way of extract. Each is like the expression of a face which cannot be detached from the face itself."

The following remarks are from Hutton's *Literary Essays* :—

"George Eliot is not a satirist. The influence of Thackeray had at first a distinctly bad effect on her genius, but in *Silas Marner* that influence began to wane, and quite disappeared in *Romola*, though I think it reappeared a little in *Felix Holt*. A powerful and direct style of portraiture is in ill-keeping with that favor of sarcastic innuendo in which Thackeray delighted. It jars upon the ear in the midst of the simple and faithful delineations of human nature as it really is, with which George Eliot fills her books. It was all very well for Thackeray who made it his main aim and business to expose the hollowness and insincerities of human society, to add his own keen comment to his own one-sided picture. But then it was of the essence of his genius to lay bare unrealities, and leave the sound life almost untouched. It was rather a relief than otherwise to see him playing with his dissecting knife after one of his keenest probing feats; you understand better how limited his purpose is—that he has been in search of organic disease,—and you are not surprised, therefore, to find that he has found little that was healthy. But George Eliot has a different power. She can delineate what is sound even more powerfully than what is unsound. She does not *expose* but *paints* human nature, its weakness and its strength; and the satirical tone in which Thackeray justified to his readers the severity of his criticisms, at least as severe, is a setting not at all in harmony with George Eliot's style of art. This is, indeed, usually so deep, direct, and real, that the interruption needed to listen to the author's aside is a painful break."

All critics unite in praising the famous scene at the Rainbow.

a high ... animation—Mr. Snell had introduced some interesting topics of conversation, and topics too of a slightly controversial nature, so that all joined in the conversation, and a lively debate ensued. Lat. *anima*, air, life. The English are not as a nation talkative like the French are. Also, in a village where startling changes seldom occurred and day followed day in monotonous succession even farmers drank and got angry, 'so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again with eager emphasis the things they had said already any time that twelvemonth,' p. 25,

"It was well that a great genius arose to save for us pictures of a state of society that has now passed away. The Midlands in George Eliot's childhood still retained the quiet, old-fashioned, easy-going life of the last century. Railroads were unknown; newspapers had not reached the masses; politics commanded little general interest; the affairs of each small community were to itself all in all; and people cared little what went on in the next county, and still less what was happening in other countries. Such spirit of inquiry as was abroad found expression in religious dissent, what was then sufficiently uncommon to scandalise the well-to-do among the people, and sometimes to attract persecution, as in the case of poor Mr. Tryan. If the people grumbled, it was at something that directly affected their own interest—such as tithes or taxes; and they cared little for the improvement of their political position. Squires were squires in those days and rectors were rectors—great local magnates whose personal dispositions were everything to the people with whom they came in contact, and whose rights and privileges, however arbitrarily they might be exercised, were not to be called in question. Steam factories and machinery had not yet tended to extinguish individuality among the working classes, and a clever handicraftsman was a person of general consideration. The inn landlord and the parish clerk were people of social standing, and the mail-coachman a great public character. Education was confined to the few, and general knowledge was far from being either accurate or extensive." *Blackwood's Magazine*, February 1881. 13.

an air of severity—as if they studied to be silent on account of the serious nature of their thoughts.

as if a bet—i. e. as if they tried hard not to wink. The men sat staring at each other not moving a muscle. This stern silence was all the more amusing considering the hot debate which followed when the landlord succeeded in rousing his customers.

men in frocks—farm labourers. *fustian*, a coarse kind of cloth, a sort of cotton velvet; Low Lat. *fustanicum*, from Arabic *Fostat*, a suburb of Cairo, where first made. (Trench, *On the Study of Words*, p. 153). *smock-frocks*—a coarse frock, or shirt, worn over their clothes by farm labourers, in shape something like the short shirts Marwaris wear.

rubbed their mouths—The less important customers sat drinking their beer in silence; they looked down in front of them and religiously wiped their mouths with their hands after each draught of beer.

a funeral duty—the men drank their beer so solemnly. Among the lower classes in England it is a custom to adjourn to a public house after a funeral, and there for the chief mourners to stand their friends drinks. On such occasions everybody drinks in silence, friends studying to manifest their sorrow by various little outward signs. The labourers at the Rainbow gave one the impression that they were not enjoying their beer, but were drinking it much against their will because of its being a solemn duty to do so.

neutral disposition—as shown by his favorite remark, "You're both right and both wrong, as I allays say," 'Human differences' he saw might affect his custom if he declared himself in favour of one set of opinions only.

doubtful tone—he is careful to say, 'Some folks'ud say,' leaving it an open question whether he is of the same opinion or not.

you druv in—drove into the village from market.

rashly—i. e. at once. George Eliot still ridicules the solemn behaviour of the villagers.

And they...far wrong—we are not in doubt as to what the butcher's opinion in the matter was.

feeble delusive thaw—The subject broached by Mr. Snell was such as was calculated to be the basis of an animated discussion, but instead it seemed as if nothing more was to come of it but the butcher's reply to his cousin. Silence is compared to a frozen stream; when the ice thaws or melts the stream flows. In the same way when a suitable subject of conversation was forthcoming, an animated conversation would be the result.

Durham—one of a particular breed of shorthorned cattle.

farrier—one who shoes horses. From Lat. *ferrum*, iron.

taking...conversation—continuing the conversation.

husky treble—his voice was pitched high and was husky. Perhaps the huskiness was due to his fondness for spirits as well as to the talking and crying out he had to do in his shop.

who...the red Durhams—Mr. Lammeter. See end of page.

this...side—in this district.

And she'd etc.—I'm certain she had a white star on her brow, hadn't she?

she might—The butcher does not contradict him; he merely cannot remember whether the Durham had the white spot or not.

if...don't know—The farrier was Mr. Lammeter's veterinary doctor, adviser etc.

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bargain or no bargain—whether you bought her cheaply or not. The farrier knows nothing about Mr. Lammeter's monetary transactions, but so far as his cows are concerned he knows everything about them.

I've...her—I have doctored her. *drench*, to cause to drink, especially to dose by force, as a horse by putting a potion down its throat. A. S. *drencan*, to give to drink, the causal of *drincan*, to drink. "As 'to fell' is to make to fall, and 'to lay' to make to lie, so 'to drench' is to make to drink." (Trench.) Cf. 'Give my roan horse a drench,' (Shak.)

some are... ribs—some butchers prefer to cut up their animals in one way, some in another.

it's a lovely carcass—The cow was a fine fat animal. *carcass*, i. e. carcase. Having given an illustration of how people should be allowed to hold their own opinions, the butcher goes off the lines a bit: he says in effect that he will not contradict the farrier as to the white spot; the skin of a cow does not concern him, it is the carcase which concerns him, and that in the present case is lovely. The butcher naturally takes this opportunity to advertise his beef.

and anybody, an anacolouthon; *anybody* has no subject.

bring tears—of joy or admiration.

whatever it is—whether it is a lovely carcase or not. The butcher contented himself with maintaining it was a lovely carcase; the farrier contents himself with the assertion that he drenched the cow. That admitted, his original contention about the white spot was substantiated. One cannot help noticing the fondness for argument which ignorant people display.

else you... lie—because no one but Mr. Lammeter owns red Durhams in this district. The farrier becomes personal.

swear himself black—swear until he was black in the face (with the exertion).

he's... mine—he has nothing to do with me—I have no interest in him. The butcher naturally draws illustrations and metaphors from his trade,

perhaps... pig-headed—implying that he is most certainly so. *pig-headed*—stupidly obstinate.

stick to that—The butcher of course admitted the beast was a red Durham and also had said she *might* have had the star on her brow. Being a butcher, however, he had been led to speak of the lovely carcase, which the farrier looked upon as an attempt to evade the point at issue—the question of the star and the (to him) implied assertion that he knew nothing about Mr. Lammeter's cows.

now you're at it—now you're speaking.

the Rainbow's the Rainbow—the landlord implies it is not a place to quarrel in. *as*, a vulgarism for *that*.

if the talk etc.—The landlord cleverly changes the conversation, and gets Mr. Macey to speak.

the Warrens—the name of Mr. Lammeter's farm.

parish clerk—see p. 4, 'the argumentative Mr. Macey etc,' and notes.

twirled... complacency—He had his hands clasped and turned his thumbs round and round each other with a look of self-satisfaction—giving one the impression that though he tolerated what was going on around him, still he could criticise the conversation if he chose.

pityingly—The argumentative Mr. Macey shows by what he says the easy contempt he had for the powers of debate of those around him. His self-disparagement is of course merely an attempt 'to fish for compliments,' as the expression goes. Cf. p. 41, 'that complimentary process necessary etc.'

laid by—retired. Of the expression 'laid on the shelf.'

gev up—given up, made room for. The deputy-clerk is no doubt included in the comprehensive expression 'young uns.'

that's come up—'Pronouncing' had been added to the curriculum since Mr. Macey's day.

pointing—hitting at or referring to.

anxious propriety—he was anxious to do what was right.

I'm nowise etc.—so Mr. Macey need not think that *he* wants to speak.

As the psalm—The deputy-clerk quotes from a metrical version of the Psalms, most probably from that of Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady which superseded the older version (1562) by Sternhold and Hopkins. Thomas Sternhold was a Hampshire man, and held the post of Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII and Edward VI. His was the first English metrical version of the Psalms, and continued in general use till Tate and Brady's version of 1696 was substituted in 1717. Nahum Tate succeeded Shadwell in 1690 as poet-laureate. He died in the Mint in 1715, the refuge of bankrupts in those days. 'The Psalter alone,' says Ruskin, 'contains, merely in the first half of it, the sum of personal and social wisdom.'

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keep hold...tune—keep to the tune, and sing in harmony with the other members of the choir. If the deputy-clerk means to practise anything, the wheelwright would advise him to practise singing in harmony. *set for you*—i.e. by the wheelwright himself who was leader of the choir.

jocose-looking—jolly-looking. Lat. *jocus*, a joke. The wheelwright is as bright and jolly as the farrier is sour and morose.

officially—in their capacity as members of a choir; the choir-master referred to them by those names.

"bassoon"—the man who played the bassoon. The bassoon is a wind-instrument of the reed species, blown like a flute. It has a deep or *bass* note. Ital. *bassone*, augmentative of *basso*, low.

key-bugle—the man who played the key-bugle, a curved bugle having six finger keys or stops, by means of which the performer can play upon every key in the musical scale.

in the confidence etc.—feeling certain that he was but giving expression to the general opinion held by the other members of the choir (Mr. Tookey himself of course being excluded):

common to deputies—the deputy would always be suspected of giving himself airs and of claiming authority when he really had none.

there's people...standard—there are people who set up a standard of their own in music, and expect others to agree with them in what they think is nice.

if the bell.. itself—the bell would change its opinion of its tone. In the same way Tookey would change his opinion of his singing if he knew what his voice sounded like to others.

the general laughter—caused by Mr. Macey's crushing retort. Apropos of "pernouncing" the student will of course notice the difference between Tookey's language and Mr. Macey's.

Mr. Crackenthorp's desire—just to please the rector, he means, and not because he wanted to do so himself.

the rights thereof—one of the duties devolving on the parish-clerk.

✓ *two folks*—two very different kinds of persons.

throstle—the song thrush; a bird about the size of a myna.

Amen—In Christian churches the word *amen* is said at the end of prayers, etc. by the whole congregation, and means 'so let it be.' Hebrew *amen*, certainly, truly. Ben Winthrop advises Tookey to confine himself to saying 'Amen' and nothing more.

when . nose--when you don't sing at all.

It's.. music—your inside is not of the proper build, the fault lies there. Though this remark as well as others sounds very rude, the rudeness is that of persons who do not mean to be rude. The crude attempts at wit of the natural man 'are redeemed from brutality by the absence of real ill-nature.' (Leslie Stephen).

nor...stalk—than a hollow stalk. It has no sounding properties whatever.

unflinching—not shrinking from telling the truth. The villagers said what they had to say and did not mince matters.

the most...form—the species of wit which appealed to them most. Fr. *piquant*, pres. part. of *piquer*, to prick.

to have capped—to have surpassed Mr. Macey's smart retort

epigram—an effusion of wit. Gr. *epi*, upon, *gramma*, a writing. Epigrams were originally inscriptions on tombs, statues, temples. etc.

the Christmas money—The village choir went round every Christmas to the houses of the well-to-do people of the village, and sang Christmas carols, for which they received small donations from those who were well disposed towards them. The money thus collected was divided amongst the members of the choir, *as*, = that,

that's...is—that is the meaning of your rude remarks ; you want me to take offence and resign, so that there may be one member less with whom to share the money.

'be put upon—be taken advantage of, be imposed upon.

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We'll pay...it—if you'll leave the choir, we'll pay you your share of the money just as if you were in it.

There's things...varmin—Ben Winthrop compares Tookey to vermin (rats, etc.) ! He is a positive nuisance, and the excellent wheelwright is willing to pay money to get rid of him as farmers are to be rid of vermin.

paying...society—How would it do if he had to pay his customers to keep away from the Rainbow !

a joke's a joke—Tookey must not take offence ; a joke is after all only a joke. Mr. Snell is afraid lest Tookey should take offence, and withdraw from the Rainbow as well as from the choir.

We must...take—we must be prepared to let others make jokes at our expense considering they submit to being joked at by us.

split the difference—divide equally the matter in dispute, 'give and take.' *even*, equal on both sides.

as being...profession—The farrier considered himself to belong to the medical profession, though he was only a 'cow doctor.' Doctors rarely found time to go to church, nor could he find time to do so ; his services might be wanted at any time, even on Sundays.

having...soul—being musically inclined. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, v. i., 'The man that hath no music in himself.'

preservation...peace—the butcher like his cousin the landlord was in favour of peace.

him used—he used. Considering that he used to sing so well himself and has got a brother etc.

but what—that he does not live—a vulgarism.

Solomon—Mr. Macey's brother referred to by the butcher.

keep him in—keep him supplied with. The butcher was prepared to give him always liver and lights (lungs) for food ; he was always ready to support him to that event.

the height of complacency—The butcher had broached the very subject to appeal to Mr. Macey—he had paid him the finest of compliments, *Lat. com.*, intensive, *placere*, to please.

as anybody...tell—as anybody can remember. Music was in the family.

them things—music and musicians,

comes round—visits me,

the old crows—Crows live to a great age. The crows might be expected to remember the days I refer to. Mr. Macey, like most old men, praises the past.

complimentary process—Mr. Macey had to be paid a good many compliments and coaxed before he could be got to relate his experiences—before he became talkative.

finer nor—a vulgarism for 'finer than.'

make out—learn.

there's...knows—Cf. p. 2 and notes.

so there...pastures—a fine specimen of village logic. See note on *untravelled thought*, p. 2, and extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* given at the beginning of the notes to this chapter.

heard tell—heard a story to the effect. *odd*—strange.

along of—on account of.

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wife's dying—his wife's death affected him very much, so he got away from his old surroundings which constantly called her to mind.

though there's reasons—Mr. Macey admits that there may have been other reasons for Mr. Lammeter's removal. *knows on*—knows about.

that's...out—that is the conclusion I have come to. Mr. Macey thinks that the loss of his wife made Mr. Lammeter leave his own land 'far north'ard,' and come to Raveloe, though possibly there were other reasons for his doing so.

so wise—Mr. Macey deprecates the wild conjectures of inquisitive and self-opinionated persons.

straight off at once.

winking at them—staring them in the face. So much are they taken up with their own ingenious theories that they lose sight of the real reason which is plain enough.

as know'd...o'things—who knew what was the proper thing to do. Mr. Macey refers to his hospitality.

kep a good house—kept up a plentifully supplied table. See p. 19.

for he'd...sister—and he'd etc. Mr. Macey says as much as he can in the same parenthesis.

eh, you can't think—addressed most probably to the landlord. Mr. Snell had not the memory Mr. Macey had.

this young lass—the present Miss Osgood, the niece of Mrs. Lammeter.

But that's...before 'em—Mr. Macey, as has been said above, is a praiser of past times—*laudator temporis acti*, to use the Latin expression.

Mr. Drumlowl—the rector at the time Mr. Macey is referring to.

according to precedent—as he used always to be questioned.

noddling sideways—by way of emphasising the word 'very.'

what wi' age etc.—partly on account of his age and partly through the wine he took to make himself warm when he had to take the service (at church) on a cold morning.

he'd have no way etc.—he insisted on being married in January.

a unreasonable time—a more reasonable time would have been the spring or summer. It was not as if Mr. Lammeter, *had* to be married in the winter; a marriage, unlike 'a christening or a burying,' one can choose one's own time for. As a rule infants are baptised as soon after birth as possible. *The Book of Common Prayer* says, 'The Curates of every parish shall often admonish the people, that they defer not the Baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday next after their birth, etc.'

so Mr. Drumlow—the parenthetical remark intervening, Mr. Macey forgets about 'Mr. Drumlow.' and begins a fresh sentence. An instance of Anacoluthon.

the questions—See 'The form of Solemnization of Matrimony' in the *Book of Common Prayer*.

the rule of contrary—he said *wife* instead of *husband* and *vice versa*.

says he—If one listens to the talk of the poorer classes in England, one cannot help noticing the number of times one hears 'I says', 'he says,' or 'she says'.

the particularest thing—the funniest or most remarkable thing.

they—i. e. the couple who were being married—Mr. Lammieter and Miss Osgood. 'yes'—in reply of course to the question 'Wilt thou have etc.'

'*Amen*'—It is the clerk's duty to respond to the clergyman in church.

live enough—you were well aware of the mistake Mr. Drumlow had made?

Lor (d) bless you!—a mere exclamation of surprise.

imagination—the butcher had failed to take in the situation.

Why, I was—to be sure I did, I was:..

all of a tremble—greatly agitated.

as if I'd .two tails—Mr. Macey being a tailor naturally speaks in a metaphor taken from his trade. Just as a man pulled in two opposite directions by men tugging at his coat tails would not know what to do, so Mr. Macey was in a fix to know what to do. He was on the horns of a dilemma.

take upon me—be so presumptuous as to etc.

words are contrairy—because the words were not correctly said.

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like a mill—i. e. incessantly.

turning ... round 'em—thinking things over and examining them in all their bearings.

Is 't meaning, etc—is it the meaning behind the actual words uttered or the words themselves which make the marriage legal.

stick things together—The Prayer Book talks of people being 'joined together in holy Matrimony,' so the figure of the glue naturally suggested itself to Mr. Macey.

it's the glue—the actual words constitute the real binding nature of the contract.

worreted—worried, distracted. (Illiterate).

as...to pull—the clerk pulls the bell for church.

vestry—see p. 16 (of these notes). After the ceremony in the church the married couple adjourn to the vestry where in the presence of witnesses they sign the church register in which an entry of the marriage must be made.

you can't think—Mr. Macey must have felt justified in making this remark after the butcher's silly question. *'cute*—acute. 'Your dull minds can have no idea of the activity of an acute intellect.'

held in—controlled yourself. The metaphor is from driving.

I out...everything—I came out with everything—told him about the mistake he had made and about my fears that the marriage was null and void. The omission of the verb is very common; cf. the omission of verbs of motion in Shakespeare.

respectful—respectfully.

made...on it—made light of it, laughed at my fears.

that's the glue—it is that that shows the two are joined together. Mr. Drumlow saw that the entry in the register was everything, being evidence in a permanent form of the ceremony having been performed.

parsons and doctors—who were very often the only men in a village of any education to speak of. *like*, as if; 'as if they knew everything etc.'

I'n been...time—as I have been many and many a time.

afore—before. Mrs. Lammeter died when the girls were young. *f*

more looked on—more looked up to, respected.

a favourite tune—which one never tires of hearing played.

the leading question—a question designed to elicit more from Mr. Macey. *leading question*, a legal term for a question so put to a witness as to suggest the answer that is wished or expected.

it's as much...whole—his son has not increased the property; all he has been able to do is to keep intact the fortune which his father left him. *This Mr. Lammeter*—the present head of the family.

nobody...rich—It was an unlucky farm.

holds it cheap—pays a small rent for it.

Charity Land—land owned by some charitable Institution; see next page. Having a bad reputation the land was let out cheaply.

some contempt—for the pretensions of the younger generation.

my grandfather...livery—The Maceys were a family of tailors. See next page. *livery*, the dress or uniform worn by servants. O. E. *livere*, Fr. *livrec*, formerly, a gift of clothes made by the master to his servants, lit. a thing delivered, from *livrer*, to deliver, Lat. *liberare*, to set free. Noblemen and well-to-do people dress their servants alike. 'The colours of a livery should be those of the field and principal charge of the armorial shield'. (Brewer). See Trench's *Select Glossary*.

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Cliff didn't—This form of repetition is almost characteristic of the talk of the ignorant. Cf. for example Mr. Squeers' talk. (*Nicholas Nickleby*).

a Lunnon tailor—(he was) a London tailor. Mr. Macey is very severe on London tailors, as one would expect a conservative rustic, who had never left his own district, to be.

For—he showed he was mad by being so keen on horses and hunting when he could not ride properly.

no more grip—his legs had no strength to grip the horse's sides.

cross sticks—two sticks crossed over the back of the horse. He could not therefore stick on his horses.

old Squire Cass—perhaps the father of the present Squire.

as if Old Harry...him—as if Satan were driving him. *Old Harry*, the devil. See Brewer.

nothing . ride—the only thing his father made him do was to ride (it seemed) incessantly.

✓ *ride the tailor out*—teach him the accomplishments of a country gentleman and drive out all traces of his former bringing-up. Cf. note on *to walk without etc.*, p. 30.

not but what—not that I am not a tailor. § 451, Abbott's *How to Parse*

In respect as—seeing that,

the Queen's heads—the queen referred to is Queen Anne. At her death new coins with the head of course of George I were struck,

abide—stand or put up with.

Howsomever—however.

quicerer nor ever—madder than ever.

he got ...sleep—he found he could not sleep.

a mercy—it was a providential escape for the poor horses that the stables were not burnt down over them.

Lunnon Charity—some London Charitable Institution.

they're character—the stables are in extent quite out of proportion to the rest of the farm buildings.

like thunder—so many doors were there in the stables. Of course in cold countries stables are not like most of ours are in this country open to the wind, but are closed in, and have doors leading from passage to passage.

mysteriously—Mr. Macey prefers not to be plain all at once.

make believe—and then pretend, if you can, that you didn't... Mr. Macey challenges anybody to go to the stables and not to be convinced of the truth of what he alleges. Old Cliff's ghost now haunted the stables.

howling—Towards daybreak spirits have to return to the nether world, and so are supposed to howl.

Cliff's Holiday—because a temporary cessation from torment, as Mr. Macey explains. *it*—the midnight performance.

roasting, like—as if according to the popular belief Cliff had gone to hell and was suffering its torments.

folks—the younger generation.

better nor—better than. Cf. *nor ever* above. Mr. Macey's taunt is no doubt directed more particularly against Mr Dowlas.

for his cue—for his opportunity to speak; he had held his peace for some time now. Cf. Shakespeare, 'When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer.' Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard the 'story about old Cliff many times before, so that the farrier knew when he would be expected to join in, quite as if he were acting a part in a drama. *cue*, literally the last words in the player's acting copy of the speech preceding that which the player is himself to deliver; according to some from Q, the first letter of the Lat. *quando*, when, showing when the actor was to enter and speak, according to others from the Fr. *queue*, tail.

a nut ... crack—a problem to solve.

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negative spirit—Mr. Dowlas was given to doubting and denying.

easy betting—the bet is too small for the risk.

be fine fun—He would win his ten pounds right enough, but would perhaps at the same time be crippled for life with rheumatism. In the same way those that believed in 'Cliff's Holiday' would not go out of a night to see it for only ten pounds, when they ran the risk of dying of fright, etc.

he's no call—no one calls on him ..; he's not required to ..

I'd as lief...it—I'd do it as willingly as...*lief*—A. S. *leof*, Ger. *lieb*, loved.

that's no fair bet—because he might bring back any report he liked, if there was nobody with him.

I should...hear—I challenge any man to etc.

Master Lundy—See note on *Master Marner*, p. 16.

You're .. bargains—I have nothing to do with you. See p. 39.

'bate your prue—prove you wrong. *'bate, i. e.* 'abate,' beat down or lessen. The butcher continues to take his metaphors from his trade.

bid for you... vallying—take your mere word for it; take for granted you are right, *villying* for 'valuing.'

yapping cur—barking dog. Icel. *gjálpa*, akin to *yelp*. A barking dog seldom bites, turning tail when thread with a stick; in the same way a bully shows the white feather when challenged, and talks of peace and quietness.

I aren't—though others may be.

turn-tail cur—a dog that runs away ('when you hold a stick up at him.')

candour and tolerance—The landlord was going to be perfectly frank with his customers. His words had to have an honest ring, and he had to speak as if from perfect conviction. It would not do to betray by his manner that his reasons were doctored up for the occasion.

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pike-staff—a staff with a pike or sharp point at the end to guard against slipping. A. S. *pic*, a pike. The expression 'plain as a pike-staff' is a corruption of 'plain as a pack-staff,' the staff on which pedlars carried their pack.

putting...smell—the landlord means to say he is arguing by analogy, putting a ghost for a smell and *vice versa*.

seen a wink—seen the least bit.

I'd back him—I'd support him even by laying a wager or bet, Cf. 'To back a horse,' to bet money on his winning in a race, 'to back the field' to bet upon all the horses in a field against one in particular.

the smell's...by—if one cannot be dogmatic in the case of smell, one cannot be so either in the case of sight.

intensely... compromise—he was the 'negative spirit' in the company.

refreshed irritation—he was naturally opposed to compromise, so that the landlord's remarks tended only to irritate him more; also after his glass he felt just in the mood to prolong the discussion.

black eye—i. e. a blow producing a discoloration around the eye.

skulking—sneaking, lurking.

crass incompetence—utter inability to understand etc.

Summary.

In this chapter we gain an insight into the life of the lower grades of society of the village. Incidentally we learn the history of the Lammeter family.

From the way the men sat in the kitchen of the village inn one could tell who were the important men of the village. Mr. Maccy, tailor and parish-clerk, was one of them, and sat nearest the fire. He was, as it were, the oracle of the village, for to him were

known all the village traditions, the Maceys having been tailors in the parish for three generations. For this reason he treated the younger generation with easy contempt, and no one came in for more of this contempt than Tookey, the deputy parish clerk, a small featured young man, who sat opposite the grey-headed clerk, and with whom rheumatism had obliged the latter to share the duties of parish-clerk. Tookey belonged to the new school, having learnt 'pronouncing', for one thing, which had come up since Mr. Macey's day, and shared the unpopularity common to all deputies. Even the genial Ben Winthrop, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir, bullied him, telling him that his inside was n't 'right made for music' and that it was 'no better nor a hollow stalk'; and when Mr. Macey put down the unfortunate Tookey with some of his happiest sallies of wit, he had the moral support of the entire company with perhaps two exceptions—the landlord, Mr. Snell, a man of neutral disposition, and Mr. Dowlas, the village farrier. Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position; he felt it was his duty to call in question any opinion ventured by anybody else. Like the other villagers he was very sensitive and readily took offence; he had an acrimonious debate with Master Lundy, the butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, and like his cousin, the landlord, a lover of peace, through an impression he got from his opponent's manner that he doubted his word when he affirmed that he knew all about Mr. Lammeter's cows. When either the farrier or Ben Winthrop grew offensive, Mr. Snell, the peace-maker, intervened with his 'you're both right and both wrong, as I allays says.' But many a rude remark was merely meant in chaff, for the villagers were very outspoken and their unflinching frankness was very often the most piquant form of joke known to them.

Their simple habits were known to nobody so well as they were to Mr. Snell. He would broach the same old topics of conversation of an evening, and by well-chosen compliments both from himself and from Mr. Macey's rustic admirers the hoary-headed clerk would be got to speak, for Mr. Macey was fond of talking of the past. According to precedent he would pause at well-known points in his narrative to be questioned by his audience, and that done, he would go on with his twice-told tale. A topic fraught with interest to Mr. Snell's customers was the history of the Warrens so far as it was known to Mr. Macey. Well did Mr. Macey remember when old Mr. Lammeter came from 'a bit north'ard' to take the Warrens. And how people talked!—but Mr. Macey felt certain it was only on account of his wife's death that he sold the lands which it was said he owned, and came to Raveloc to rent the Warrens. Mr. Macey remembered the present Mr. Lammeter's marriage well enough; he began to court Miss Osgood, the sister of the present Mr. Osgood, soon after coming to Raveloc, and married her very soon afterwards. Mr. Macey remembered the wedding well, for it was at this wedding that the old rector, Mr. Drumlow, put the questions 'by the rule o'contrairy,' saying, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' and *vice versa*, to both of which questions the answer 'yes' was strangely enough given. All of a tremble, however, Mr. Macey did not know what to think, but managed to keep himself in until after the service, when he unburdened himself to the rector in the vestry. 'Pooh, pooh, Macey,' came the rector's reply; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the register does it—that's the glue,'—for Mr. Macey had debated with himself whether it was the meaning or the words that made folks fast in wedlock, and had seemed to think it was the words that were the glue. Sure enough the wedding turned out all right, only Mrs. Lammeter died before her daughters were grown up, 'but for prosperity and everything respectable' there was no family 'more looked on.' It was not

Mr. Lammeter's fault that he had not been able to increase the fortune old Mr. Lammeter had left him; for it had always been said that nobody could get rich on the Warrens, because of its being Charity Land. And few folks knew as well as Mr. Macey did how it came to be Charity Land, for it was Mr. Macey's grandfather who made the grooms' livery for Mr. Cliff, the London tailor, who, as some said, had gone mad with cheating, and to whom the Warrens belonged, Mr. Cliff it was who built the big stables at the Warrens; for he was ashamed of being called a tailor, and had tried, by keeping horses and hunting, to pass for a country gentleman. It was said of his son, a lad of sixteen, that the father wanted to ride the tailor out of him. Indeed it seemed as if Cliff could think of nothing but horses and hunting, and sore vexed was he that his riding was laughed at, and that none of the gentlefolk could endure him. When his son sickened and died, Cliff grew queerer still, and it was said that he used to go out at dead of night to his stables, set a lot of lights burning, and stand cracking his whip and looking at his horses. At last he died raving, and it was found that he had left all his property to a London Charity—whence the name of Charity Land applied to the Warrens. Any body might go that way of a dark night, and Mr. Macey warranted him that he would see lights in the stables, hear the stamping of horses, the cracking of whips, and howling if it was towards day-break. 'Cliff's Holiday' was the name the ghostly phenomenon had been given, because some said it was the holiday Old Harry gave Cliff from roasting. This story led to a discussion on ghosts in the course of which Mr. Macey and the sceptical farrier crossed swords, Mr. Dowlas wanting ghosts to leave off 'skulking' the dark and 'lone places' before he would believe in them, and Mr. Macey replying, 'As if ghosts 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignorant!'

CHAPTER VII.

a more...disposition—Mr. Dowlas had said that he would not believe in ghosts unless they left off skulking in the dark and in lone places, and came where there was company, and Mr. Macey had just said they would do no such thing, when Marner, looking himself like a ghost, appeared, as if to disprove what Mr. Macey had just said.

antennae—the feelers or horns of insects. Lat. *antenna*, a sailyard, the Latin translation of Aristotle's *kerata*, the horns of insects, a word used of the projecting ends of sailyards. The long pipes projecting from the mouths of the men gave a sudden jerk when the men started. See note on *keenest nerves*, p. 13. 'George Eliot picked up the discoveries, and even the slang of science,' says Herbert Paul; 'she introduced into her stories allusions which only professors could understand.'

in the flesh—alive. Cf. the use in the Bible, e. g. Romans, VII, 5.

high-screened seats—see note on *high-screened*, p. 37.

an argumentative triumph—Mr. Macey was like everybody else alarmed, but there was something to counteract his alarm; might we not suppose that to counteract his feeling of mortification at having his words disproved, he felt a momentary glow of triumph at having a proof of his theory of trances? for he had always maintained (p. 4) that there might be such a

thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and in like a bird out of its nest and back.

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he would ... it—he was so alarmed.

a dead silence—The article is generally omitted.

he was bound—both by law and custom he was bound to do so. A public house, as the name signifies, is open to general use.

confident ... neutrality—the protection that his neutrality secured him. The landlord always took up a neutral position, and so quarrelled with no one, his neutrality being, as it were, a shield to him. Nor in the present case had he anything to fear, for in the discussion on ghosts, he had, as usual been careful to take a neutral position. The farrier might very well fear punishment at the hands of the ghost for his incredulity, and his direct challenge to ghosts to appear where there was company, but Mr. Snell had nothing to fear.

adjuring—addressing the ghost in a solemn manner. Lat. *ad*, to, *jurare*, to swear.

subsiding—cf. 'the fever has subsided,' 'in cases of danger pride and envy naturally subside.'

doubt—fear. Cf. 'I doubt some foul play.' (Shak.).

Jem Rodney—was sitting farthest away from the fire, and nearest the door, and so was asked to lay hold of Marner. Cf. p. 38, 'the more important customers .. sat nearest the fire.' Jem was a known poacher and 'otherwise disreputable.'

murdered too—he may have been murdered, and this may be his ghost.

I'll let you—I'll etc.—Marner finds it hard to make up his mind to part with even a single guinea.

Mc stole—do you mean to say that I stole your money?

now—the fear that Marner might be a ghost was past.

lay—Mr. Snell uses the word in its legal sense of 'state or present.' Cf. 'to lay damages.'

not quite...par—he had not acted quite up to his profession; his beliefs had not stood the severe test they were subjected to; 'even the sceptical farrier etc.,' p. 46. Lat. *par*, equal. One would have expected him to have been the first to seize Marner—at any rate after Jem Rodney funk'd doing so.

strapped—put under restraint as a madman.

that was why—a miserable excuse. Fear rather than prudence had tied his tongue.

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well pleased.. question—glad that the question as to the reality of ghosts had not been settled (in the affirmative)—glad, that is, that the apparition had turned out to be flesh and blood after all.

in the centre ... circle—where everybody could see him and listen to his tale.

too feeble ... purpose—Marner was quite prostrated by his loss, and was simply possessed with a frantic desire to get back his money. His brain had devised no definite plan of action, and so he did what he was made to, so long as there was a chance of his being helped to recover his money.

I could ... surplice—It would be just as absurd his stealing the money as stealing the parson's surplice (a white linen garment worn by priests in church over the cassock) and wearing it; detection would be as easy in the one case as in the other. For suspicion would be at once aroused if Jem was found spending money lavishly. See p. 15.

opening—revealing, making known. All these years Marner had lived apart; he had sought 'no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessities,' and had never 'strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow', p. 4.

nearest...help—The loss of his money made him lean on his fellow man for help. It was a novel experience feeling the presence of people round him from whom he could readily get the help he needed.

its influence—in its appeal to his feelings. Though at present the one idea of how to recover his money had taken complete possession of his mind, the situation in which he found himself was not without its appeal to his loving nature; from this day began a change in his relations with his fellow-men, a change which, though imperceptible at first marked nevertheless the awakening of his moral nature. Cf. Wordsworth, *Tintern Abbey*,

Sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

Our consciousness...registers—a moral change very often has its beginnings in some very insignificant circumstance; 'the kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field; which indeed is the least of all seeds; but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof,' St. Matt., XIII, 31-2.

there have...sap—a very apt illustration. In winter the trees are bare, and seem to be dead, but before the buds burst forth in spring there have been many circulations of the sap through the twigs and branches all unseen by us. Cf. 'the sap of affection', p. 16.

slight suspicion—that Marner was mad or was lying.

convincing simplicity—Marner's simple, guileless nature could have produced no other impression. Cf. page 6.

arguing...any motive—The villagers' reasoning always had an emotional colouring; in the present case the consideration that Marner could have had no motive for saying that he had lost his money did not appeal to them in the manner Mr. Macey's line of argument did.

"Folks as had etc."—Marner was thought to be in league with the devil and 'worth speaking fair', p. 5. When he was seen in distress, it seemed to the villagers that the devil had forsaken him. Therefore his word might be taken, and his was a genuine case of distress. 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' *Mushed*—worn out, crushed.

the nick of time—the exact moment. It seemed as if Marner had been watched, and when the first opportunity presented itself his money was taken. The exact moment when 'he had left his house and treasure more defenceless than usual,' (p. 34) could have been known to nobody but the devil. One would have thought though that the devil was capable of stealing the money even with the door locked; but that was a thought which never struck the villagers.

ill turn—It seemed as if Marner had done something to displease his master the devil, and that Satan had in revenge stolen his money.

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constable—(Latin, *comes stabuli*, count of the *stabulum*, stable) means 'Master of the Horse.' The constable of England and France was at one time a military officer of state next in rank to the crown.

preternatural—Lat. *præter*, beyond. Cf. *præterit*, *prætermitt*.

a bit of reckoning—a charge or two of poaching might with justice be brought against Jem, but he is not the man to steal a large sum of money.

if anybody ... wink—if one is not prepared to overlook a fault or two, if one wants to scrutinise his conduct very closely. Cf. the expression 'to wink at,'—to avoid taking notice of, as if by shutting the eyes.

Memory was not...torpid—Marner remembered the cruel past—how at Lantern Yard he had been accused of theft when he was perfectly innocent, and his honest nature shrank from accusing somebody else falsely. The wrong done him had sunk deep into Marner's mind.

a movement...new—Marner had been stirred to a sense of pain; cf. p. 12. His gold had within the last fifteen years, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like 'its own,' (p. 35), but now being brought in touch with his fellow-man, he experienced what it was like to feel for another.

the expression...face—how had he taken the false accusation?—was he angry or did he look hurt?

There's nothing . you—I have no evidence against you.

where it's hot enough—the Devil has got them. *I doubt, I expect.*

Tchuh—an expression of incredulity. The farrier comes to the fore once again.

they'd be...carry—they would not be too heavy to carry.

tramp—a vagrant or wandering vagabond.

the no footmarks—there being no footmarks. The farrier's scepticism in the matter of ghosts makes him reason at any rate.

being all right—not showing signs of having been disturbed.

like an insect's—the eyes of an insect (for instance of a beetle) look as if they were blind.

you can't...much—over a large area, you can only see what is immediately in front of you.

if I'd been you—if you had had good sight you would not have found everything the same; you would have noticed a change.

as two—that two.

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deppity—deputy.

much of a walk—far.

if it's me—if I am appointed deputy by him.

pregnant—eminently sensible, convincing.

re-established etc.—had got over his temporary embarrassment, and was as pleased with himself as ever. One sees another side of the farrier's character though in this chapter; the bully has given place to the sensible business man. One sees therefore that it was only when he was opposed in any way that the farrier grew unreasonable, because passion then clouded his reason. He was certainly the most level-headed of the landlord's customers, and therefore, one must add, one who could least brook being contradicted; for he was conscious of his own superiority, such as it was, and such as he imagined it to be, and besides he was irascible by nature,

how the night is—what sort of a night it is.

personally concerned—he had to evince his concern for his customers; he identified himself with their interests.

a information—of a crime having been committed.

taking the sense—finding out who the company thought was the person most fit to go on the proposed mission.

duly rehearsing etc.—The landlord felt it was becoming on his part to protest at first that he was unworthy of the great honour conferred on him, and to consent to go on the mission only after he had been pressed to do so. George Eliot compares this procedure to that observed in the nomination of ecclesiastics to bishoprics. They were often said to display at first sham modesty and say, '*Nolo Episcopari*,' i. e., 'I do not wish to become a

bishop,' Then after being pressed to accept the see, they yielded and accepted it. Cf. *St. Luke*, XVII, 10, 'We are unprofitable servants.' " Mr. Christian, in his notes to Blackstone, says, 'The origin of these words (*Nolo Episcopari*) and of this vulgar notion I have not been able to discover; the bishops certainly give no such refusal at present, and I am inclined to think they never did at any time in this country'. Chamberlayne says in former times the person about to be elected bishop modestly refused the office twice, and if he did so a third time his refusal was accepted—*Present State of England*." (Brewer).

reharce—repeat; literally 'to harrow again,' O. Fr., *re*, again, and *hercier*, to harrow, from *herce*, a harrow.

chill dignity—a dignity which he would fain make out disconcerted him from its unexpectedness.

oracular—speaking with all the power and dignity of an oracle. The ancient oracles professed to be the responses of the gods, from which there could be no appeal. Cf. the expression 'Sir Oracle' meaning a dogmatical person; *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i.

'I am Sir Oracle,

And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.'

wondering a little—at his own apt illustration. Mr. Macey appears to have left it to his audience to draw the inevitable conclusion. One can be more effective at times by suggesting rather than by drawing conclusions.

being...renounce—as was said on p. 41, the farrier considered himself to belong to the medical profession, and so was unwilling to give up the title of 'doctor' just conferred upon him by Mr. Macey. It gave a certain standing of its own to him, putting him, as it were, on a level with old Dr. Kimble. *quality*, rank or position.

the law...fonder of doctors—the law dealt with all men alike, and did not favour one class more than any other. Mr. Macey, in other words, told the farrier to look facts in the face; the law said plainly that no doctor could be a constable, and there was no use his trying to make out that it said something else.

not to like being constables—The farrier seemed to think that the law favoured doctors as a class; well, if that was the case, the rule that doctors should not be constables had been evidently made to suit their special tastes. Why then was Mr. Dowlas unlike other doctors in wanting to be a constable? —Mr. Macey tries the expedient of refusing the title of doctor to the farrier. Notice the farrier takes for granted that Mr. Macey is right about what the law stated—that no doctor could be a constable.

I don't ... constable—Nothing would induce the farrier to forego the title of 'doctor'; so he at once denies ever having wanted to act as constable.

driven into a corner—put in a fix, not knowing how to reply to Mr. Macey. He had been reduced to having to choose between being a deputy constable or a doctor.

envying...The *vy* is in italics to show that the farrier pronounced the word accenting the italicised syllable. Cf. *practise* above.

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accommodated—settled.

officially—i. e., as deputy constable; he accompanied Mr. Snell as a private individual.

old coverings—very probably old sacks; see p. 33, 'with a sack... over-coat.'

thinking...night-hours—he knew he would have no rest that night, thinking of his money and longing for the morning when he could search for his gold.

watch ...morning—Psalm CXXX, 6, 'My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say more than they that watch for the morning.'

Summary.

This chapter describes how the work of the reclamation of Marner's moral nature began.

There was dead silence for a few moments in the kitchen, and every man present not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for Silas had entered by a door hidden by the high-screened seats, and stood uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. At length the landlord addressed the spectre, feeling a sense of security in the thought that he had maintained a neutral position in the discussion on ghosts. When, however, in reply to his question as to what the spectre wanted, the latter gasped out "Robbed! I've been robbed; I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp," the idea of a ghost subsided, and Mr. Snell promptly ordered Jem Rodney, who was sitting nearest the door, to lay hold on Marner. Jem, however, did not feel up to doing this, and, when at the mention of his (Jem's) name, Marner turned round and fixed his eyes on the suspected man, Jem trembled a little, and seized his drinking-can as a defensive weapon. But Marner only clasped his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, implored Jem to give him back his money if he had stolen it, promising not to set the constable on him and even offering him a guinea if he did so. "He stole your menoy!" said Jem angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' my stealing your money." All had plucked up courage by this time: the landlord stepped forward, and seizing Marner by the shoulder brought him to the fire, where he divested him of his wet coat and made him sit down in the midst of the company, exhorting him at the same time to speak out sensibly if he had any information to lay, and to show that he was in his right mind. "Ah, to be sure, man," now put in the farrier. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I, the man's run mad." All faces now turned to Marner, as he told his story under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery be-

came evident. The slight suspicion with which his hearers had at first listened to him gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress. From the strange fact that the robbers had left no traces and had found out the exact time when Marner would go away from home without locking his door, it seemed to the company (with one notable exception) that the robbery had been committed by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. "A tramp's born in," was the farrier's simple explanation; because, as he pointed out, the £ 272 12s 6d. was not too heavy to carry, and as to there being no footmarks and the bricks and the sand showing no signs of having been tampered with—why, the explanation was in the fact that Marner was almost blind. The landlord and Mr. Macey protested that Jem Rodney was innocent, Mr. Macey adding, "Let's have no accusing o' the innocent, Master Marner".

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Marner that it could not be awakened by these words. Starting up from his chair he went close up to Jem, and looking into his face, he assured him that he did not accuse him. Strange did it seem to a nature like Marner's, whose affections had long since hardened into the love of one object—gold, to feel thus for another. But, though his mind was altogether occupied with the thought of his loss, the situation in which he found himself—sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help—was not without its appeal to his loving nature.

The farrier next moved the proposition that two of 'the sensiblest' of the company should go with Marner to Kench, the constable's, and get him (for he was ill in bed) to appoint one of them as his deputy, who should after appointment repair to the cottage and examine it. This position the farrier felt should be naturally filled by him, but, on Mr. Macey raising an awkward objection to the effect that the law declared that no doctor could be constable, he beat a hasty retreat, and protested that he had never wanted to be deputy-constable; for such was the cogency of the parish clerk's reasoning the farrier was reduced to choosing between being deputy-constable and retaining the proud title of 'doctor' conferred upon him by Mr. Macey. He accordingly accompanied Mr. Snell, who had consented to take upon himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's, in an unofficial capacity.

So poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night-hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

CHAPTER VIII.

Red Lion—the Batherley Hotel. The student should read the interesting article 'Public-house Signs' in Brewer's *Dict. of Phrase and Fable*.
if the run—if the fox had taken the huntsmen away from Raveloe and towards Batherley.

he was not...suspense—Dunstan was not the man to give his brother a thought, and to feel that he must be anxious to know the result.

exasperation--See p. 26. 'He had made for himself ties...exasperation' and p. 27, 'the far-off.. spring forward...more galling.'

probabilities...conduct—what Dunstan had probably done with himself.

The rain...foot-marks—Perhaps there were just little puddles left where footmarks had been, and so it was impossible to distinguish one set

of footmarks from another. This sentence would read better thus, 'The rain had washed away the footmarks, and had made it impossible to distinguish them'.

Opposite...village—i.e. leading out of the village. It looked as if somebody had dropped the tinder-box while quitting the village.

tinder-box—a box in which 'tinder' was kept. *tinder*, something very inflammable, used for kindling fire from a spark, as scorched linen. 'Tinder' and 'kindle' are different forms of the same word. (Brewer). Cf. A.S. *tendan*, to kindle, *flint and steel*, for getting a spark. Of course matches were unknown in the days George Eliot writes of.

the inference—the conclusion most men arrived at.

shook their heads—dissented from the theory of the tinder-box; they thought they knew better: it was Marner himself who had stolen his money.

✓ *had a qucer ... it*—seemed suspicious.

the justice—the justice of the peace or honorary magistrate.

no knowing—Marner might have a motive all the same,

grounds or no grounds—whether they could give reasons for their opinions or no.

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✓ *Crazy*—Perhaps he was suffering from a species of kleptomania.

impious suggestion—because deliberately disregarding the supernatural agency at work. According to Mr. Macey Satan had committed the robbery; 'They're gone.. to melt 'em,' p. 49.

without moving the bricks—It was strange then that the door had to be open for the theft to be committed!

parish-clerk—who as a church official was supposed to know more of the unseen world than others.

doubted—Cf Marner's doubts about the lawfulness of using his knowledge of medicinal herbs, p. 6.

made out—discovered, brought to light.

✓ *overshooting the mark*—don't go to the other extreme. Tookey would even set at nought constituted authority.

✓ *allays 'at*—always try to do.

if I throw etc.—Mr. Macey illustrates what he means by overshooting the mark. If Mr. Macey makes a wise remark, Tookey always tries to improve upon it and fails.

✓ *to fly...against*—to oppose.

substantial . parishioners—men of wealth and social standing.

✓ *to put...together*—to draw inferences from facts which seem to be in no way related:

the house—i.e. the Rainbow.

had actually—therefore it was more than probable that the tinder-box Mr. Snell had found in the ditch belonged to the pedlar, who had no doubt stolen Marner's money. George Eliot gives us an instance of the landlord's powers of deduction from very unpromising data.

A clue—the landlord's reasoning is of a piece with the other examples of rustic reasoning George Eliot has already given us. *clue*, lit. a ball of thread (A. S. *cleow*), hence that which guides or directs one in anything of a doubtful or intricate nature, a hint.

Memory...facts—When a person is led to draw a conclusion, it is very often necessary to appeal to the past for confirmation of one's pre-conceived notions; on such occasions the past seems to take on a new aspect, many little circumstances which passed unnoticed at the time appearing in a new light, and seeming quite capable of bearing the construction now put upon them—the most trivial of incidents in this way being very often pressed into the service of one's theory.

ascertained facts—in the present case, —the finding of the tinder-box, the fact that a pedlar came to the village who said that he had a tinder-box, etc.

Mr. Snell...recovered—needless to say, it was only his imagination that was at work.

"look...eye"—a suspicious or guilty look.

fell unpleasantly—produced an unfavorable impression on Mr. Snell.

sensitive organism—i.e. biassed mind. Everything connected with the pedlar seemed suspicious in Mr. Snell's eyes.

swarthy foreignness—Italians, Spaniards, Maltese, etc., are quite swarthy, so also are Gipsies. Italian musicians and Gipsies travel about England. Mr. Snell would also have seen foreigners at country fairs.

which...honesty—Cf. p. 2, 'Even a settler...hardly ever...a remnant of distrust.'

ear-rings—It is a custom with some foreigners—Spaniards, Italians, Gipsies, etc.—to wear ear-rings.

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a docile clairvoyante—The landlord does not answer in a hurry; he thinks well before he replies. George Eliot humorously compares him to a clairvoyante trying to see into the future. 'Clairvoyance' (lit. clear seeing) is the power ascribed to certain persons in a mesmeric state of seeing events at a distance or otherwise invisible. The clairvoyante needs some little time in which to discern objects not present to the senses. Fr. *clair*, clear, and *voyant*, pres. part. of *voir* to see. Women make the best seers, being as a rule more high-strung than men.

it's natural to suppose—another fine specimen of village logic.

gathering emphasis—as the story passed from mouth to mouth more and more importance was attached to it.

Of course every one—whether he or she had seen the pedlar or not. Feeling that it was very probable that it was the pedlar who had stolen the money and being under the impression that a great deal depended upon the question whether the pedlar wore ear-rings or not, the villagers could not but picture him to themselves *with* ear-rings; and soon too they lost sight of the fact that they had never seen him, and imagined that their conception of him was drawn not from their imagination, but from their vivid recollection of what they found him to be like. George Eliot gives us an insight into the workings of the village mind; clear, sustained thinking, we find, was not their forte.

glazier—one who sets glass in window-frames, etc.

whose house...village—the outward sign of her respectability. *Her* word at any rate might be taken.

as sure as ever—The glazier's wife gave her enquirers the most solemn assurance that she was telling the truth. One cannot exactly blame the villagers for telling the untruths they did; they could not very well help themselves once their heated imaginations were aroused. Dugald Stewart speaks of the faculty of imagination as being 'the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement...Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.'

the Sacrament...Christmas—In the *Book of Common Prayer* it is said that 'every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year, of which Easter is to be one.' Formerly people used to make it a point of taking the sacrament at the great festivals of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, but now they take it much oftener—some taking it every Sunday. Before taking the sacrament people examine their lives 'by the rule of God's commandments'. See *I Corinthians*, XI, 28 and 29.

in the shape...moon—crescent—shaped.

made...creep—made the blood move slowly, producing the physical sensation of something creeping under the skin—*i. e.* made her shudder at the sight of the pedlar through fear or repugnance.

by way...light—again we see the amusing simplicity of the villagers. What light could a display of the things bought from the pedlar throw on the question of the tinder-box? In what way could they connect him with the robbery? Perhaps the villagers hoped to find some mark of similarity between the tinder-box and some of the articles sold by the pedlar, but even in that case all they would learn would be that the tinder-box belonged to the pedlar—not that he had stolen the money. However, the impression had been created that much depended upon the landlord's

theory, and so the villagers felt it their duty not to leave a stone unturned in tracing the tinder-box to the pedlar. *clue of the*—clue afforded by the etc.

a great deal done—in the way of talking, exhibiting of articles, etc.

no man need...excuse—The Raveloe housewives naturally objected to their husbands going frequently to the Rainbow and spending their money there in drink. The enquiry proceeding at the Rainbow, however, afforded them a good excuse why they should be there, for each man pretended that he had his contribution to make towards elucidating the mystery, and it was, as it were, his duty to be at the Rainbow.

a little indignation—those who took a prominent part in the investigation of the case in the light of the landlord's theory could not but have felt vexed with Marner for overturning all their theories and making their elaborate investigations seem absurd. *ajar*, partly open: A. S. *on, on, cyrr* a turn.

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some irritation—for the same reason of course as that given in the previous note: it was not their theory that was wrong, but Marner's eyes.

his observations—he had been round the cottage and taken note of a thing or two before he appeared at the door to enquire whether Marner wanted anything.

and only—him—only by looking at him.

known for murderers—known to commit murders.

'sises—assizes,—sessions or sittings of a court held periodically in English counties, at which causes are tried by judges of the High Court of Justice on circuit and a jury. O. Fr. *assise*, an assembly of judges, from Lat. *assidere*, to sit by.

not so long...it—not so very long ago that nobody remembered anything about it—i. e. the incident was in the recollection of people still living.

But this etc.—still the villagers clung to their theory.

"as if it was etc"—at any rate it was only after the enquiry at the Rainbow that the villagers gave out that they had noticed something odd about the pedlar.

throw cold water on—make little of, seek to discredit.

a warrant—against the pedlar.

the dance...fast—Before the dance he had felt that he would have given anything in order to be where Nancy was, but now that the fit of yearning was past he was annoyed with himself that he had given Dunstan his horse to sell, pp. 26-7. cf. 'as mad and unaccountable....away', p. 26.

it is less...come—because we have a sort of feeling that things go by contraries.

as if...succeeded—i. e. as if things had turned out all right just to spite him. He tried to make luck come his way by confidently expecting the arrival of evil, and so, as it were, tempting luck to favour him if only to prove him wrong in his self-assurance.

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His heart sank—he lost all hope—for the rider was not Dunstan.

a lucky brother—irony.

a swinging price—a very high price. *swinging* or *swingeing* (pronounced *sw'in—jing*) huge, very large. (Colloquial). cf. *Joseph Andrews*, ii 5, 'I don't advise you to go to law; but, if your jury were Christians, they must give swingeing damages, that's all.' (*Century Dict.*)

stake him—get a stake through him.

fly at a hedge—jump recklessly over the hedge. The leap too was very difficult; there was a ditch as well as the hedge to jump over.

I might have known—i.e. I ought to have known.

Up to his tricks—was in the habit of playing his tricks at times—(like taking your horse without permission).

He must...off—he was not found stunned near the horse, nor had anybody helped him, so he must have been able to walk away.

he's made...people—well did Godfrey know his spiteful nature.

And so you etc.—Bryce had of course inferred this from Godfrey's remark, 'I might have known...it.'

a little too hard—A horse having a mouth insensible to the bit is said to be 'hard mouthed', while one that feels the slightest touches of the rein is said to be 'soft-mouthed.' Godfrey did not want Bryce to know that he had been reduced to sell his horse because of his being in need of money, so he invented a lame excuse. Cf. p. 23, 'if you'd got a spark of pride etc.'

wince—shrink or start back, i. e. feel acutely. O. Fr. *guinchir*, to wince, allied to Eng. *wink* and Ger. *wincken*, to nod.

I was going—when you met me.

the long...dreaded crisis—Now that Wildfire was dead and the last hope of paying back Fowler's money gone, everything would have to come out—the secret marriage with Molly Farren too. Godfrey therefore wanted to be alone to think over matters.

I was coming—'was' is emphatic. Now that I have seen you, I won't come.

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take you...way—visit you on my way. He had to pass near Raveloe, so he turned out of his course a little to see Godfrey.

till...blown over—till you had got over the first shock of the news, till you had cooled down.

the Three Crowns—a public house.

he's fond...house—he likes that particular inn.

absently—absent--mindedly. Godfrey was plunged in his own reflections, and did not heed much what was being said to him.

effort at carelessness—trying to assume a careless bearing so as to create the impression that he was not upset very much by the news.

here's my turning—I turn off the Ravcloe road here in order to go to Flitton.

'down'—gloomy, dejected. Any man might well have been gloomy under the circumstances.

bear, the burnt...anger—get the worst of it from his father,—because of course it was he who had actually spent the money. Cf. p 21, 'you'd get yourself turned out too.' *brunt*, the shock of an onset, the chief stress or crisis of anything. Icelandic *brunn*, to advance like fire, or connected with *burnt*—Scot. *brunt*.

put off...day—postpone the revelation of his secret marriage, with Molly.

the affair...storming—the Squire would soon forgive and forget after his first outburst of wrath. *to blow over*, to pass away without effect, to cease or be dissipated; as, the storm and the clouds have *blown over*. Hence also, to pass away, to subside, as a danger or a scandal.

bend himself—could not bring himself to do this. George Eliot explains why.

breach of trust—because after all he was responsible for the money, and he had no right to give away what did not belong to him. But there was a difference between taking the money for his own use and being tortured into giving up the money to somebody else—such a difference in fact that it made Godfrey's whole nature shrink from having so gross a crime as that of having taken the money himself imputed to him, even though he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he was not guilty of it.

I don't pretend etc.—in this para. we gain a good insight into Godfrey's character. We see that his was a self-respecting nature, and meant well, though it lacked the strength of purpose to 'cleave to that which is good.'

I'll stop short—I will draw the line somewhere; I am not going to wreck my whole character. Though his standard might be low, still he has a standard, and is not prepared to fall below it,

bear the consequences—of the breach of trust involved in my having lent Dunstan Fowler's money as well as of my secret marriage—but I won't say I spent the money, because that I would never have done.

occasional fluctuations—there were moments when his courage failed him, and he felt that he could not make a complete avowal to his father.

Lat. *fluctus*, a wave.

complete avowal—an avowal of everything, of his secret marriage as well as of his having lent Dunstan Fowler's money.

heavier matter—graver matters, *i. e.*, his secret marriage. Cf. heavy news, heavy consequences. Cf. *grave*, Lat. *gravis*, heavy.

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~~57~~ *As she...threatened*—See p. 22, 'She's been threatening. etc. .

easier...by rehearsal—by picturing the scene to himself beforehand he in a manner prepared himself for it, and lessened some of his anxiety as to what he was to say when face to face with his father. His mind was set at ease by being conscious of having a definite plan of action to pursue.

work up his father—prepare his father for the 'heavier matter.'

✓ *fiery volcanic...rock*—As lava flows it cools, and from a glowing white changes to a dull red; it then solidifies into volcanic rock. The Squire made resolutions in fits of anger, and the resolutions so made no one could get him to break; he was, as George Eliot says, an implacable man. It might be mentioned with reference to the simile employed that George Eliot and G. H. Lewes spent the early months of the year 1860 in a tour in Italy in the course of which Pompeii was visited.

under favour of—encouraged by. He did not nip evils in the bud, but let things slide, until matters grew serious, and then he punished the offender with great severity.

get into arrears—with their rent.

neglect their fences, etc.—As landlord he should have seen that his tenants looked after their farms and repaired their fences when they needed repairing, that they kept plenty of stock both for the sake of manure and as a security for the payment of their rents, that they had plenty of straw for their animals, etc.

short of money—through his tenants being unable to pay their rents as a result of their bad farming.

the hardest measures—severest measures, such as distraining and evicting tenants.

habitual irresolution—Godfrey with his hesitating disposition could not sympathise with his father in his stern treatment of his tenants. See p. 22, 'His natural irresolution and moral cowardice.'

He was not critical—The 'faulty indulgence' was apt to pass unnoticed by Godfrey; with his weak, vacillating nature he would have let

things slide quite as much as his father did. His father's carelessness and his own irresolution were alike in kind, only behind all the Squire's carelessness there was an iron will, while Godfrey had no will to speak of. He might have said with one of our old poets,

I am a heavy stone,
Roll'd up a hill by a weak child: I move
A little up, and tumble back again.

just the chance—It was just possible that the Squire would hush the affair up rather than let people know about it and bring disgrace on the family.

he had...debating—all that remained to be done was to carry out his resolve.

he found . thoughts—This surely is a common experience of all of us: we often go to bed in a certain frame of mind, and wake almost a different being. Godfrey went to bed fully determined, as he thought, to make a clean breast of everything to the Squire; he awoke another being with other emotions and unable to enter into the thoughts of the previous day.

hopeless barrier—‘the certainty that he was banished for ever from the sight and esteem of Nancy Lammeter,’ p. 26.

the old.. chances—See p. 23, ‘betrayal was not certain’; ‘the desire that continually triumphed over every other was that of warding off the evil day,’ p. 26.

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to try and soften...Dunstan—his motive was not of course altogether disinterested.

blow over —be completely forgotten.

Summary.

This chapter describes (a) the stir in the village on the day after the robbery, and (b) how Godfrey received the news of Wildfire's death.

(a) The enquiry into the robbery was held the next day at the Rainbow, under the presidency of Mr. Crackenthorp, the rector, assisted by Squire Cass and other substantial parishioners. In the clearing up of the mystery one theory in particular was in high favour. Mr. Snell, as deputy constable, had had the honourable distinction of finding a tinder-box, with flint and steel, in the vicinity of the cottage in a direction opposite to the village, and the inference generally accepted was that the tinder-box was somehow connected with the robbery. More than that, the worthy landlord,—a man, as he observed, accustomed to put two and two together—was able, as he thought, to trace the tinder-box to a certain pedlar who had called to drink at the Rainbow about a month before, and who had actually stated that he carried a tinderbox about with him to light his pipe. He had a “look with his eye” which had struck Mr. Snell unfavourably and had a swarthy foreignness of complexion which boded little honesty. Moreover, on the report spreading in the village that Mr. Crackenthorp wanted to know whether the pedlar wore ear-rings, an impression was created

that a great deal depended on the eliciting of this fact, and the impressionable villagers pictured him to themselves with ear-rings, the glazier's wife going the length of declaring that she had seen big earrings, in the shape of the young moon, in the pedlar's two ears, while Jinny Oates, the cobbler's daughter, being a more imaginative person, stated not only that she had seen them too, but that they had made her blood creep. By way of throwing further light on this clue of the tinder-box, a collection was made of all the articles purchased from the pedlar at various houses, and carried to the Rainbow to be exhibited there, whither the villagers went as in duty bound,—glad of being thus provided with a ready-made excuse for frequenting that genial spot. Some disappointment was naturally felt and perhaps a little indignation also, when it became known that Silas Marner, on being questioned by the Squire and the parson, had said that the pedlar had never entered his cottage, and had turned away at once when holding the door ajar, he had said that he wanted nothing. But Silas was after all a "blind creatur," said the villagers, and had doubtless not noticed the man prowling about and making his observations. Similarly Godfrey Cass's declaring that he had himself bought a penknife of the pedlar, and had thought him a merry grinning fellow enough, and his saying that it was all nonsense about the man's evil looks, was nothing but the random talk of youth. Still there was a small minority in the village which declared that Silas had stolen the money himself, for there was no knowing what some people counted gain; while Mr. Macey and Mr. Tookey maintained their theory of a supernatural agency having been at work.

(b) Godfrey Cass was not much surprised when on returning at mid-night from Mrs. Osgood's party he found that Dunsey had not come home. Perhaps he had not sold Wildfire, and was waiting for another chance, or had on that foggy afternoon preferred housing himself at the Red Lion at Batherley for the night. Godfrey's mind was in any case too full of Nancy Lammeter's looks and behaviour to give much thought to Wildfire or to the probabilities of Dunstan's conduct, while the next morning he was, like every one else, occupied in gathering and discussing news about the robbery, and in visiting the Stone-pits. But by midday his interest in the robbery had faded before his growing anxiety about Dunstan and Wildfire, and he set out for Batherley, unable to rest in uncertainty about them any longer. It was not the thought that Dunstan might have met with an accident which worried him so much as the thought that Dunstan had played him the ugly trick of riding away with Wildfire, to return at the end of a month, when he had gambled away or otherwise squandered the price of the horse; and now that the dance at Mrs. Osgood's was past, he was irritated with himself that he had trusted his horse to Dunstan. It was not long, however, that he was in doubt about Wildfire's fate; for on his way out he met Bryce riding into Raveloe to break the news to him—on hearing which he rode along slowly home, representing to himself the scene of confession to his father from which he felt that there was now no longer any escape. The revelation about the money had to be made the very next morning, and there was no use his withholding the secret of his marriage, because Dunstan would tell the whole story out of spite, when on returning, as he was sure to do shortly, he found that he had to bear the brunt of his father's anger. One way there was by which he might perhaps still win Dunstan's silence and put off the evil day, and that was by telling his father that he had himself spent the money paid to him by Fowler, and as he had never been guilty of such an offence before, the affair would blow over after a little storming. But he felt that he could not stand charged with so gross an offence, for though

he did not pretend to be a good fellow, still he felt he was not a scoundrel, "I'll stop short somewhere," he said to himself. So through the remainder of the day, with only occasional fluctuations, he kept his mind bent in the direction of a complete avowal to his father,—who though he was an implacable man who made resolutions in violent anger, and was not to be moved from them after his anger had subsided, might still, Godfrey thought, see his son's marriage in a light that would induce him to hush it up rather than turn his son out and make the family the talk of the country for ten miles round. Godfrey said to himself again and again, that if he let slip this one opportunity of confession he might never have another, for *she* might come as she had threatened to do. He accordingly withheld the story of Wildfire's loss till the next morning that it might serve him as an introduction to heavier matter. But the next morning the old disposition to rely on chances which might be favourable to him, and save him from betrayal, had returned and he felt that he had seen the matter in a wrong light the previous day. He had been in a rage with Dunstan, and had thought of nothing but a thorough break-up of their mutual understanding; but what it would be really wisest for him to do was to try and soften his father's anger against Dunsey, and keep things as nearly as possible in their old condition. If Dunstan did not come back for a few days—and with money in his pocket there was every chance of his stopping away some time—everything might blow over.

CHAPTER IX.

wainscoted parlour—see note on *own dark wainscot*, p. 19.

managing-man—i. e., his steward or man who managed his estate for him.

at a different hour—This little touch gives us another result of the want of 'that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in parlour and kitchen', p. 19. For the members of a family to have their meals together is of course the rule, and not to do so the exception—an exception also which points to the absence of ordinary family affection, 'the sweetener of our existence.'

giving a long chance—having his breakfast late that he might get up an appetite for it. Much eating and heavy drinking had made him dyspeptic.

knit brow—with a sort of perpetual frown, showing him to be a man of strong will. Cf. "He knits his brow and shows an angry eye." (Shak.)

the slack...mouth—His loose lips indicated a weak will. Thin, tight lips indicate a strong will.

showed...neglect—we know of course why.

every whit—in every respect.

slouched...life—Their whole bearing showed signs of a certain awkwardness due to the fact of their having had to look up to others all their life and feel their own inferiority. To 'slouch' is to walk in an awkward, clumsy manner. Life is, of course, compared, as it so often is, to a journey. Cf. *Romans*, XIII, 13, 'Let us walk honestly.'

which belonged...stars—theirs was not the proud bearing of the man who is conscious of his own superiority—who has never known what it is to look up to others.

used...parish homage—accustomed to receive the homage or respect of the whole parish. *homage*—Low Lat. *homaticum*, the service of a vassal rendered to his lord; Lat. *homo*, a man.

tankards—See a monument. *tankards*, p. 19 and p. 41 of these notes.

his opinion was not disturbed—he could continue to think himself superior to those with whom he associated.

Sir—of course used slightly sarcastically.

but there was no etc.—The Squire's remark was merely expressive of surprise, but all the same there was no friendly morning greeting between father and son.

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such homes—lacking as they do 'that presence of the wife and mother... kitchen', p. 19. *sweet flower of courtesy*—the metaphor draws attention to the fact that courtesy shows itself naturally and unobtrusively in the little matters of life.

indifferently—carelessly.

ponderous conghing fashion—*i, e*, in a loud tone of voice. The Squire had grown accustomed to talking in a loud, self-assertive tone of voice through being the great man of the village. It was in fact a sort of privilege of his to be able to do so. Notice George Eliot's keen observation and sly humour.

deer-hound—See illustration in Webster. The Squire wasted, we see, good beef on the hound.

You youngsters'...pleasure—All you young people can think of is your own pleasure. But what you are so engrossed in is not of the importance you seem to think it is.' The Squire means to say that his son might put himself out once in his life and ring the bell for him. The selfishness of youth is of course a constant theme with old age. Old age is often querulous.

a state...sarcasm—The old men made out that they had to put up with a good deal on account of the thoughtlessness of youth, and that their only means of redress was to indulge in a little sarcasm occasionally. *mitigate*, to make more easily borne; Lat. *mitigare*, to soften, *mitis*, mild, soft.

a poor...dinner—Only on great days, like Christmas day, Easter, etc., would a poor man have beef for his dinner. *holiday*, formerly *holy day*.

happened...yesterday—Supply '*which*'. The semicolon after '*began*' ought surely to be a comma,

broke his knees?—have you let him fall, and break the skin on his knees? As the student is aware, to have scars on its knees is looked upon as being a very serious defect in a horse.

after taking..ale—‘after taking’ notice; ‘the Squire does not show much concern.

whistled—i. e., asked in vain. The reference, says Brewer, is to sailors’ whistling for the wind. ‘They call the winds, but will they come when they are called?’ Cf. *Rokeby*, ii, 11,

What gales are sold on Lapland’s shore!

How *whistle* *rash* bids tempests roar!

to unstring—i. e. to open his money-bag.

some other fathers—he refers of course to himself.

they *must*—it is time now that the long-suffering parents changed their attitude; they have been too indulgent altogether. The Squire is still of course referring to himself.

mortgages—on which I have to pay interest. O. F. *mort*, dead, *gage*, a pledge. *arrears*—of rent yet to be collected.

roadside pauper—a man begging his bread at the roadside.

that fool Kimble—the Squire vents his displeasure on poor Kimble for giving him bad news. As Shakespeare says, ‘The first bringer of unwelcome news hath but a losing office.’ The Squire of course did not want to hear of peace. See notes on *could farm badly*, p. 3 and *that glorious war time*, p. 18. As was said in a previous note, the parson and the doctor were very often the only educated men in a village; hence we find Squire Cass relying on Dr. Kimble for his news.

wouldn’t...stand on—would simply be ruined.

like a jack—i. e. with a leap, rapidly. See note on *unpossessed of jacks*, p. 32. If no meat is attached to a jack, it unwinds rapidly.

sold all...up—i. e. if I went to law, and set the bailiffs on them to seize their property for non-payment of their rent; their actual goods and chattels would not be worth much.

put up with—I won’t stand his delays and promises any longer.

Winthrop—the Squire’s managing-man or steward. *Cox*—the lawyer.

a pretext...again—to let him continue his story about the mishap to Wildfire. He dared not, in view of the rebuke, ‘There’s no hurry...your-selves’, interrupt the Squire, and give him the impression that he was in a hurry about something. He had to wait for a pause long enough for a remark from him not to be of the nature of an interruption.

ward off—Godfrey felt the Squire spoke of his being short of cash to give him to understand that he need not ask for money for another horse. In any case the Squire was in a frame of mind the most unfavourable to

receive news of monetary loss,—and poor Godfrey had somehow to tell him about the hundred pounds he had received from Fowler and lent to Dunstan!

on the ground of—goes along of course with *request*; ‘a request founded on...’. The phrase is, however, ambiguous, and but for the context might be construed with *ward off*; ‘ward off because he (the Squire) had lost Wildfire.’

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did for the horse—proved fatal to the horse, killed him on the spot. Cf. ‘to do to death.’

so strange an inversion—Hitherto the Squire had been the doler out of money, and had just alluded to his sons’ expensive habits. To hear his son saying that he had meant to pay him a hundred pounds so astonished him that he could not go on with his meal. It is the son’s duty, says George Eliot mockingly, to empty his father’s pockets.

The truth is, sir—Godfrey hesitates.

purple with anger—his face turned purple with rage. The Squire was a stout man.

so thick—so intimate (as to conspire with him etc.).

collogue—to talk or confer secretly and confidentially, to plot mischief, to conspire. Cf. Lat. *colloqui*, to speak together.

embezzle—to appropriate fraudulently, to steal. “A man can now only ‘embezzle’ another man’s property; he might once ‘embezzle’ his own. Thus, while we might now say that the unjust Steward ‘embezzled’ his lord’s goods (*Luke*, XVI, i), we could not say that the Prodigal Son ‘embezzled’ the portion which he had received from his father, and which had thus become his own (*Luke*, XV, 13); but the one would have been as free to our early writers as the other. There is a verb, *to imbecile*’, used by Jeremy Taylor and others, which is sometimes confused in meaning with this.”

‘Mr. Hackluit died, leaving a fair estate to an unthrift son, who *embezzled* it.’—*Fuller, Worthies of England, Herefordshire*...(Trench).

scamp—a rascal, a mean fellow. Originally, one who runs away, a fugitive, a vagabond. Lat *ex*, out, *campus*, a battlefield.

pack—used contemptuously; ‘the whole lot of you’.

marry again—so as to have other children to whom to leave my property. Cf. ‘he made resolutions in violent anger,’ p, 57.

my property’s entail—my property has got no etc.—so I can leave it to anybody I like. *To entail* is to settle an estate on a series of heirs, so that the immediate possessor may not dispose of it. An *entail* is literally an estate *cut* from the power of a testator—O. Fr. *entailler*, to cut into; hence one curtailed or limited to a particular class of issue—an estate which the testator cannot bequeath, but which must go to the legal heirs.

Attempts to limit the inheritance of estates to a certain restricted line of heirs, which arise naturally out of the deeply-seated desire which men have to preserve property—especially landed estates—in their own families, are of ancient date. It appears from the laws of Alfred that entails were known before the Norman feudal law had been domesticated in England, but the system as understood now, involving the principle of primogeniture, owes its origin to the feudal system. According to early English law 'as fully established under the Norman Conquest, a feoffment or grant of land to "A and the heirs of his body" created an entail, so that neither A nor any successive heir taking under the grant could alien the lands; and if the line of heirs failed, the land reverted to the lord who made the grant or his heirs. In course of time the inconveniences of the restrictions on alienation led the courts to hold that such a gift must be understood not as a gift to the heirs after A, but to A on condition that he should have heirs; in other words, that the heirs could not claim as donees under the feoffment, but only as heirs under A, and that hence A took a fee which, if he had heirs of his body, became absolute, and enabled him to alien the land. This practical abolition of entails by the courts was followed by the statute of Westminster of 1285 which enacted that the will of the donor in such gifts according to the form manifestly expressed should be observed, so that such a grantee should have no power to alien. Under this act, which re-established entails, a large part of the land in England was fettered by such grants. The courts, still disfavoring entails, termed the estate thus granted a fee tail, subject, however, to the right of the heirs in tail, or, if none, of the lord, to enter on the death of the tenant who had conveyed. *They subsequently also sanctioned absolute alienations by allowing the tenant in tail to have an action brought against him in which he collusively suffered the plaintiff to recover the land.* In 1833 a direct deed was substituted by statute for this fiction.' (*The Century Dictionary*). 'Now every tenant in tail, at least while there is a possibility of issue, may bar even his issue by executing a deed and enrolling it in the Court of Chancery, but not by will.' (*Encycl. Brit.*, art. 'Entail'.)

since my grandfather's time—the entail was then broken.

"Edward IV observing (in the disputes between the houses of York and Lancaster) how little effect attainders for treason had on families, whose estates were protected by the sanctuary of entails,...suffered Taltarnm's case to be brought before the court: wherein, in consequence of the principles then laid down, it was in effect determined, that a common recovery suffered by tenant in tail should be an effectual destruction thereof.....the tenant in tail is now enabled to alien his lands and tenements by fine, by recovery, or by certain other meansThe force and effect of common recoveries may appear...to be an absolute bar not only of all estates tail, but of remainders and reversions expectant on the determination of such estates....The design for which these contrivances were set on foot was certainly laudable; the unrivetting the fetters of estates tail, which were attended with a legion of mischiefs to the commonwealth." Blackstone's *Commentaries* (1775), Book II, Chapters 7 and 21.

There's some lie...it—the Squire means that he does not believe that Godfrey would have given Dunstan the money just because Dunstan had bothered him for it; Godfrey must have had some other reason for giving it to him which he was hiding from the Squire.

go and fetch—is really tautological, because 'fetch' means 'to go and bring'. Cf. I, *Kings*; XVII. II, 'Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink'.

as I tell you—The Squire had not said this before, but one can understand his impatience.

I'll turn him out—Godfrey was right in what he told Dunstan, p. 21.

brave me—defy me. The Squire had, we learn, threatened to turn Dunstan out the next time he was caught up to his tricks.

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his threat—to turn Dunstan out of the house.

not being sufficiently etc.—He who tells a lie', said Pope, 'is not aware how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one'. In the same way he who acts a lie is very often not aware (especially if, like Godfrey, he is not a liar by nature) that duplicity of any sort needs before long to be backed by *spoken* lies. Hence Godfrey had no lies ready when the Squire asked him a direct question.

I tell...it is—I'll tell you why you gave Dunstan the money.

the next step—that of telling a lie. Necessity is the mother of invention, and Godfrey was ready with a lie, though the moment before he had been at a loss what to reply to his father's direct question. Though not fond of lying, the natural instinct to shield himself proved too strong for him, and he was immediately turned aside from the honesty which was native to his nature, and was involved in a lie.

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practise to deceive!

downward road—the less honourable course to follow. The more honourable course would of course have been to carry out the resolve of the previous evening, and reveal everything to the Squire. The metaphor is common in the Bible, e. g., *Psalms*, XVI, 11, 'Thou wilt shew me the *path of life*' and *St. Matt.*, VII, 13, 'Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction.'

it's no matter...else—it's of no interest to any one else but us two—of course a lie. His marriage was a disgrace to the whole family.

goings-on—behaviour, conduct—usually in a bad sense.

are not...any longer—Indeed it was feared in the village that 'there were more holes in his pocket than the one where he put his own hand in,' p. 20.

There's my...had—Understand 'who' after 'grandfather.'

in worse times—i. e. when landed property did not produce so good an income as it does now.

by what...out—so far as I can make out.

so might I—have my stables full of horses and keep a good house.

horse-leeches—commonly attack the membrane that lines the inside of the mouth and nostrils of animals that drink at pools where they live; they

suck blood till they are gorged, and then drop off. In the same way, the Squire says, his sons drain him of every penny. The Tamil for 'leech' is *uttai*.

too good—i. e. too indulgent.

I shall pull up—I shall stop being indulgent. A metaphor from driving.

He was not...penetrating—when the rest of the villagers were not so. He was swayed more by his feelings than by his intellect. He felt that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, but had not recognised in that indulgence a defect in his father's character; for his critical powers were not sufficiently developed to enable him to do so. Not on account of his insight into character then, but simply because of his being a victim of his father's indulgence did he recognise that indulgence to be an evil.

and had had...discipline—See p. 26, 'the need of some tender influence etc.'

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all the worse for you—if this waste of money continues, I shall have but little to leave to you. The Squire appears to have cooled down a little now that he talks of leaving his property to his sons, for he had a few moments ago threatened to turn the whole pack of them out.

you'd need...together—you should try and help me to keep the family-property intact.

taken it ill—resented it, not liked my offering to do so, (for you seemed to think that I wanted to become master while you were yet alive.)

whose memory...detail—The Squire had certain fixed ideas, and did not trouble to ask himself how he came by them; it was enough that he had the ideas.

one while—at one time.

I'd as lieve—I am as willing that you etc. *lieve*, same as 'lief.'

If I'd...with it—if I had opposed you, you would have persisted in your choice out of sheer obstinacy. It seemed to the Squire that his sons were always bent on doing what he did not want them to, and *vice versa*.

shilly...shally—irresolute, inclining first to one course, and then to another. A reduplication of 'Shall I?'

you take after—you resemble.

no call for one—has no need for one.

to make both...way—of course a gross piece of exaggeration, but showing nevertheless that the Squire knew his son's character well. It seems, by the way, as if the Squire's outbursts of wrath soon spent themselves, for there is almost a note of tenderness in his solicitude for his son.

downright—in so many words.

she will—have me,

stick to it—is it Nancy whom you still want to marry? Are you sure it is Nancy and nobody else?

let it be—let matters stand as they are.

✓ *turn over...leaf*—be less extravagant and not so lazy and weak-willed.

think of it—i. e., of marrying. Godfrey tries to create difficulties: he cannot marry because he has no house to live in.

settle me ..farms—like a common farmer. That would be beneath the dignity of the Squire's son and heir.

It's a different...life—See pp. 20 and 26. Nancy could not live in the same house with his brothers, who, such was their home life, were rough and rude. Cf. p. 59, 'the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth' of such homes as the Red House'.

You ask her, that's all—you just ask her, and see if she will not accept you and be glad to come and live in this house.

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let the thing be—let matters stand as they are. I don't want to take any decided step (such as offering her marriage) just yet.

✓ *I'm master*—that you must obey me.

else you may...else—otherwise (i.e. if you are not prepared to do as I tell you to) you may leave the house, and see whether you can easily obtain ('drop into') an estate elsewhere. Cf. 'slip into,' p. 21.

not to go to Cox's—because Fowler *had* paid the money, as the Squire had learnt from Godfrey.

sneaking—hiding (used in contempt, implying that he is too ashamed to appear).

I daresay you do—because the Squire suspected Godfrey of being in league with Dunstan.

spare himself...home—he need not trouble to come home. He may stop away altogether; I am not going to let him come back here.

ostler—or 'hostler,' a man who has the care of horses at an inn; properly the keeper of an hotel or inn. O. E. *hosteler*, *osteler*, an innkeeper.

keep himself—support himself.

hang on me—be supported by me,—make me bear all his expenses.

it isn't my place—it isn't my business (to tell him not to come back). It is a father's business, Godfrey means, to tell a son not to come home again. But needless to say, it was not because he respected Dunstan's feelings or because he did not want to be so presumptuous as to take upon himself a father's duties that Godfrey shirked carrying his father's terrible message to Dunstan, but simply because he was afraid of his brother.

still further—by not having told his father about his secret marriage. He had many a lie yet to tell in the shape of “reasons” for not wanting to marry Nancy just yet.

prevarication—equivocation to evade the truth or the disclosure of truth, falsehood. ‘He who equivocates uses words which have a double meaning, so that in one sense he can claim to have said the truth, though he does in fact deceive, and intends to do it. He who prevaricates talks all round the question, hoping to “dodge” it, and disclose nothing’. (Webster). Lat. *prævaricari*, to walk crookedly, to collude; *præ*, before, and *varicare*, to straddle, from *varicus*, straddling, *varus*, bent. ‘The verb, says Pliny, was first applied to men who ploughed crooked ridges, and afterwards to men who gave crooked answers to the law courts, or deviated from the straight line of truth.’ (Brewer).

what had happened—what had been said about his proposing (offering marriage) to Nancy.

after-dinner words—i. e., words spoken under the influence of wine. The Squire had, as it was, said, “I shall do what I choose,” so Godfrey very naturally feared that his father might some day be fixing up his match with Nancy for him, and then he would have to decline her absolutely; whereas if things went on as they were then, there was at least a chance of his marrying Nancy some day.

his usual refuge—He would rather ‘go on sitting at the feast no pleasure left’, p. 23. Thus hope

is the fawning traitor of the mind,

Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friendship,

Robs us of our best virtue—resolution.

his insincerity—in giving his father to understand that there was no ‘just impediment’ in the way of his marriage with Nancy—in his guilty silence about his marriage with Molly Farren.

throw of fortune's dice—some lucky chance, i. e., some means of deliverance from all his difficulties—Molly's death, in fact. Fortune, however, is said to favour only the brave. Cf. *Henry V*, III, vi.

is the god—has always been, as it continues to be, the god. The wild speculations of men in the commercial world at the present day show that we trust a great deal more to chance than people of olden days used to, to take only one species of “trusting to some throw of fortune's dice.”

follow their own devices—i. e., who follow their own wicked bent, and do what the aim they have set up in life makes them do.

a law they believe in—the inexorable moral law according to which every evil deed is punished sooner or later. They are conscious of there being such a law, yet they lack the courage to look it in the face, and try to blink facts.

"The "unlimited right of private laziness," so dear to many minds, is a right which George Eliot never claims on her own behalf. And in her mind facts, especially moral facts, are for ever grouping themselves into laws; the moral laws which her study of life discovers to her being definite and certain as the facts which they coordinate. The presence of a powerful intellect observing, defining, and giving precision, explains in part the unfaltering insistence of the ethical purport with painful weight and tenacity. The truths in presence of which we live so long as the imagination of George Eliot controls our own, are not surmises, not the conjectures of prudence, not guesses of the soul peering into the darkness which lies around the known world of human destiny, nor are they attained by generous ventures of faith; they are tyrannous facts from which escape is impossible. Words which come pealing from "a glimmering limit far withdrawn," words "in a tongue no man can understand," do not greatly arouse the curiosity of George Eliot. Other teachers would fain lighten the burden of the mystery by showing us that good comes out of evil. George Eliot prefers to urge with a force which we cannot resist the plain and dreadful truth that evil comes out of evil—"whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." No vista of a future life, no array of supernatural powers stationed in the heavens, and about to intervene in the affairs of man, lead her gaze away from the stern, undeniable facts of the actual world. "Our deeds are like children that are born to us; they live and act apart from our will. Nay, children may be strangled, but deeds never; they have an instructible life both in and out of our consciousness." Other teachers transfigure and transmute human joys and sorrows, fears and hopes, loves and hatreds, with light from a spiritual world; the sufferings of the present time are made radiant with the coming of the glory which shall be revealed in us; in George Eliot's writings it is the common light of day that falls upon our actions and our sufferings; but each act, and each sorrow, is dignified and made important by the consciousness of that larger life of which they form a part—the life of our whole race, descending from the past, progressing into the future, surrounding us at this moment on every side."—Prof. Dowden in the *Contemporary Review*, 1872.

a polished man—who might be expected to be honest with himself, and not abandon himself to hoping against hope.

possible issues—possible events.

calculable results—results which he sees are bound to follow.

outside his income—beyond his income. *shirk*, not do—*i. e.* be lazy.

simpleton—"Why should 'simple' be used slightly, and 'simpleton, more slightly still? The 'simple' is one properly of a single fold...and, indeed, what honour can be higher than to have nothing *double* about us, to be without *duplicities* or folds? Even the world, which despises 'simplicity,' does not profess to admire 'duplicity,' or double-foldedness. But inasmuch as it is felt that a man without these folds will in a world like ours make himself a prey, and as most men, if obliged to choose between deceiving and being deceived, would choose the former, it has come to pass that 'simple,' which in a kingdom of righteousness would be a word of highest honour, carries with it in this world of ours something of contempt." (Trench, *On the Study of Words*, pp. 94-5).

cajoled into...interest—prevailed upon to use his influence in favour of the man in trouble, and to extricate him from his difficulties, *cajole*, to coax, to cheat by flattery.

a possible state of mind—i. e., of being kindly disposed towards him, and helping him.

anchor himself on—look for deliverance to, i. e., quiet his fears with the thought, etc. In spite of his growing difficulties, his mind will be set in the direction of deliverance; indeed, his hope will go to the root of the matter, and try to persuade itself that his breach of trust itself is not of the importance originally attached to it.

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cunning complexity—‘cunning’ in the sense of ‘ingenious.’ The imagination of a man in difficulties is most fertile, and devises ways and means of deliverance in a wonderful manner corresponding to the many influences at work on him.

a decent craft—an honest trade. Trademen are not supposed to be ‘gentlemen,’ so many a man in trade, like Mr. Macey’s ‘Lunnon tailor,’ tries one way or the other to better his social position, and ape the gentleman. Some give up a decent trade to enter one of the professions—theology, law, and medicine—in the hopes of passing for gentlemen, because men belonging to one or other of the learned professions are supposed to be gentlemen. Yet perhaps they have not the ability for the profession they have entered, and do what they will, they cannot drive the tradesman out of themselves; yet still they hope on for the best, trusting to chance always. In many ways then, we of this present age hope against hope quite as much as Godfrey ever did.

The evil principle—The stubborn fact that wickedness brings forth fruit after its own kind is of course looked upon as an intolerable evil by people who trust to chance. They would like to be able to ‘gather grapes of thorns’ and ‘figs of thistles.’ *St. Matt.* VII, 16. ‘A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit,’ verse 18. Cf. *Galatians*, VI 7, ‘Be not deceived...whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap.’ ‘The keynote of George Eliot’s ethical teaching lies in the single word “duty”.’ (Arthur Rickett).

Summary.

In this chapter we are introduced to Squire Cass, and see how he received the news of the loss of Fowler’s rent.

Every one breakfasted at a different hour in the Red House, the Squire being always the latest, as he had to give his feeble appetite some little time to develop, and so always took a walk with his managing-man before breakfast. The table had been spread with substantial eatables nearly two hours before he appeared in the wainscoted parlour where Godfrey, who had risen and taken his breakfast earlier than

usual, awaited him. He was a tall, stout man of sixty, with a face in which there seemed to be signs both of weakness and of strength. His person showed marks of habitual neglect, his dress was slovenly; yet his bearing was that of a man who was conscious of his own superiority.

There was no pleasant morning greeting between father and son. "What, Sir, haven't *you* had your breakfast yet?" was all the Squire said as he entered the room, and spied Godfrey—for the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth of such homes as the Red House. Godfrey had had his breakfast, and he told his father so, explaining that he was waiting to speak to him. "Ah! well," said the Squire, as he threw himself indifferently into his chair, and awaited the arrival of his ale which he asked his son to ring for. The ale came, and Godfrey began his tale about Wildfire. The Squire at first thought that he had come to him to ask for money to buy another horse with, and so began complaining of all his monetary difficulties, mentioning that he had that day told Winthrop to go to Cox about 'the lying scoundrel,' Fowler. The Squire was not in the most favorable attitude of mind to receive the news Godfrey had to give him; yet Godfrey went on with his tale. Dunstan had taken the horse to the hunt to sell for him; had sold him to Bryce for a hundred and twenty; but had taken some fool's leap or other, and the horse was dead. And then came the disclosure about Fowler's money. The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and found utterance difficult. When he spoke, it was to threaten to turn 'the whole pack of you out of the house together,' and to marry again. There was no entail on his property, and since his grandfather's time the Casses could do what they liked with their land. So Godfrey had better take care. Godfrey was withholding the truth; he must have had his own reasons for giving Dunstan the money. But Godfrey assured his father that there was no lie: Dunstan had bothered him, and he like a fool had let him have the money, fully intending to pay it back whether Dunstan paid it or not. He had never meant to embezzle the money, as his father said he had. Had he ever been known to do a dishonest trick? So from Godfrey the Squire turned to Dunstan. Where was he?—and the Squire bade Godfrey go and fetch him. The Squire had already threatened to turn him out, and he would do so now. But Godfrey did not know where he was, and he told his father so. Whereupon the Squire attacked Godfrey again, trying to get a satisfactory explanation from him as to why he had let Dunstan have the money. "You've been up to some trick," said he, "and you've been bribing him not to tell." The Squire's sudden acuteness startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess, and though no liar by nature, he was driven to tell a lie. It was only a 'little affair' between him and Dunstan which concerned nobody else, he explained, nor was it worth while prying into young men's affairs. But for the death of Wildfire, the Squire would have had his money. But the Squire was indignant. He felt he had been too good a father, and his sons were ruining him. He must change his attitude.

The Squire finished his breakfast in silence, and began to speak again, but it was in admonishing terms. It was in Godfrey's own interests, he began, to help his father the management of things, to which Godfrey replied that he had often offered to take however, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail, could not remember his ever having done so; though there was one thing he *did* remember, and that was that Godfrey once thought of marrying, which the Squire

suggested he should now do. He needed a wife with a strong will, and he would gladly have him marry Nancy Lammeter. How stood his relations with her? Had she refused him? Godfrey didn't think she would, and for his part there was no other woman he wanted to marry. So the Squire said that he would make the offer himself, if his son had not the pluck to do so himself, which greatly alarmed Godfrey, who said he would rather speak for himself. He had better do so then, said his father, and had better turn over a new leaf which was what a man had to do when he thought of marrying. But Godfrey raised a difficulty. How was he to marry without a house to live in? Nancy wouldn't come to live at the Red House with all his brothers. But the Squire ridiculed his difficulty, bidding him just to ask Nancy, and see if she would not have him. Godfrey however said he would rather let matters be as they were, and asked his father not to hurry on things by saying anything. But the Squire said he would do what he chose, and if Godfrey did not obey him, he might turn out, and find an estate to drop into somewhere else. Here the matter ended, but as Godfrey left the room to tell Winthrop not to go to Cox's and to have his father's horse saddled, he hardly knew whether he were more relieved by the sense that the interview was ended without having made any change in his position, or more uneasy that he had entangled himself still further in prevarication and deceit. He was afraid lest by some after-dinner words of his father's to Mr. Lammeter he would be forced to decline Nancy absolutely when she seemed to be within his reach. But he fled to his usual refuge, that of hoping for some unforeseen turn of fortune, some favourable chance which would save him from unpleasant consequences.

As for Dunstan, the Squire bade him through Godfrey, to spare himself the journey of coming back home, and advised him to turn ostler and keep himself, for the Squire would support him no longer.

CHAPTER X.

capacious—able to take large views of things; comprehensive. Lat. *capax* from *capere*, to take.

much wider conclusions—of course a hit at Justice Malam.

Commission of the Peace—‘a commission under the great seal, constituting one or more persons justices of the peace.’ A justice of the peace is a man to whom the maintenance of order is *committed*; he is a judicial officer or subordinate magistrate appointed for the conservation of the peace in a specified district, with other incidental powers specified in his commission.

set on foot—started, set agoing.

inquiry was too slow-footed—i. e., the pedlar had left before the news of the robbery reached a place.

this issue—i. e. that he would return after some time, and take up his abode again at the Red House,


noticed it—made any reference to it. They were not surprised at his absence: it seemed as if he was stopping away because he had killed Wild-fire and on account of his having given offence to his father in some way. Most probably Dr. Kimble and Mr. Osgood did not know anything about

Fowler's rent ; they merely knew that the Squire was angry with Dunstan, *track*—no one's thought *tended* in that direction, *i. e.* no one for a moment suspected Dunstan of having committed the robbery.

even Godfrey's—even (away from the tract of) Godfrey's (thought).

better reason—for he knew by experience what his brother was capable of, and so should have had no difficulty in connecting him with the robbery. He knew what a villain his brother really was.

no mention—a weaver of course in no way interested young men. Hunting, riding, etc., lay more in the path of their interests.

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created an alibi—He pictured Dunstan to himself not as seeking to make good his brother's loss with Marner's money, but as indulging in revelry to drive away his sense of mortification at the loss of Wildfire. Godfrey felt that Dunstan was not likely to feel much concern for him. *alibi*, Lat. *alius*, other, and *ibi*, there,—the plea that a person charged with a crime was elsewhere when it was committed. Godfrey thought of Dunstan as being elsewhere—at Batherley or Whitbridge perhaps.

sponging on—living on the hospitality of.

prescriptive respectability—*i. e.*, respectability established by right of prescription,—in law the claim or right to a thing by virtue of immemorial use and enjoyment. A family possessing, as the Casses did, the highest badges of respectability—a monument on the church walls (Lat. *mnus*, a wall) and old tankards (see note on *a monument...tankards*, p. 19)—was naturally immune from suspicion. No one ever dreamt of suspecting one of its members of being a robber. Conclusive evidence would have had to be forthcoming before the villagers would have thought of connecting Dunstan with the robbery.

tankards—which had been in the family for several generations, and which descended to the heir along with the inheritance ; heirlooms.

unsound tendency—because tending to lower the dignity of the upper classes. By these little touches George Eliot draws our attention to the true old English spirit of respect for one's betters which was so much in evidence in the days she writes of. Profound reverence for law and prescription has in the same way (as Macaulay says) been long characteristic of Englishmen. Cf. in this connection Mr. Macey's respect for law and order, p. 52

But Christmas pudding etc.—a humorous way of saying that the feasting and merry-making of Christmas turned the attention of the people into another channel, and made them gradually forget about the robbery.

brawn—a preparation of meat made from pig's head and ox-feet, cut up, boiled, and pickled.

throwing ... nightmare—i. e. the only kind of mental activity they were capable of was that of having horrid dreams! *nightmare*, a condition in sleep usually caused by improper eating or by digestive or nervous trouble accompanied by the sensation as if something were sitting on our breast—personified as an incubus or evil spirit. A. S. *niht*, night, and *mara*, a nightmare, cf. Old High Ger. *mara*, incubus. The famous portrait-painter Fuseli used to eat raw beef and pork chops for supper to produce nightmare, that he might draw the horrible creations.

are great preservatives—George Eliot refers to the fact that heavy eating and drinking deaden the intellectual faculties.

a dangerous...thought—George Eliot of course pokes fun at the villagers for their tinder-box theories and the like. Cf. for example, 'Well, he'd got ... it's nat'ral... wear'em' as an instance of the 'dangerous spontaneity' of Mr. Snell's waking thought.

the balance...waver—The theory that Marner had taken the money himself was not countenanced at all, but the two other theories had adherents, both theories having about the same number of adherents more or less.

that mocked investigation—that defied investigation, which it was useless to investigate. This was of course Mr. Macey's theory.

wall-eyed—said usually of horses, and meaning an eye in which the iris is of a very light gray or lightish colour; here suggesting the idea of unnatural or distorted vision. In the north of England people are said to be wall-eyed when the white of the eye is very large and distorted, or on one side. Icelandic *vagleygr*, from *vagl*, a beam, a beam in the eye, and *eygr*, having eyes (from *auga*, an eye).

same blank outlook—the same aimless gaze; they could not at once perceive the significance of things—'put two and two together.' With 'blank' compare 'clear—sightedness' below.

adherents of the inexplicable—those who maintained that the money was spirited away—in a manner it was impossible to describe because of there having been no human agency at work.

more than hinted—i. e. said plainly.

animals inclined...corn—a homely metaphor from the farm yard. The adherents of the 'tinder-box' theory accused their opponents, 'the adherents of the inexplicable', of being credulous; the latter replied by accusing their opponents of being animals in not having that higher sense which perceives the mysterious at work in the world. More than that, they took theory for fact—they seemed to imagine their explanation was the right one, when they had no right to do so, considering it had led to nothing so far. They were like cocks crowing triumphantly before having found any corn. We have really a mixed metaphor.

Skimming dishes—shallow dishes in which milk is allowed to stand till the cream floats on the surface when it is skimmed off. The 'pedlarites' were superficial; they lacked the necessary insight into things spiritual.

nothing ... see through it—Just because they could not conceive how a spirit could commit a robbery, the upholders of the 'pedlar' theory boldly asserted that the robbery was not committed by a spirit. What claim could they lay to being 'clear-sighted,' if they failed to see that there are things in the world which one has neither seen nor suspected the existence of? *barn*, a building in which grain, hay, etc., are stored.

some true opinions—some genuine opinions expressed with perfect frankness. Each party let the other know exactly what it thought of it.

collateral importance—The main purpose of the investigation was to discover the thief, but this it failed to do; however, it was the occasion for some outspoken remarks to be made, which as perfectly frank remarks had an importance of their own. *collateral*, related to, but not strictly a part of, the main matter under consideration.

brush the slow...conversation—stir or enliven the villagers' conversation; their conversation used to be on the same old worn-out topics—now they had something else to talk about and discuss in all seriousness.

withering desolation—Marner's clinging, loving nature needed an object to love. First a fellow man (William Dane) and then bright gold served as objects for that love; but now with his gold taken away from him, his moral nature was withering for want of an object to love and cherish. His gold had, we must remember, gathered 'his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own,' p. 35. *withering*—still using the figure of the tree. See notes on *withering* and *sap of affection*, p. 33 of these notes.

arguing at their case—In somewhat the same strain George Eliot writes in *Janet's Repentance*, "While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions, that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears, because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed."

shrunken—cf. 'like a rivulet that has sunk...', p. 17.

hardly susceptible to bruise—As shock followed shock, Marner's nature withdrew more and more within itself, until it seemed as if the only thing he lived for was his gold. One more shock—his gold had to be taken from him—and the last signs of yearning and of life would disappear. Marner's moral life was now at a very low ebb indeed; in fact he seemed to have reached that stage at which there were only the feeblest signs of life left—the next stage was the total extinction of his moral life.

immediate purpose—His one supreme aim in life was that of increasing his store of gold; he had no purpose behind that again; the hoarding of gold was an end in itself. See p. 13, 'But now, when all purpose was gone, etc.,'

which fenced...unknown—which prevented him from feeling his utter loneliness, as he had a definite aim in life which engrossed all his attention.

a clinging life—as it had always been—even in the old Lantern Yard days. See p. 6, 'for Marner had one of those impressible self-doubting natures.....The expression of trusting simplicity...' The figure is that of a creeper which needs a tree or support of some sort on which to grow—to which to *cling*.

a dead disrupted thing—of course his money. *disrupted*, lit. torn asunder, i.e. diverted from its proper use, abused; Lat, *dis*, asunder, *rumper*, to break. The value of money consists in the use to which it can be put; when not put to any use, it is but a dead inert mass. Marner's nature, however, clung to inanimate objects rather than perish altogether. See pp. 26 and 27 of those notes and p. ix of the Appendix.

the fence—his gold, which by withdrawing all his sympathies from everything else, isolated him both in body and mind, and gave him a separate existence. See above.

the support...away—therefore another support was needed, and Eppie was that support.

Marner's thought...round—now then was the opportunity for other influences to be at work, for with the old barrier broken down he was open to all such influences.

baffled—He at once felt his need of an object 'to lean' on. There was an abrupt transition from a life filled with immediate purpose to one from which all purpose had disappeared.

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When the earth...away—When the ant comes up to a chasm. Marner did not know what to do or think. Cf, 'His life had reduced itself...', p. 16.

No phantasm of delight—not even the strange delight (p. 17) which he used to look forward to,—which was the merest semblance of true delight. *phantasm*, a vain, airy appearance.

meagre image—'meagre' when compared with his lost hoard.

hope was...crushed—His loss was a great blow to him, and drove all hope out of him.

the blank—this period in his life in which there was nothing to live and work for.

the sudden chasm—His loss was like a yawning chasm—a terrible break in his life, something that called terrible memories to mind. Whenever he thought of the evening, he thought of his loss, and moaned as he thought of it.

empty evening—the evening when there were no guineas to feast his eyes on.

not as one...heard—but merely to seek relief in his great sorrow.

new light—His honest nature had come out in his distress. Cf. also 'Folks as had etc.', p. 48.

could come by—could acquire.

had not...neighbourly way—See p. 14, 'he drove one after another away etc.' This behaviour of Marner's the villagers had set down not to his credit, but to his discredit, looking upon it as a sign of ill-will on his part in not wanting to do his neighbours good, because, "no one believed him when he said he knew no charms and could work no cures" *own*—his money.

mashed creature—crushed or distressed man. (Provincial).

his ill-will—See p. 14, 'every man and woman etc.'

worse company—than human company—i. e., Satan's company, for 'where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from?'

being on the wind—The scent of Christmas cooking could be got everywhere. Every housewife was preparing for the usual festivities.

black-puddings—sausages made of blood, suet, etc., thickened with meal.

are suggestive of charity—The fact that a family had more pork etc. than it needed for its own use naturally suggested that some of it should be given away.

uppermost—When there was therefore anything to give away, Silas would stand the best chance of getting it.

he thought too much—cf. *St. Matt.*, VI. 20, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.'

enforced the doctrine etc.—A common charge brought against the clergy is that they ignore the needs of the present life in their zeal for the life to come, or, to use a phrase first used by Coleridge and afterwards by George Eliot herself, the clergy are often guilty of 'other worldliness'; for 'as there is a worldliness or the too much of this life, so there is another *worldliness* or rather *other worldliness* equally hateful and selfish with *this worldliness*,' (Coleridge). Mr. Crackenthorp, however, could not have been charged with 'other worldliness' for by his gift of pigs' pettitoes he showed that he did not ignore the needs of the present life. This gift of his, following upon the heels of his talk about the higher life, tended rather to enforce his

doctrine than to stultify himself, for by his gift he overcame popular prejudice, and induced the frame of mind needed to apprehend his doctrine, by showing himself to be no theorist or one whose religion stopped short at preaching, but a practical man who meant what he said.

pettitoes—the feet of a sucking pig. *Petty + toes*. Black puddings and pigs' feet are considered great delicacies by the lower classes in England.

nothing...consolation—those who had only words of sympathy to give him—not gifts of pettitoes and the like.

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crippled—so that you could no longer weave.

'lowance—allowance. Not much of a consolation to a man with any spirit in him to live on the charity of the Parish!—but sympathy is sympathy, however blunt and outspoken in its address. The Gilbert Workhouse Act (1782) authorised the giving of outdoor relief.

our...adulterated—with some egoistic sentiment or other. We project ourselves into our talk whether we will it or not; the spoken word always starts with certain presuppositions which are nothing but the tacit opinion we have of ourselves. *pass our lips*—clothed in words.

We can send...without—This is of course not absolutely true, because we can (to a certain extent at any rate) read character in actions, such as the sending of black puddings and pettitoes, even as we can do so in the case of the spoken word. Indeed, do we not talk of *acts* of thoughtfulness, kindness, and the like? But there is no denying that we are much more liable to obtrude ourselves on others in our speech than we are likely to do so in impersonal acts.

egoism—excessive love and thought of self, the habit of regarding one's self as the centre of every interest. cf. *egotism*, the too frequent use of the word 'I'; the habit of talking about one's self, or of parading one's own doings. Lat. *ego*, I.

smack...soil—The tributaries of a river bring down various kinds of soils into the main stream. In the same way our language is played upon by many kinds of feelings—from the generous to the petty.

beery (sort)—lit. affected by beer, hence confused, unrefined, unstudied. The villagers were as plain-spoken in their sympathy as they were in their controversies when, as we know, they called a spade a spade. This merely reflected the mental characteristics of the people. Their sympathy differed altogether from the sympathy of refinement which is often hypocritical. *bungling*, clumsy, awkward.

of a man—Mr Macey himself. It was Mr. Macey who first drew attention to the fact that 'Folks as had the devil...mushed' p. 48. Mr. Macey;

the oracle of the village, might indeed be pardoned for thinking that Marner would be glad to know that he stood more favourably 'in the opinion... lightly. However, what effect he had on Marner was shown by his remark that Marner's head "was all of a muddle."

not formed lightly—It must have been noticed that Mr. Macey always makes a show of reasoning, as witness his remarks about Marner's "fit," p.4.; and the way he arrived at his conclusion that 'there must be pastures there and everything reasonable.'

adjusted his thumbs—in order to twirl them. See p. 39, 'twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency.' Cf. "speaking in a ponderous coughing fashion."

you've no call—you have no reason...

to ha 'lost—to have lost,—now that you have lost.

nor to...foul means—than to have kept...*foul means*, we must remember that Mr. Macey was of opinion that Marner had been in league with the Devil, and that it was the Devil who had stolen his money. Marner was better off without his money than with it, as having his money meant being in league with the Devil.

these parts—this district.

no better nor...be—I thought you were a rogue. *nor*, than. of. 'In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person...unwonted', p. 1, and 'linen-weavers...were to the last regarded as aliens by their rustic neighbours', p.2.

a staring...creature—"The villagers in *Silas Marner* speak out. They say what they have to say, and do not mince matters. This is the rudeness of persons who do not mean to be rude; for they do not dream of the rules which a consideration for the feelings of others teaches those who are more refined. When Silas Marner loses his money, he is visited by a Job's comforter in the person of the parish clerk. This comforter comes in the dignity of a parish official and a parish wit, and with a really kind intention, to say a kind thing to a man whom he dislikes and despises, but yet respects a little and pities a good deal. This language on the part of Macey is only one specimen of the direct, and, as rich people would think, insulting language which George Eliot, with the happiest effect, puts into the mouth of the poor.'—*Saturday Review*.

bald-faced calf—a calf with no hair on its face. He was like a calf in having large eyes, but unlike a calf in having no hair on his face. Cf. 'deer-like gaze,' p. 6.

it isn't every etc.—To re-state Mr. Macey's argument in logical order,—
'all ugly things have not been made by Satan, for such ugly creatures as

toads and the like are often harmless, nay, even useful, as toads are for the destruction of vermin—so that they could not have been made by a malicious being like Satan. In the same way you are not to be judged by your appearance, because though you may be queer-looking, you are really harmless and are not in league with the devil as I once thought you were. *speaking'*—arguing by analogy from.

yarbs—herbs.

to cure the breathing—to cure asthma, difficulty in breathing.

if you brought...of it—if you acquired that knowledge honestly (*i.e.*, from a human being and not from Satan) in the district you came from, you might have made freer use of it for the benefit of your neighbours than you have been disposed to do. See previous page; 'had not the inclination'.

wasn't well come by—was not acquired in a proper way, *i.e.* was got from Satan.

made up for it—you might have atoned for it.

as for the children—I have been at the christening of children whom the Wise Woman charmed, and have found them undergo the ceremony just like any other children—there were no signs of protest from Satan; in the same way you might have gone to church, for no harm would have come of your doing so—as Satan would not have plagued you in any way.

Wise Woman—of Tarley. See page 14, 'when the Wise Woman of Tarley died.'

charmed—uttered spells over to protect them against the evil eye, fits, 'water in the head,' and the like. 'The Wise Woman had words that she muttered to herself.....head,' p. 14. Mr. Macey of course considered her to have been in league with the Devil, and hence the children she muttered incantations over were under the protection of the Devil, who, one would have expected, would have objected strongly to holy water being put on the children under his protection, for the Devil, it is said, hates holy water. Cf. 'I love him as the devil loves holy water.' Lat. *carmen*, a song.

took the water—In the ceremony of baptism the sign of the Cross is made in holy water on the child's forehead. (But see the *Book of Common Prayer* under "The Public Baptism of Infants.") Had Satan objected he would have shown his displeasure by making the children cry a good deal by way of protest.

for a holiday—by way of giving himself a holiday. 'If Satan doesn't wish to exert himself, but wants to take it easy...'

got anything—Understand 'to say'.

does the cussing—On Ash Wednesday, the first day in Lent, 'A Communion, or Denouncing of God's anger and judgments against sinners' is read

in church, for 'it is thought,' as the Prayer Book says, 'that at this time should be read the general sentences of God's cursing against impenitent sinners...and that ye [the people] should answer to every Sentence, *Amen*.' Accordingly the Priest mentions a number of sins, and says that the persons guilty of them are cursed, and the people, led by the clerk, answer 'Amen.'

there's no cursing—People who go to wizards and witches to be cured are not denounced in that service, says Mr. Macey, however much Dr Kimble might grumble at such people deserting him and going to others to be cured. cf. p. 14, 'he was always angry about the Wise Woman.' There is however this denunciation in the service referred to, 'Cursed is he that maketh the blind to go out of his way'.

for there's windings—one is very apt in conversation to stray from the point at issue, and to raise questions to settle which one would have to go through the whole Prayer Book from cover to cover. *windings*, digressions. *fur*, far. Mr. Macey apologises for his little digressions; he will refrain from digressing further. His object in visiting Marner was to cheer him. 'Come, Master Marner,...a—moaning.'

a deep un—a rogue.

nor'll bear daylight—'than will bear daylight,' i. e. than will bear examination. There is nothing bad which you have to hide.

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making out a tale—concocting a story of robbery. See p. 51, 'A small minority shook their heads...it was not a robbery.'

he looked...rabbit—i. e. when he came to the Rainbow to report his loss. One could see from his scared look that he had really lost his money; he could not possibly have worked himself up into such a state of mind.

discursive—Lat, *dis*, away, *currere*, to run. Marner showed he did not appreciate the great honour done him by Mr. Macey in thus coming to see him and assure him that he had the full sympathy and support of a great man of the village.

neighbourly—kind and sympathetic.

very far off—he felt miserable in spite of it; it could produce no change in him.

impatience—Mr. Macey of course was not altogether pleased with Marner's silence. Surely his words deserved a better reception.

I doubted...so—I thought such would be the case. Marner never went to church, so Mr. Macey had naturally concluded that he did not possess a Sunday suit.

He's a poor creatur—he's not much of a man. Notice Mr. Macey's good natured contempt for the deputy-clerk.

he's got...business—Tookey had succeeded to Mr. Macey's business, in which, however, Mr. Macey continued to have an interest, as he had some of his money sunk in it.

give you trust—allow you credit—time in which to pay.

a bit neighbourly—mix a little with others, be sociable

to lose no time—Mr. Macey means his growing infirmities will soon compel him to give up his post of parish clerk, and thus perhaps Marner might never have a chance of hearing him lead the responses in church. Mr. Macey was proud of his musical attainments. Cf. 'in the height of complacency,' p. 41.

Tookey—who as deputy clerk would succeed him, 'have it all to himself.' We know of course what opinion Mr. Macey had of Tookey's voice, p. 40.

stand in the desk—i. e. in the clerk's desk in church.

come another winter—of course the weather is very trying in winter, and most old men dread its approach.

emotion—signs of concern, if not of grief, at the melancholy news. Of course to Marner, who had lived in isolation all these years, Mr. Macey was not the familiar figure he was to the rest of the villagers.

a matter of—about.

you are a young man—so you need not begin saving in earnest just yet. Marner cannot object on the score of expense. Or perhaps Mr. Macey means that as a young man Marner must surely like to look well, and so should buy new clothes.

all of a muddle—in a terrible state of disorder.

a worse heathen...dog—Dogs soon learn to distinguish days. A dog will learn to distinguish Sunday from any week day as the day on which, perhaps, he must not sleep on a particular chair because his master is at home, or as the day when he may look forward to a good dinner, &c.

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highly charged...topic—filled with the same thought, that Marner should be prevailed upon to go to church. Cf. 'I hope they 'll...for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes,' p. 71.

not severely regular—cf. p. 12, 'the large church...men gazed at.'

to stand well with—win the approbation of. The simple villagers were provoked to jealousy in spiritual matters just as much as they were in matters temporal.

“ *Common run* ”—the average.

a reflection etc.—By going more often to church than the rest of the villagers did, they gave the world to understand that it was necessary for a Christian to go to church as often as they did, and so by their conduct cast a sort of slur on all those who did not do as they did,—though, as a matter of fact, all were equally good Christians, having all been baptised in the usual way and having all an equal right to the burying-service. At his (or her) baptism a child is formally received into the Christian Church—‘ is by Baptism regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ’s Church, to quote the Prayer Book. A male child has two godfathers and one godmother, and a female child one godfather and two godmothers at baptism. Those that die ‘ unbaptised, or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves ’ are not given a Christian burial. To avoid giving offence then everybody felt it his (or her) duty to stop away occasionally from Church.

were not...servants—Household servants had their duties to attend to by which perhaps they were prevented from going to church.

young men—well, they had to sow their wild oats, and so, the villagers felt, were to be allowed a good deal of latitude in religious observances. The villagers took the world pretty much as they found it: ‘ the poor thought that the rich were entirely in the right of it to lead a jolly life ’, (p. 18), the old thought the young at liberty to indulge their follies—and to come to individuals Mrs. Winthrop took ‘ her husband’s jokes and joviality as patiently as every thing else, considering that “ men *would* be so.” How different all this from the earnest, anxious, self-inquiring spirit of Lantern Yard !

“ *good livers* ”—persons living upright lives ; steady, respectable people. Even they did not go to church very frequently, of course for the reason given above. There was a rough and ready classification of the villagers according to the frequency with which they went to church.

Mrs. Winthrop—‘ It is like feeling the sunshine only to think of her...it is Dolly, with her practical faith and pagan phrasing, who brings Marner the first spoken word of comfort from what she calls “ the right quarter.” ’ (Annie Matheson—*Everyman’s Library*, No. 121).

so eager for duties—that she seemed idle unless she rose very early, and so lengthened out her working day.

threw a scarcity morning—By rising so early she got all her work done before the morning was very far advanced, and then it was a problem with her how to fill the rest of the morning with work.

vixenish temper—irritable or fault-finding temper. People who get up very early are apt to be ill-tempered the rest of the day.

elements—phases or aspects.

pasture her mind—meditate upon them, make the sadder aspects of life food for thought. Cf. 'pasture to fear,' p. 3.

when leeches...applied—to remove bad blood.

a monthly nurse—a nurse who serves for a month or some short time, especially one who attends women after childbirth. If the expected nurse failed to turn up, Mrs. Winthrop at once volunteered her services as nurse.

"*comfortable woman*"—a woman whose presence comforted or cheered one, whom it did one's heart good to look at. This use of the word 'comfortable' is common in the Bible.

fresh-complexioned—having a clean, healthy skin.

slightly screwed—closed tight, giving her a serious look.

as if she felt etc.,—and was 'standing to attention' in his presence.

never whimpering—Hers was a robust nature, not a weak, *whining* one. She faced misfortune with quiet, even stoical, resignation, and did not give way to unbecoming grief.

loved his quart-pot—loved his drink—container for the thing contained, 'metonymy.

got along so well—Ben was full of boisterous fun, Dolly was sedate; yet the two lived happily together as husband and wife.

would be so—it was their nature to be so.

wholesome—who had an entirely good influence on one. Cf. 'comfortable.'

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lard-cakes—rich cakes made of lard (the melted fat of pigs) and flour mixed together and baked.

apple-cheeked—rosy cheeked.

clean starched frill—It was the fashion in those days for children to wear frills or large white collars. Aaron's frill projected all round, giving it the appearance of a plate in which stood a couple of apples, Aaron's rosy cheeks.

adventurous curiosity—the curiosity (which as a child he had) which emboldened him to be adventurous.

big-eyed-weaver—See p. 2, 'would fix on them a gaze...'

dubiously—the misgiving or fear he had had all along.

as I thought—Marner was working on a Sunday, the Day of Rest, as she had expected to find him doing.

a locked casket—Formerly his nature had been like a casket (a case for jewels etc.) with his gold locked up in it; his gold had gathered 'his

power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own,' and there was no man whom he cared for, for his gold had locked in 'his affections. But now that the gold had been taken from him, his heart was no more closed. Cf. p. 37, 'not caring to fasten his door...to lose.'

Left groping in the dark—Marner's thoughts 'were baffled by a blank,' (p. 65) we are told; in the same way his whole life was just a blind striving forward for he knew not what. We know of course that it was for an object on which to fix the affections of his heart, for Marner's was a 'clinging' nature, and needed a 'prop.' Ever since the night in the Rainbow when he had felt that those sitting around him were his nearest promise of help, he had looked for help to those around, feeling in a vague manner that that was the quarter in which to expect help. *inevitably*—for there was no other quarter in which to expect help: his dire need cast him on his fellow man for help, but it was only gradually that the walls which his isolation had reared around him could be broken down.

stirring of expectation—of course that they might help him to discover the thief. This hope awakened in him the sense of dependence on others and the need there was of obtaining the good will of the villagers, for he felt that if he displeased them, they would not help him. So that in his eagerness to get back his money he gradually restored himself to a normal state of fellowship with his fellow man.

better nor common—better than usual.

I'd ha, asked—i. e. yesterday.

if you'd thought well—if I could have satisfied myself that you would not have resented my doing so. Dolly had naturally felt reluctant to send him a present of lardcakes, not knowing how he would have received such a gift. She now apologises in her own way for her gift.

are made so comical—are constructed so strangely. Men want variety in their food.

absently—though with his eyes fixed on them still not appearing to pay much attention to them. Marner was of course short-sighted. *eyed*—being eyed.

made an outwork—Withdrew himself behind his mother's chair and thus fortified himself against a possible attack from Marner. A military term, a work *outside* the principal wall or line of fortification.

pricked—marked (when of course the dough was soft).

pulpit-cloth—a cloth hanging over the front of the pulpit. In the same way the 'altar cloth' (of silk, velvet, satin, or cloth) has the letters 'I. H. S.' embroidered on it.

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if there's...this world—if there's any virtue in the letters, it is best to avail ourselves of it, for in this wicked world we need all the good we can get.

I. H. S.—for the Greek capitals I. H. C...the first three letters of the name Jesus, often misread as *Jesus Hominum Salvator*—Jesus Saviour of Men, (Chambers). In classical Latin one form (I) served for the vowel I and the consonant J.

won't hold—when the loaves and cakes rise in baking and burst on top the letters disappear.

interpret...as Dolly—knowing in fact even less about the letters than Dolly did, for Dissenting chapels are singularly free of symbols or ornaments of any kind, resembling in this respect Mahomedan mosques.

quiet tones—the quiet, earnest way she spoke. Her deep sincerity touched Marner.

could tend—not being conscious of any distinct advantage to be gained by etc. Of course he could not see how these little influences were humanising him, by gradually awakening in him all those springs of sympathy and fellow-feeling which had lain dormant in him so long. *tend*, lead to.

a serviceable phrase—words which expressed so well a sentiment embodying, as it were, the wisdom of a proverb. An uncultured mind studies its words so little that when it hits upon a form of words which expresses its meaning well, it clings to the words, with, as it were, grateful admiration.

you lose your count—you don't take note of the days as they pass, and so are unable to tell what day of the week any particular day is.

kills the sound—deadens the sound. Sound travels faster on a warm day than it does on a cold day, the increase of speed being about 2ft. per second for each degree Centigrade; perhaps in the same way the intensity of sound depends on the temperature.

not part...sacredness—Bells had no religious associations for Marner, there having been no bells at Lantern Yard. The tolling of the church-bell therefore brought no religious thoughts to mind. Cf. notes on p. 21 of these notes.

Dear heart!—an expression of sorrow. Marner had heard the bells and yet persisted in working!

a roasting bit—a bit of meat for roasting. In England working people generally have a good dinner on Sunday. Being the only person in the house, Marner had to cook his own dinner, and so Dolly finds an excuse for him for staying at home on a Sunday. But even admitting that he has to stay at home, says Dolly, he might as well have a wash and tidy up his cottage on a Sunday instead of working. There was, however, no need for him

to stay at home, for, as Dolly shows him, his dinner could be cooked for him at the bakehouse at a small cost. He need not, to be sure, have his dinner cooked for him every Sunday—that would come up to too much—but he could have it done for him occasionally, and so be left free to go to church now and again.

bakehus—bakehouse or bakery. The village baker cooks the villagers, dinners for them in his big oven at a small charge.

not to make...Saturday—not to be able to distinguish your Sunday dinner from your Saturday dinner. Dolly says it is but right that one should have a good (*i.e.*, a hot) dinner on Sunday. There are people who have something cold for dinner on Sunday, because they consider it wrong to keep their servants at home to cook their dinners for them instead of allowing them to go to church.

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as is ever coming—*Ever* is merely an expletive.

holly and yew—used to decorate churches on Christmas Day. 'Holly' is an evergreen shrub having red or yellow berries. It used to be employed by the early Christians at Rome to decorate churches and dwellings at Christmas; it had been previously used in the great festival of Saturnalia which occurred at the same season of the year. The pagan Romans used to send to their friends holly-sprigs, during the Saturnalia, with wishes for their health and well-being. According to tradition it is the bush in which Jehovah appeared to Moses.' (Brewer). The 'yew' is also an evergreen, and frequently grows in English churchyards. A species of yew grows on the Himalayas.

anthim—*anthem*,—generally a passage from Scripture set to sacred music and sung in parts.

take the sacramen'—as you ought to do on that day, cf. p. 69, 'Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas day'. *sacrament*—a holy rite in the Christian church which commemorates symbolically (according to Anglicans) Christ's death and his atonement for the sins of the world. See *St. Matthew*, XXVI, 17-28.

which end...on—you would be less confused than you are at present (for you would learn to put your trust in God). Dolly had likewise noticed that Marner's head was "all of a muddle". Cf. 'to find one's legs.'

'you'd ha'done...do—*i. e.* by going to church and taking the Sacrament. 'If we'n done our part,' says Dolly lower down 'it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us'll be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n.' The following remarks are from Hutton's *Literary Essays*;

"Even Sir Walter Scott, powerfully as he could paint fanaticism, and keen as was his pleasure in the marvellous never attempted to paint the quieter and deeper forms of religious faith..George Eliot sees..the actual space occupied by spiritual motives in human life—the depth, beauty, and significance which they, and they alone, give to human action..In almost all her tales she introduces some character with conscious cravings for something beyond human happiness, while in the most perfect and popular of her works she delineates the most delicately beautiful and spiritual nature with which I have ever met in the whole range of fiction...George Eliot is much greater as an imaginative painter of character than as an imaginative painter of action, and naturally much more inclined for the one than the other..What her characters *do* is always subordinate with her to what they *are*."

what it lies on us all to do—what it lies in our power to do. 'Man can not do more.

soothing...tone—she spoke in a gentle, half-coaxing manner.

gruel, a thin food made by boiling oatmeal in water,—*conjee*, as we should say. Low Lat.. *grutellum*, diminutive of *gratum*, meal.

closely urged—spoken to in a direct manner. cf. 'close reasoning.'

direct—honest, straightforward.

I went to chapel—being a Dissenter. A 'chapel' is a Dissenter's place of worship; hence the name of 'chapel people' applied to Dissenters. Low Lat. *cappella*, dimin. of *cappa*, a cloak or cope. It was said that the kings of France in war carried St. Martin's cope into the field, and kept it in a tent as a talisman. The place in which the cope was kept was called the *chapelle*, and the keeper thereof the *chaplain*.

puzzled—because there were no Dissenters at Raveloe and consequently no chapels.

set up—strengthened, 'braced up'.

as never was—in a manner one would not expect.

gives out—reads out from his desk in church. It is the clerk's business to give out the numbers of the Psalms and the hymns to be sung and to read the first verses of the latter.

more particular...Day—on which day the rector would be more than usually earnest. In the course of his sermon preached before the Sacrament he would exhort his congregation to lead pure and holy lives—on the lines most porbably of the Exhortation to be found in the Communion Service.

i' the right quarter—i. e., from God 'from Whom all goodness flows.' The closing words of the Exhortation already referred to are these—'submitting ourselves wholly to his holy will and pleasure, and studying to serve him in true holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.'

gev myself up—given up or submitted myself, 'Rom, X, 3,

at the last—at death.

worse nor we are—in not doing Their part. If we do our part, God will surely do His. “Dolly Winthrop’s feeling of religious truth ‘in her inside’ and the naive anthropomorphism of her Raveloe theology contain the essence of all religion, and differ from the sublimest devotion of saint or mystic not by kind but by degree.” (Dowden).

unmeaningly—her words failed to convey any meaning to him.

no word—Dissenters, for instance, do not talk of the ‘Sacrament’ but of ‘The Lord’s Supper’; so that Marner could not have understood Dolly when she spoke of ‘Sacramen’ Day’, just as she did not know what he meant by ‘a chapel’, thinking that it might be some haunt of wickedness! Any mention of such phrases as ‘assurance of salvation’, ‘free-will,’ etc., would have won Marner’s attention at once.

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heresy—false doctrine, the adoption of opinions contrary to the authorised teaching of the religious community to which one belongs. A ‘heretic’ is lit. ‘one who chooses,’ and ‘heresy’ simply means a ‘choice.’ Greek, *hairesis*, choice. Dolly did not use the plural number to show that she believed in three Gods, and not in ‘one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity’ under which aspect the Athanasian Creed bids Christians think of the Trinity; but she spoke of God in the plural number out of a desire not to take His Name in vain. She referred to Him indirectly, employing what she considered a most respectful mode of reference. We in India are of course familiar with the ‘plural of respect.’

urgency...purpose—only if he had a definite object in speaking. In other words, he spoke only when driven to do so.

Dolly’s...good will—We have been told that Marner was affected by her earnest appeal.

worth the risk—the risk he ran by putting out his hand of being perhaps bitten by Marner! Aaron *did* put out his hand for the cake.

for shame—that you should want some cake now; you surely can’t be hungry so soon after dinner.

wonderfully hearty—in splendid health (as shown by the fact that he is prepared to eat a lard-cake so soon after his dinner.) The mother is really proud of her son’s appetite, though she pretends to scold him for it. Notice she puts him on her lap, which did not show that she was cross with him.

a little sigh—*Cf.* p. 69, ‘she was simply grave...relation.’

spoil him—by petting him, as Dolly herself was doing that moment.

hev him in sight—we never let him go out of our sight.

"pictur of a child"—i. e. a perfect child, a child who was the very picture or image of health and strength.

neat-featured—with well-marked features, handsome.

two dark spots—of course the boy's eyes.

like a bird—i. e. wonderfully sweet.

Christmas carril—a carol or song sung at Christmas. See p. 87 of these notes. George Eliot gives the carol on the next page—or rather the first verse of it. *as his, which his...*

he'll come to good—grow up to be a good man. Needless to say it by no means follows that because a child can learn the tunes of hymns and carols ('good tunes') easily that he will grow up to be a good man. Another specimen of village logic.

rubbing his forehead—he was shy.

not indisposed—The child was by nature vain, as which child wouldn't have been, if he was petted as Aaron was? Aaron rather liked being asked to sing.

ogre—as perhaps he thought Marner to be. 'Ogres' are man-eating monsters or giants of fairy tales. Lat. *orcus*, the lower world.

protecting circumstances—His mother was by to protect him, and besides there was the table between him and Marner.

allowed...adjusted—allowed his head to be placed in the right position (by his mother). His mother made him assume the correct attitude before he sang.

cherubic head—In pictures angels are often represented as having merely a head and wings, as for instance in Sir Joshua Reynolds's well-known picture of the three heads.

rhythm...hammer—i. e. he sang with monotonous regularity, the beats following each other in uniform succession—not quicker at one time and slower at another. His singing reminded one of a person hammering in its want of expression. *chirp*, an onomatopoeic word-imitative of the short sharp sound made by a bird or an insect; cf. 'chirrup'.

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God rest you—may God grant you peace.

Christmas music—music one hears only at Christmas time.

piecc of cake—which his mother had held for him; p. 73, 'let me hold the cake'.

Hark the ev'ning sing'—i. e. 'Hark! the herald-angels sing'. Dolly quotes the first line of Wesley's famous Christmas hymn. The hymn will be found in almost any hymnal, as perhaps it is one of the three or four hymns which are sung all the world over on Christmas Day. *herald-angels*, referring to the angels who *announced* the birth of Christ to the shepherds at Bethlehem, *St. Luke. II., 8-14. as*, so that. .

bassoon—has a deep or bass note; see p. 86 of these notes.

a better place—heaven-where the angels sing. *Rev. IV, 9-11.*

for I wouldn't—the force of *for* is 'but' or perhaps 'now'. Dolly is not to be understood to despise this world when she complains of 'the drink etc., and when she betrays her heart's yearning for heaven. Hers' was not a dreamy faith, but a strong, practical faith without any taint of 'other-worldliness'. cf. 'But she was never whimpering', p. 69.

as know best—Who knows best. God, in His infinite wisdom, knows what is best for us, and we should trust Him. cf. *Job, XIII. 15.* Dolly's practical faith resembles George Eliot's own very practical faith; see Appendix, pp. viii, x, xv.

the hard dying—painful deaths.

better—Understand 'world'.

but he wanted...grateful—We see how quick came the response from Marner when genuine sympathy was shown him. Mr. Macey's interview we have seen left him unmoved. 'The Job's comforter (Macey) is succeeded by a real comforter, by a motherly, patient, humble-minded woman.'—*Saturday Review.*

bad in your inside—ill.

send—manage for, or look after, yourself. 'Fend' is an abbreviation of 'defend.'

clean up—tidy up the cottage.

and willing—a contraction for, 'and I shall be willing to do so.'

a bad bed...at last—the money you earn on a Sunday will be powerless to help you when you lie on your deathbed and seek peace of mind-in vain. 'To lie in the bed one has made' means 'to accept the consequences of one's conduct.' *at the last*, at your death.

fly away—referring to the disappearance of Marner's hoard.

the white frost—which disappears with the rising of the sun.

that free—so free; my making bold to say this much.

I wish you well—I have your welfare at heart. It is your own spiritual enlightenment I seek.

your bow—we must be going.

relieved—he was not prepared to break away from his old life just yet.

Her simple view of life—See Introduction and Appendix. Marner's Lantern Yard theology was dogmatic theology.

which his...fashion—We cannot picture to ourselves objects which differ entirely from anything we have been familiar with.

unlocked—opened; the jet of water in a fountain can be let on and shut off. After the incidents of fifteen years ago Marner's love for his fellow man and his trust in God had died a natural death; still given the necessary conditions, and his love would burst forth again—rising like a fountain night and day. cf. *Enoch Arden*,

“Prayer...

Like fountains of sweet water in the sea.”

the shrunken rivulet—See p. 17.

little groove of sand—its little groove in the sand,—its narrow channel. After he lost faith in God and man, his life reduced itself to, as it were, a narrow stream in the way the promptings of his moral nature were extinguished one after the other, and his life became ‘a mere pulsation of desire.’ But with the loss of his gold he was even still worse off, for formerly he had had at least some object to live for—there had been at least some purpose in his life, whereas now his life was merely a blind striving forward into the dark unknown, and nothing more. All purpose had been driven out of it.

it wandered—for, as has already been explained, his nature instinctively sought an object to love and cherish.

against dark obstruction—cf. p. 65, ‘baffled by a blank...’ and notes *ad finem*.

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eating...heart—It was too soon after his loss for his nature to be touched by these manifestations of human kindness; ‘the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched.’ p. 68. He ate ‘the bread of adversity’ and drank ‘the water of affliction’; *Isaiah*, XXX. 20.

black frost—‘cold so intense as to freeze vegetation and cause it to turn black, without the formation of hoar-frost’.

seemed to press cruelly—seemed to have a destructive effect in turning the grass black. But who with sadness in his heart does not find the world full of sadness—just as

A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,

A purer sapphire melts into the sea,
to him whose heart is filled with gladness?

red pool—'red' because of the red clay. See p. 27, 'the red, muddy water'...

shivered—another 'sad fancy'; the surface of the water was ruffled by the wind, but to a mind filled with sadness the pool seemed to be shivering in the bitter wind.

that dreary outlook—on to the 'half-icy pool.' cf. p. 27, 'The spot looked very dreary...'

shutting him...grief—When darkness fell, and shut the outer world from view, Marner had nothing to distract his thoughts, and so he sat all the evening brooding over his loss.

the cold grasped him—how expressive!

his fire was grey—had gone out, leaving only grey ashes.

fuller than...year—Of course on Christmas Day everybody went to church. See p. 69, 'The inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular...'

red faces—from the cold and the ale.

dark-green boughs—of holly and yew. Most churches are a mass of foliage on Christmas morning.

the Athanasian Creed—Athanasius (296—373) was a celebrated Christian theologian who took a prominent part against Arius in the Council at Nice (325) which the Emperor Constantine attended in person. He was the most uncompromising antagonist of Arius, whose followers persecuted him all his life, driving him away again and again from Alexandria of which town he was bishop. The last ten years of his life, however, he spent at Alexandria, at which town he died. He left behind him treatises and orations bearing on the Arian controversy and in vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity viewed in the most absolute sense. The Creed which goes by his name is believed to be of later date, though embracing his theology in affirmation of the absolute co-equal divinity of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost in the Trinity. This Creed is appointed to be sung or said on certain great festivals of the Church mentioned in a note in the Prayer Book.

which was discriminated—The Creed was distinguished by the villagers from the two other Creeds which are ordinarily read on a Sunday, by reason of its being longer. Of course not being theologians they did not understand the Creed, but they felt that it was 'of exceptional virtue.' Cf. note on *occult and familiar*, p. 11. George Eliot shows us how very superficial was the religion of the Raveloe villagers; it was hardly anything more than the play of emotions.

had been done—by the birth of Jesus on Christmas Day. The following lines are from 'Hark! the herald-angels sing,'

'Mild He lays His Glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.'

appropriating—availing themselves of, making their own. Lat. *ad*, to, *proprius*, one's own. As Dolly put it, it was man's duty to go to church, and God did the rest. There was none of the anxious, self-examining spirit at Raveloe that was found at Lantern Yard. Religion was not a real vital force, but a vague, lambent emotion, fed by worldly thoughts and desires.

without diffidence—i. e. to the full, without having any misgivings.

fearcd...too long—felt anxious for his return. To an anxious person the days pass slowly.

the annual...talk—cf. the remarks on the talk at the Rainbow, p. 43.

when he walked...hospitals—when he was a medical student. *hospital*, from the Latin *hospes*, (a guest), being originally an inn or house of entertainment for pilgrims; hence our words *host* (one who entertains) *hospitality* (the entertainment given), and *hospitaller* (the keeper of the house.) In process of time these receptacles were resorted to by the sick and infirm only, and the house of entertainment became an asylum for the sick and wounded.' (Brewer).

professional anecdotes—perhaps experiences he had had with patients etc.

to follow suit—to play a card of the same suit as the leading card.

irascibility—annoyance or ill temper. Lat. *ira*, anger.

odd trick—A 'trick' in card playing is the whole number of cards played in one round, and consists of as many cards as there are players. In the game of whist there are four players, and there being fifty-two cards in a pack there are thirteen tricks to be made. When a game is won by seven tricks to six, the winners are said to win the odd trick.

without a general visitation—When uncle Kimble lost the odd trick, he grumbled, and would not be satisfied that it had been won properly by the other side until he had examined all the tricks, and satisfied himself that they had been won properly. As each trick is won, it is turned down by the side of the winner.

the while being etc.,—The players had glasses of spirits and water by them as they played.

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made the glory of etc.,—made Squire Cass's hospitality famous.

time out of mind—as far back as anybody could remember and beyond that again; from time immemorial.

rutty distances—many miles of bad roads full of ruts.

cooled—i. e., estranged.

runaway calves—Farmers who were once good friends fell out in the course of disputes over calves which had run away from their farms into neighbouring farms and which both the farmers concerned claimed as being theirs.

intermittent condescension—i. e., on the part of the well-to-do. There were friends whom they took notice of or not according as it suited their whims or not. People then in all sorts of stages of friendship met at the Squire's—from the thickest of friends to the most casual of acquaintances, and were on their best behaviour. *comporting*, conducting; Lat, *com*, together *portare* to carry.

pillions, band boxes—See p. 39 of these notes.

more than...costume—more than the dress in which they meant to dance. The ladies were going to stay some days at the Red House, and so sent ahead such cloths as would be needed for their stay, and not merely their evening dresses required for the dance that evening.

the bedding is scanty—so that guests cannot stay the night.

as if for a siege—there was food in abundance. Cf. p. 19. '[There was] more profusion than finished excellence in the holiday provisions.'

spare beds—beds that were not in general use, but which were kept against an emergency.

killed its own geese—The feathers of the birds were saved and made into beds, the flesh of course being eaten. It is only the well-to-do who can afford to have geese at their feasts. Squire Cass reared his own geese.

a foolish reckless longing—'foolish' in its hopefulness and 'reckless' in its deliberate attempt to ignore the many danger signals.

importunate companion—the companion that strove to make itself heard. Godfrey could not set his mind at rest in spite of his extreme hopefulness. Lat, *in*, not, *portus*, a harbour.

a great blow—up—a terrible row (when Dunstan has exposed me). 'To blow up' is a colloquial expression meaning to scold violently, as, 'I have blown him up well.'

in spite—because Godfrey had got him turned out of the house by telling the Squire that he had given Dunstan Fowler's money.

in another quarter—to silence Molly Farren.

mother's diamond pin—perhaps the only thing of hers he had left.

easier—Cf. 'some unforeseen turn of fortune, some...consequences,' p. 63.

bring matters...pass—place you in such a position that etc.—of course by talking to Mr. Lammeter. See p. 62, 'well then, let me make the offer' and p. 63, 'I shall do what I choose.'

Summary.

This chapter shows more fully the purpose served by the robbery in the story.

(a). Justice Mahon had an enquiry set on foot concerning the pedlar, but nothing came of it; and the interest in the robbery gradually died away in the growing excitement over Christmas, but not until some further discussion had been indulged in at the Rainbow, in the course of which the upholders of the two theories which then held sway in the upper circles of the village—viz. the 'tinder-box' theory and the theory of the 'inexplicable'—let each other know in some really discriminating opinions what the one side thought of the other. Dunstan's absence was hardly a subject of remark; he had once before had a quarrel with his father, and had gone off nobody knew whither to return at the end of six weeks, take up his old quarters unforbidden and swagger as usual; nor were even Dr. Kimble or Mr. Osgood surprised at his absence, for they naturally supposed that he was stopping away because he had killed Wildfire and had committed some offence against his father. Neither did his own family mention his absence at the Red House. Nobody for a moment thought of connecting a member of a family like the Squire's with the robbery. Not even Godfrey suspected Dunstan, though he knew what his brother was capable of; for no mention of the weaver had been made between them since the time, twelve years ago, when it was their boyish sport to deride him, and Godfrey very naturally thought of Dunstan as being in some congenial haunt, sponging on chance acquaintances, and meditating a return home to the old amusement of tormenting his elder brother.

(b). While poor Silas's loss served only to brush the slow current of Raveloe conversation, Silas himself was feeling the withering desolation of his loss. His life had in reality been an eager, clinging life filled with immediate purpose—the hoarding of money, so that with his money now taken from him, his whole life was a bewildering blank. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting it was gone; the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meagre image was only a fresh reminder of his loss, nor could he bring himself to hope to save another such hoard as the one he had lost from so small a beginning. He filled up the blank with grief; as he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain, and all the evening as he sat in his loneliness by his fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low.

But he was not without comforters. The repulsion he had always created in his neighbours was partly dissipated by the new light in which his misfortune had shown him, and there were not wanting signs of a kindlier feeling towards him in the villagers. House keepers like Mrs. Osgood sent him presents of pork and black-puddings, and even Mr. Crackenthorp, while he admonished him that his money had probably been taken from him because he thought too much of it and never came to church, sent him a present of pigs' petticoats; while those who had only verbal consolation to give took the trouble to call on him at his cottage and endeavour to cheer him in their own blunt manner. No less a personage than Mr. Macey called on him, and in a direct talk bade him not to 'sit a-moaning,' but to keep up his spirits, and come to church and be a bit neighbourly. Mr. Macey offered to use his influence with Tookey,

who had taken over his tailoring business, and got him to let Marner have a suit for ydaS un wear, on trust. Why Marner had never heard Mr. Macey say 'Amen' in church! But Mr. Macey's words produced no impression on Marner, for he sat motionless during his long address, leaning his elbows on his knees, and pressing his hands against his head. He had indeed a sense that the old man meant to be good-natured and neighbourly; but the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched—he had no heart to taste it. When Mr. Macey asked him a direct question—how old he was when he came to Ravoloo?—all he was able to reply was, "I don't know; I can't rightly say—it's a long while since;" so that it was not without reason that Mr. Macey observed that evening at the Rainbow that Marner's head was "all of a muddle," and that it was to be doubted if he ever knew when Sunday came round, which showed him a worse heathen than many a dog.

Not that the villagers were regular church-goers, for to have gone to church every Sunday would have been looked upon as a desire to be better than the "common run," and to have implied a reflection on others. At the same time though it was understood to be requisite for all who were not household servants, or young men, to take the sacrament at one of the great festivals; Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas Day; while those who were held to be "good livers" went to church with greater, though still with moderate frequency, as did Dolly Winthrop, a woman of scrupulous conscience, and another of Marner's comforters. She was a woman with a boundless appetite for work, who rose at half-past four every morning to give herself work enough to do. Yet with all her energy she was not shrowish, but a calm grave woman, in much request in sick rooms or wherever there was trouble. She was good-looking too, and of a comfortable temper, being patiently tolerant of her husband's jokes, considering that 'men *would* be so,' and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks. This good wholesome woman could hardly fail to have her mind drawn strongly towards Marner, now that he appeared in the light of a sufferer. So one Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on him, taking him a present of lard-cakes. Marner was at work in his loom when they called, and they had to knock loudly before he heard them. But when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected, for since his loss he had come to look for help from without, and there had begun to be a slight stirring of expectation in him at the sight of his follow-men, a faint consciousness of dependence on their goodwill. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the arm-chair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. She sat down, and sighing gently, proffered the lard-cakes, which Marner thanked her kindly for. She pointed to the letters I. H. S. pricked on them, which she explained to Marner had a good meaning or they would not be on the pulpit-cloth at church—though their exact meaning was known neither to her nor to Mr. Macey even. Being good letters, however, she always pricked them on all her loaves and cakes, "for," she observed, "if there's any good to be got, we've need of it i' this world." "And I hope," she added, "they'll bring good to you, Master Marner, for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes." Silas was as unable to interpret the letters as Dolly, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding the desire to give comfort that made itself heard in her quiet tones. He said with more feeling than before—"Thank you—thank you kindly." But he laid down the cakes and seated himself absently. Then Dolly spoke to him about his not going to church, and was shocked to find that he had heard the bells and still had not gone to church. She urged on him to go to church, for, he really had no excuse for not doing so, as he could have his dinner cooked for him occasionally at the bakehouse at a small cost. He would feel "a deal better" if he went to church on Christmas Day, and saw the holly and the yew, and heard the anthem, and took the Sacrament. But Marner explained to her that he had never

been to a church, but only to a chapel. Dolly did not care to inquire what the new word might mean, lest "chapel" might mean some haunt of wickedness. She preferred rather to speak of her own religious experiences, and of the benefits she derived from going to church and taking the Sacrament. Marner did not understand her simple theology, and remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of her speech which he fully understood—her recommendation that he should go to church. But he was touched by her earnestness, and tried to return her signs of goodwill by offering Aaron, who had got over his fear of Marner and had advanced to his mother's side, a bit of lard-cake. The admiring mother then bade her boy sing a carol for Marner, which after a little fuss he did. But the carol, with its hammer-like rhythm fell on Marner's ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and had none of the effect Dolly contemplated. Marner, however, wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake. But Dolly held down Aaron's willing hands, and got up to go, telling Marner if ever he was ill and unable to do things for himself, she would willingly come and clean up for him, and cook his food for him. "But I beg and pray of you," she added, "to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body." Silas said "Good-bye, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he could not help feeling relieved when she was gone—relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. For her simple view of life and its comforts by which she had tried to cheer him had left him unmoved, the fountains of human love and of faith in a divine love not having yet been unlocked in him.

And so notwithstanding the honest persuasions of Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop, Silas spent his Christmas Day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighbourly present. Yet he was the same Silas Marner who had once loved his fellow with tender love and trusted in an unseen goodness.

(c) In Raveloe village the bells rang merrily, and the church was fuller than all through the rest of the year. There were the usual festivities in the village.

At Squire Cass's there was the usual family party. Uncle and aunt Kimble were there, and the annual Christmas talk was carried through without any omissions, rising to the climax with the doctor's relation of his experiences of thirty years ago when he walked the London hospitals. There was the annual game of cards with aunt Kimble's annual failure to follow suit, and uncle Kimble's irascibility concerning the odd trick.

But even amid noisy Christmas company Godfrey could not quite still his fears; now he feared that Dunstan might be returning, now that Molly might clamour for money, now that his father might place him in such a position as to oblige him to decline marrying Nancy. All the same he looked forward to the great dance on New Year's Eve with a foolish reckless longing,—for Nancy was coming! It was this great dance which made the glory of Squire Cass's hospitality, as of his forefathers, time out of mind, for this was the occasion when all the society of Raveloe and Tarley met at the Red House.

It was only Godfrey who thought of Dunstan, for nobody else at the Red House mentioned him, nobody was sorry for his absence, or feared it would be too long.

CHAPTER XI.

appear to advantage—would not look well when seated etc.

drab Joseph—an old fashioned riding habit made of thick woollen cloth of a gray or a dull brown colour. F. *drap*, cloth. Josephs were worn in the 18th. century; they were really overcoats and buttoned down the front. They were probably so called in allusion to Joseph's coat, *Genesis*, XXXVII, 3.

beaver bonnet—a bonnet made of beaver skins. Low Lat. *bonnetum*, originally the name of a stuff. Cf. Gaelic *bonaid*, a head dress, and Hind. *banat*, woollen cloth, broad cloth. 'A bonnet' was originally a covering for the head of men and boys. Cf. *Richard II*, i. 4, "Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench." A bonnet differs from a hat in having no brim. The merchant in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* had "On his head a Flaundrish bever hat."

a crown resembling...pan—i.e. raised and circular, like the "round cap" ew are all so familiar with.

suggesting—calling to mind, resembling.

exiguity—scantiness. Lat *ex*, out, *agere*, to drive. It was a tight-fitting habit, and so little cloth was used on it that there was only enough to make short capes, so that there ~~was~~ nothing to hide defects in the figure of the wearer, if she happened to have a bad one.

deficiencies of contour—Nancy hadn't a graceful figure.

sallow cheeks—sallow people like Nancy cannot as a rule wear colours; they look more sallow still—if not ghastly—if they do so. There are only a few colours which they can wear—

open-eyed anxiety—There was a charming look of fear in her eyes. Nancy was afraid lest Dobbin should slip on the ice and fall. *open-eyed*, we open our eyes when alarmed. Cf. p. 91, 'an open-eyed glance full of meaning'.

Dobbin—the horse.

A painter, etc.—When Nancy saw Godfrey she blushed, and her cheeks turned even redder than they were when she rode along with her father in the cold wind. But a painter, says George Eliot, would have preferred to paint her as she was when she rode along in the open, for then she was perfectly natural, whereas now there were signs of embarrassment, if not of pain, in her features, and there was a conscious effort on her part to try to appear natural—producing in her instead an artificial and unnatural manner. When she rode along with her father, she was not thinking of herself at all, but was gazing down on the road, watching Dobbin's feet crash through the frozen puddles.

behind the servant—i.e. on a pillion, just as Nancy rode behind her father.

lifted off Priscilla first—being of course the elder sister.

horseblock—a block or stage by which ladies mount or dismount from a horse. Such stages are to be seen at any gymkhana.

quite clear—of course Nancy had not done so, nor did she really wish Godfrey to think that she did not care for him—or why should she have felt

it when he took no notice of her 'for weeks and weeks' ? It was really the passing feeling of embarrassment that made her feel 'angry' with Godfrey. (George Eliot is of course giving us Nancy's thoughts.) For it was the talk of the village that Godfrey was paying his court to Nancy, and the friends and relations of the Squire had reason to suppose, as did the Squire himself, that Godfrey, cared for her, so that the girl naturally felt awkward when she saw Godfrey standing ready to assist her to dismount, feeling of course that in her case people would see something more in this readiness than mere politeness. And besides, Nancy was really annoyed with Godfrey—but not because he persisted in paying her attentions but because he had done so in an uncertain, almost furtive, manner. We have all surely known of cases of girls who, when they were taxed with caring for some particular man whom we knew they really *did* have a secret regard for, at once protested that they had no such supposed regard for the man in question, but that on the other hand they detested him—that he was 'a hateful man,' *et hoc genus omne*.

marked attentions—acts of politeness and attention which were more frequent and more marked than ordinary politeness would require. 'To pay one's attentions' means 'to court.'

besides—The transition in thought is—'Even if I *did* desire his advances, why didn't he, etc.' Godfrey hadn't in any case gone about the proper way to woo her; his own common sense should have told him that. Here Nancy lets us into the secret of her 'wrath.'

almost making love—Nancy knew of course that it *did* amount to making love, but she preferred to indulge in a little more self-deception. Love is, as Shakespeare says, "a madness most discreet;" it is "a heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness," (Lilly). Love again requires not so much proofs, as expressions, of love.

would not let...him—would not give occasion to people to talk the way they did. See p. 19, "But it was a thousand pities..." The Squire we know told Godfrey to see if he could not turn over a new leaf, because "that's what a man must do when he thinks o' marrying," p. 62.

Did he suppose—Nancy's grievances were twofold:—(1) Godfrey had not been constant in his attentions to her; (2) his private life had not been above reproach. Nancy was a self-respecting girl.

That was not—i.e. a bad life was not...

hot and hasty—had tempered and impatient. Like the Squire in fact:

to the minute—punctually. In this respect he was unlike the Squire, who, as we have seen, was in the habit of letting things slide.

habitual succession—Her thoughts were distracted between love and indignation—they always came in the order given above—first, a wish that

Godfrey would cease paying her attentions ; second, a wish that he would be more constant in doing so ; third, a feeling of indignation at the thought of the bad character he was earning for himself.

neglect...behaviour—She had intended to treat Godfrey with some coldness—had intended to behave in a perfectly frigid and formal manner, so as not to betray the least signs of any sort of emotion which might be noticed by Godfrey or by the onlookers (cf. ‘it had been watched...windows’), and he misconstrued by them. When, however, she was face to face with Godfrey and was being lifted down by him, she was afraid she might be overcome by her feelings, and relax a little in the rigidity of her manner. But the noisy greeting of the Squire was enough to distract the thoughts of all, and Nancy felt that if there were lapses in her behaviour, they were bound to pass unnoticed. *cover*, anything which veils or conceals,—used both literally and figuratively.

the best reason—Needless to say it was not so much as to get out of the snow as to hide her blushes that Nancy hurried in.

to attire—to change into their evening dresses.

buzz—the house was full of guests. How realistic George Eliot’s description is.

preluding—The fiddler was giving a prefatory performance in the kitchen, was playing over some of the tunes he meant to play for the dance. *Lat, prae*, before, *ludere*, to play. The fiddler was none other than Solomon, Mr. Macey’s brother.

did the honours—acted as hostess. We were told on p. 19 that the Squire’s wife had died long ago ; his sister therefore, Mrs. Kimble, acted as hostess.

her diameter—She was very stout. Her size and the dignity attaching to her position varied directly.

Blue room—The rooms in old country houses go by different names to distinguish them, as, the Blue room, the Red room, etc. The student will most probably think of the opening chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

hardly a bed room—In almost every bed room of the house there were ladies busily engaged dressing and talking to each other. *toilette*—(generally spelt ‘toilet’) lit. a covering of linen, silk, or tapestry spread over a table in a chamber or a dressing room, from Fr. *toilette*, diminutive of *toile*, cloth. Hence, a dressing table, and then the mode or operation of dressing.

extra beds—The ladies had to dress the best way they could, standing about in the little spaces between the beds. These were the ‘spare feather-beds’ referred to on p. 76.

curtsy—or 'courtesy'—an act of civility or respect proper to women and children, consisting of a slight depression or dropping of the body with bending of the knees. Ladies still curtsy at court and in certain dances, but otherwise the curtsy has become old fashioned.

tightest skirts—Strange to say these are again in fashion. *height*, 'the utmost degree.

shortest waists—The waist was at this time worn high up, as was the rage with us only a year or two ago. See any of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits or the illustrations of books dealing with this period. Cf. 'long-waisted.'

shyness not unsustained—Her shyness was due to her being 'conscious that her own dress was not quite as fashionable as those of the Miss Gunns, though to be sure she did not altogether approve of going the length they did.

the Old Pastures—of course the name of her house.

lax—loose. The Miss Gunns' skirts were very tight, so her own skirt looked very loose. Lat. *laxus*, loose.

that judgment—The Miss Gunns were slaves of fashion.

if she...place—if she could afford to dress as they did. Fashionable things are always expensive.

skullcap—a cap fitting closely to the head. *front*, a front piece of hair worn by women; a sort of wig. *turban*, a circular headdress that used to be worn by women over a skullcap. George Eliot describes the head-gear of middle-aged ladies of the period she writes of.

"after you, ma'am"—I shall use the glass after you.

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in similar circumstances—i.e., waiting to put on her turban, which the lady put on standing in front of a glass to see that she put it on straight.

an elderly lady—Mrs. Osgood, another aunt of Nancy's.

kerchief—a square of fine linen worn by women as a covering for the head; O. Fr. *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, the head. *mob-cap*, a cap-still worn by some old women—with puffy crown, a broad band, and frills. 'Mob' is from Old Dutch *mop* (Modern Dutch *mop-muts*, a woman's nightcap), and has nothing to do with 'mob' meaning a disorderly crowd which is a contraction for Lat. *mobile* (*vulgus*), the fickle (multitude). See Trench's *On the Study of Words*, pp. 214—5.

daring contrast—It requires some courage to defy the fashion of the day. Mrs. Osgood was, however, brave enough to do so, for her headdress was

exceedingly simple, consisting just of a plain white kerchief underneath a mob-cap, and was in direct contrast with the yellow satin turbans and the top-knotted caps of the other ladies. Also she did not wear a 'front,' but let her own straight hair show underneath her cap. *top-knotted*—elaborate caps trimmed with ribbons worn by those who did not wear turbans.

primness—exact and precise behaviour, studied propriety.

treble suavity—in a pleasant but high-pitched voice. Lat. *suavis*, sweet.

amiable primness—Nancy did not study to be cold in her manner; she simply behaved in the manner in which girls were then taught to behave.

brother-in-law—Mr. Lammeter, who, as we know (p. 42), married a Miss Osgood.

her aunt's—Mrs. Osgood's.

hard featured—rather coarse looking, not having the soft features characteristic of women.

low dresses—In evening dress the neck, shoulders, and part of the breast are exposed. The demands of fashion vary with regard to low necked dresses, sometimes a very low neck being in fashion and sometimes not.

being as they were—i.e., not pretty.

some obligation—the obligation was to follow fashion. Notice how just Nancy was in her criticism of the dresses worn by the Miss Gunns. Though she could not think why they wore such low-necked dresses, not knowing that it was the fashion to do so, she still took for granted that they had some very good reason for dressing as they did. Well might George Eliot say then that her thoughts were conducted with propriety and moderation, for any other girl would not for a moment have enquired whether the Miss Gunns had any reason for wearing the low-necked dresses they did, but would have condemned them straight away as being girls with common tastes, especially too as they posed as a superior class of girl, and were inclined to look down upon their sisters of the country.

her box—her band box which contained her evening dress which she was going to put on.

kinship...Mr. Osgood's side—Mrs. Osgood was only an aunt by marriage; Mr. Osgood was the blood relative of the Lammeters, for the late Mrs. Lammeter was his sister. The resemblance between Nancy and Mrs. Osgood was not therefore explainable on the grounds of consanguinity.

on the ground solely...cousin—This was the reason Nancy gave for rejecting Gilbert—their cotusinship; though the real reason was of course that she cherished a secret liking for Godfrey. Several authorities say that

marriage between cousins is not advisable, as it leads to weakness in the offspring.

to leave—to bequeath. Mrs. Osgood's affection for her niece had not given way under the rather severe trial it was put to.

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whom she might—a grammatical blunder. *Whom* should be *who*.

gave them...reason—being the friends of Mrs. Osgood : because she stayed they felt that they were also justified in staying.

lavender—a plant with a pale, purplish coloured flower and a sweet scent, used to scent clothes, probably so called because it is laid with newly washed clothes. Lat. *lavare*, to wash.

the opening...band box—the beginning of Nancy's toilette. *The clasping...necklace*—the end of her toilette.

nattiness—a colloquial word meaning 'neatness.'

crease—in her clothes.

not a bit...profession—her linen was all spotlessly white.

aberration—departure. Lat. *ab*, from, *errare*, to wander.

cropped—cut short, literally had the tops cut off. A.S. *crop*, the top shoot of a plant.

coiffure—manner of dressing the hair.

twilled silk—'ribbed' silk, as we should say. 'To twill' is to weave so as to produce the appearance of diagonal lines or ribs on the surface.

tucker—a piece of cloth tucked or drawn over the bosom, forming a part of a woman's dress in the 17th century and later. In the present case it was made of lace. *ear-drops*, ear-rings.

her hands—were rather coarse, not white and smooth.

Mathilde Blind writes, "One of her [George Eliot's] chief beauties was in her large, finely-shaped, feminine hands—hands which she has, indeed, described as characteristic of several of her heroines ; but she once pointed out to a friend at Foleshill that one of them was broader across than the other, saying, with some pride, that it was due to the quantity of butter and cheese she had made during her house-keeping days at Griff. It will be remembered that it is a characteristic attributed to the exemplary Nancy Lammeter, whose person gave one the idea of "perfect unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird," only her hands bearing "the traces of butter making, cheese crushing, and even still coarser work."

yesterday—'the previous day' would be better, because the words are in indirect speech. In the same way 'this morning' should be 'that morning.'

for the kitchen—for the servants to eat while they (the Lammeters) were away on this visit.

this judicious remark—‘judicious’ of course from her own point of view, but most injudicious in the eyes of the Miss Gunns. When housewives meet, they discuss household matters, almost as if it were required of them to do so by the rules of propriety. Not to be guilty of so serious a breach of propriety (from a housewife’s point of view) as that of neglecting to mention to her aunt how exactly matters stood at home, Nancy went into detail about the events of the two days in question. To the Miss Gunns such talk was most unbecoming, because according to them no lady should soil her hands with work of any sort,—and here there was a girl deliberately telling others that she had made meat pies that day! Of course Nancy had none of the preconceived notions as to what were and what were not ‘ladylike’ occupations that the Miss Gunns had; for she had been brought up to take an interest in household work, so that far from being ashamed of her work she took a pride in it, and imagined that it was the duty of all girls to do what she did—quite as much as the Miss Gunns, who had been brought up differently, thought it was not a lady’s occupation to churn or bake. cf. p. 20, “For the Lammeters had been brought up...” The Miss Gunns, even if they had been in the habit of attending to household duties, would have been discreet enough not to let the world know that they had been making meat pies or anything of that sort as Nancy let the world know.

she turned—so as to appear to be talking to them too. It would seem rude to talk only to her aunt, leaving the Miss Gunns out altogether.

smiled stiffly—smiled in a stiff or unsympathetic manner.

ignorance—of a lady’s accomplishments. *vulgarity*, want of refinement, referring of course to the discharge of household duties.

who...said’orse—supposing theirs to be the correct pronunciation. It is only those who know they live in glass-houses who can be asked not to throw stones. The poor Miss Gunns had very naturally come to look upon their own pronunciation as the correct pronunciation, there being no other authoritative standard to go by. Notice George Eliot’s sarcasm.

domestic privacy—when one might be pardoned for relapsing into a less correct mode of pronunciation. The Miss Gunns, however, spoke correctly (as they imagined) even in the privacy of their own home.

said (h) ’appen—i. e. in its proper use as a verb, never as an adverb =perhaps as Nancy used it.

Dame Tedman's (school)—the village school kept by an old woman, corresponding to our *parish* school. . . " Dame schools " were in vogue in England right up to 1870 when the Government Elementary Schools were established.

profane literature—ordinary secular literature as opposed to the Scriptures.

sampler—Girls spent their time formerly working pictures, names, verses, etc., in wool on canvas. A favourite subject for samplers was a lamb and shepherdess. Nancy's acquaintance with profane literature stopped short with the rhymes she had worked in her sampler!

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visible...total—She had to have the actual coins before her when she wanted to subtract one sum of money from another.

grammatical fair ones—lady readers who are shocked with Nancy for her ungrammatical language.

slightly proud and exacting—in which respect there was an unmistakable point of resemblance between Nancy and any lady of refinement! George Eliot is of course sarcastic—saying in effect that the feminine character is always the same, whether the person concerned be a girl in Nancy's sphere of life or a lady of refinement. *exacting*, especially, perhaps, in the case of young men, by whom she expected to be treated with all respect—from whom she looked for every attention.

her affection...opinion—cf. Shakespeare, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. ii, "I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so."

blowsy—red, flushed with exercise and the cold wind blowing over it.
wheeled her round—turned Nancy round. P. 8

increase of formality—She wanted Priscilla to see from her manner that she did not approve of her outspoken, rather rude manner of speech.

I'm obliged—Sisters are often made to dress alike by their parents. But in this case it was Nancy who made Priscilla dress as she did, as Priscilla goes on to tell her aunt, "she never *will* have anything..."

for all—although, in spite of my being...*yellow*, the way she pronounced 'yellow.'

without I have—unless I have. This is of course a wrong use of, 'without.' *How to Parse*, § 470.

weakness—vanity. Priscilla is perfectly outspoken about her age and her looks.

I feature—I take after my father's family in looks.

law—an exclamation of mild surprise. cf. *la*.
in too much preoccupation—She was so taken up with talking that she did not notice that she had given offence to the Miss Gunns by implying that they were ugly. *candour*, as to her looks—and perhaps also as to those of the Miss Gunns. *uns, ones*.

fly-catchers—The men dance attendance round the pretty girls, and leave us alone in peace. A 'fly-catcher' or 'fly-paper' is a sticky piece of paper for killing flies that feed upon or are entangled by it. The student must have seen strips of it in confectioners' shops. The metaphor is expressive and is perfectly natural in the mouth of one who was in the habit of spending much time in the kitchen making pastry, etc., for fly-papers are hung up in kitchens where flies are a great nuisance.

I've no opinion—I don't think much of.

stewing—worrying, being in a state of agitation (Slang)—no doubt involving a comparison from 'stewing' in the general sense of 'boiling.' cf. *Macbeth*, II. i, 'heat-oppressed brain.'

making your life...o' your sight—what, as Priscilla tells us, Nancy did. We see now in what light we are to view Nancy's attempts to make it 'quite clear' to Godfrey that she was determined not to marry him.

them as...no fortin—poor girls who haven't a nice home of their own, and who are therefore driven to seek a husband.

Mr. Have...way—Priscilla expatiates on the happiness of 'single blessedness'—or rather, is made to do so, so as not to appear to be at a disadvantage with the more favoured of Eve's daughters. At her marriage a woman promises 'to love, cherish, and to obey' her husband; Priscilla sees in 'single blessedness' one great advantage, and that is that one can have one's own way—that one has no husband to obey.

living in a big way—living in a grand style.

managing hogsheads—of wine. Priscilla is probably referring to the Miss Gunns whose father was a wine merchant, (p. 78). She ascribes the fact of their not being married to their good sense. She should, however, have shown more sense than to touch on so sore a point with them—their unmarried state.

put your nose...fireside—betake (i.e. by marrying) your unwelcome presence to another person's house. According to Priscilla a girl is looked upon as a sort of intruder by the members of the family she marries into. *fireside*, metonymy.

to sit...by yourself—what a girl would have to do if poor and unmarried. Priscilla is now thinking of those "as have got no fortin." While there is

no need for girls who are well off to marry, those who have no fortune must needs do so.

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scrag—a bony piece of meat, especially the bony part of the neck.
knuckle—the knee-joint of a calf or pig on which there is very little meat.

my father's a sober man—an unfortunate remark to make after the reference to the manning of hogsheads above; for the Miss Gunns might have taken Priscilla to mean that she was of opinion that their father was of intemperate habits. But Priscilla is simply proving, as indeed old maids are fond of doing, that she is quite as 'favoured' as any of her more favoured sisters, as the world generally looks upon those who are married or can hope to be so some day. She makes as much as she can out of the fact that she is well off, and independent of the considerations which, she alleges, form the reason why so many girls marry. The mention of hogsheads of wine calls to mind another point about her father worthy of mention, and she mentions it straight away, not stopping to think what effect her words might have on the Miss Gunns. These little signs of what after all is irritation make us take Priscilla's words with a grain of salt, for we cannot help noticing, however much she may try to disguise her feelings, that she is really sore on the subject of her unmarried state.

if you've got a man—So long as one's father is alive—it doesn't matter if he turns childish in his old age—the business goes on all right, and a comfortable home is assured to his daughters. One cannot help noticing the old spirit of respect for a man's intellect which Priscilla displays: there is none of the modern woman about her; she considers a man's presence absolutely essential to the successful carrying on of a business.

While George Eliot held advanced views with regard to woman's place in the world, "it was one of the most distinctly marked traits in her character that she particularly disliked everything generally associated with the idea of a 'masculine woman.' She was, and as a woman she wished to be, above all things feminine—'so delicate with her needle, and an admirable musician.' She was proud, too, of being an excellent housekeeper. . . Nothing offended her more than the idea that because a woman had exceptional intellectual powers, therefore it was right that she should absolve herself, or be absolved, from her ordinary household duties." (Cross's *Life*, chap. XIX *ad fin.*)

chimney-corner—the fireside. Old people need all the warmth they can get; hence the chimney-corner is always reserved for them.

delicate process—because the dress had to be put on with great care, so as not to dishevel her hair.

it popped out—it came out of my mouth without my thinking; I said unthinkingly.

daffadil—The daffadil is a yellow flower of the lily tribe. It was once called 'affadil.' The word is a corruption of 'asphodel' (French, *d'aspodele*), a plant often mentioned by Greek authors. Homer, *Odyssey*, ii. 539 describes the shades of heroes as haunting an asphodel meadow.

mawkin—(written also 'malkin' and 'maukin') a diminutive of *Mal* or *Moll*, Mary, or *Maud*, and meaning originally a kitchenmaid, and thence a dirty woman, a slattern.

in' anxious self-vindication—anxious to defend herself against the charge levelled at her.

set your heart on—wished to have very much.

you're...cream—The silvery coloured silk suited her complexion, Priscilla means; it set it off well. Nancy had therefore good reason for liking it.

It 'ud...doings—it would be attended with disastrous consequences if you wore, etc. While Priscilla can wear the colours that suit Nancy best, Nancy could not possibly wear Priscilla's colours. Priscilla is not grumbling so much at the colour of the silk in the present case as at Nancy's absurd notion, viewed as a principle in itself, that sisters should dress alike.

the field's length—to the other side of the field (in which we happened to be playing).

no whipping you—it was impossible to get angry with you, (for you put on such an innocent look, and did not let it appear that it was naughtiness on your part that made you want to go to the other side of the field).

daisy—a common wild-flower growing in pastures and meadows, 'which has stirred the peculiar affection of English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth' (Trench). A. S. *daeges eage*, day's eye, the sun. cf. Chaucer, *The Legend of Good Women*, line 183, "The daisie, or els the eye of the day".

cheese-colouring—'arnotto' or 'anatta' (supposed to be a native American word), the reddish pulp surrounding the seeds of a South American from which a bright orange dye is got which is much used to add a butter and cheese. Nancy would dress even in the ugliest colour principle required it of her.

you'd choose—the colours for our dresses. Nancy says she to wear what suits her sister instead of making her sister wear what (Nancy) as has been the practice hitherto. She makes this remark to her sister's remark that "It 'ud be fine doings..."

to the same thing—your pet notion that sisters should dress alike.

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never raise your voice—never have to say a cross word to him, (but yet able to have your own way.) Nancy had a quiet way of enforcing her will

on others, and Priscilla is anxious to see her rule her husband just as she has had her own way all along with Priscilla.

singing of the kettle—the subdued almost whining noise made by a kettle just before it begins to boil. Nancy will never have to raise her voice above a gentle murmur.

a fiddlestick's end—a mere exclamation of impatience. (Colloquial). Nancy's self-deception receives a rude shock from Priscilla; *she* does not believe Nancy when she says that she does not mean to marry. 'You never mean anything,' *i. e.* what you say is all nonsense. Cf. 'Fiddle-dee-dee!'

as she...discarded dress—as she put the travelling-dress she had taken off into the hand-box.

who shall...work for—if it is not for you. 'Who' of course should be 'whom.'

be an old maid—remain single.

some folks—a reference to Godfrey. Godfrey is a bad man, and so Nancy will not marry him, but at the same time she loves him so much she will not marry anybody else. Priscilla finds fault with her for this folly on her part; it is absurd of her to want to be an old maid for Godfrey's sake. There are other men whom she can marry.

sitting on...egg—a metaphor from the poultry-yard; a hen will continue to sit on an egg even though it is spoilt and will not hatch. In the same way Nancy sticks to one worthless lover, as if there were no other eligible young man available. *addled egg*, a rotten one, or one that has lost the principle of vitality. Welsh, *hadl*, rotten, A. S. *adela*, mud.

One old maid's...sisters—It is not likely that I will ever marry, and one old maid is, etc.

ready—*i. e.* decked or dressed.

frighten the crows—I look a perfect sight—a regular scarecrow (a hideous figure set up in a field to scare away crows or other birds.)

ear-droppers—ornamental pendants hanging from the ears.

to set off...beauty—by letting people see the contrast between herself in a 'silvery twilled silk' dress and her sister in the same kind of dress.

good-natured...common-sense—Just a few minutes' acquaintance with Priscilla would have convinced anyone that it was not due to vanity on her part that she dressed like her sister, for one would have seen that she was by no means conceited and had more sense than to imagine herself to be possessed of good looks.

disavowed devices—i.e. devices which she tried to hide by her innocent looks. The honesty of Nancy's nature was patent; one could not for a moment accuse her of any such maliciousness as that of inducing her ugly sister to dress as she did with a view solely "to set off her own rare beauty."

near the head—near the host, Squire Cass. The hostess sits at the foot of the table, and the place of honour for gentlemen is near her.

flutter—agitation, confusion.

firmness of purpose—she had made up her mind not to let herself be moved by her feelings. cf. p. 78, "any suitably formal behaviour."

highest consequence—greatest importance, being the Squire's heir.

extremity of grandeur—the grandest parlour she had seen. 'which' is used in a restrictive sense.

might...have been—if she wished it. But at present she did not wish it, because she had "given up" Godfrey.

her inward drama—her debate with herself. The situation in which Nancy was placed was invested with dramatic interest—she sat in the very parlour where she might, if she wished it, be mistress one day, when she would be "Madam Cass," the Squire's wife—and yet even this the most tempting of prospects could not turn her aside from what she considered her duty. She was, however, conscious of the great sacrifice she was making, but this consciousness merely confirmed her in her resolve not to marry a man whose conduct showed him careless of his character.

dazzling rank—the prospect of being the Squire's wife.

"*love once, love always*"—if you love a man once, you should love him always, and should never love any other man. No true and pure woman should be able to love more than once.

any right—as a husband. If Nancy married, she would have to forget Godfrey.

dried flowers—flowers which Godfrey had given her and which she had preserved.

moving thoughts—thoughts which stirred deep emotions in her, but of which there was no other outward sign than a becoming blush.

adroit—skilful. Fr. *adroit*, according to right; Lat. *directus*, straight.

quiet firmness—The lips have much to do with the general expression of a face, whether it is one of weakness or of strength, etc. See note on *the slack...mouth*, p. 113 of these notes. The cut of Nancy's lips gave her a calm, self-possessed look,

white neck-cloth—the neck-cloth or cravat consisted of a piece of folded cloth worn round the neck with the ends hanging down which were often of lace.

cravat—"A corruption of Cravat or Croat. It was introduced into France by some French officers on their return from Germany in 1636. The Croats, who guarded the Turkish frontiers of Austria, and acted as scouts on the flanks of the army, wore linen round their necks, tied in front, and the officers wore muslin or silk. When France organised a regiment on the model of the Croats, these linen neck-cloths were imitated, and the regiment was called 'The Royal Cravat.'" (Brewer).

which seemed...person—We talk, for instance, of a man being "all hat," when his hat arrests the attention in some way, more especially by its size; in the same way the rector was "all cravat," because that article of his dress seemed to stand out most prominently on his person. Not only that, but the influence of his cravat could be traced in his very speech'—by which George Eliot means to say that one could always tell from his talk that it was the rector who was speaking, from the speaker's point of view and from the liberties which his talk took—liberties which were only tolerated on account of it being the rector who was the speaker. Of course in the second sense 'cravat' means by metonymy the clerical character or rather the privileges attaching thereto. Cf. in this connection "a poudorous coughing fashion...a sort of privilege of his rank." p. 59.

amenities—i.e., his jokes and his compliments. Lat. *amānus*, pleasant.

a severe...a dangerous effort—A 'severe' effort because his characteristic remarks had got to be associated with the rector, or, as George Eliot humorously puts it, with his cravat, and we know that at Raveloe nobody was in the habit of going in for anything like mental analysis or the viewing of things in any way other than that in which they had through the years become to be viewed—there was no snapping of the bonds of association, but only acquiescence in the pre-established order of things. Cf. for instance "the Raveloe imagination having never ventured back to that fearful blank...no Osgoods," p. 18. A 'dangerous' effort because sometimes the rector was apt to take liberties, which were overlooked when it was known that it was the rector who took them, but which otherwise would very probably have been resented by the person concerned.

turning...his cravat—the cravat did not cling to his neck, but was loose like our modern collar.

the roses blooming—in your cheeks. Cf. "apple-cheeked," p. 70.

New Year's Eve—i.e. in mid-winter, of course a time when one never sees roses blooming. Thomson thus describes the desolation of winter:

'Tis done : dread Winter spreads his latest glooms
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies :
 How dumb the tuneful : Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain.

avoided...very markedly—As George Eliot goes on to tell us, Godfrey did not like this jesting on the part of the rector, and could not help showing by his manner (by avoiding Nancy's eyes) that he did not like it. *very markedly*—in a very significant manner, in a manner that could not but be noticed by all.

complimentary personalities—In polite society it is not considered to be good form to indulge in personalities of any kind, whether complimentary or otherwise.

reverent love—A man treats the girl he loves with deep reverence, so that "he might not beteem the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly."

of small schooling—of little culture. Even though men may not be cultured and possessed of that delicacy of feeling which springs from culture, still when in love they instinctively develop all those higher feelings of tenderness and of devotion which are as unerring in their promptings as are the dictates of culture and of refinement. "The power of love," says Longfellow, "in all ages creates angels."

dull spark—no enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex, no gallant. The Squire knew not how to construe his silence.

in this way—i.e. by his silence, by not capping the rector's witty remark by another witty remark from himself.

in higher spirits—in better spirits, in a more jovial frame of mind, as a result of the amount of wine he had by that time imbibed.

we have seen him—in Chapter IX.

hereditary duty—the duty which as Squire he felt was his—a duty which he had inherited from his father. Washington Irving's Squire Bracebridge had his 'hereditary elbow-chair.' Cf. "hereditary ease," p. 26. See extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* on p. 83 of these notes.

snuff-box—Men used to use snuff in England in the days George Eliot writes of. The student will of course remember that Mr. Perker of *Pickwick Papers* was an inveterate snuffer.

an express welcome—a welcome expressed in words, not implied by looks, etc. Lat. *ex*, out, *premere*, to press. cf. *express* consent, *express* statement.

deepened—advanced. At first the Squire confined himself to welcoming the heads of families, but as the evening advanced he unbent, and his geniality burst forth, so that he now tapped the youngest guests on the back.

rayed out—spread out beyond the more elderly people and reached the young people. Thus writes Washington Irving of Squire Bracebridge, "It was really delightful to see the old Squire seated in his hereditary elbow-chair by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and *looking round him like the sun of a system*, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart."

tapped...on the back—a sign of familiarity.

a peculiar fondness—"Squire Cass enjoyed the double pleasure of conviviality and condescension," p. 37.

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deficiencies—want of gallantry. *looking*—at Nancy.

stiff rejection—almost as if he had resented the offer; Mr. Lammete was evidently no snuffer.

wish ourselves young—that we might kiss the young ladies under the Mistletoe. The Squire of course pays a compliment to the beauty of the young ladies. The true ritual as to kissing under the mistletoe is that at each kiss a berry must be plucked. When all are gone the privilege is at an end. On Christmas customs see Chambers' *Book of Days*, vol. ii. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe is a relic of Scandinavian Mythology. "Loki (the god of strife and spirit of evil) hated Balder, the Apollo of the North, and as 'everything that springs from fire, air, earth, and water' had been sworn not to hurt the celestial favourite, the wicked spirit made an arrow of mistletoe, which he gave to blind Hoder to test. The god of Darkness shot the arrow, and killed Balder. Being restored to life, at the urgent request of the gods and goddesses, the mistletoe was given to the goddess of love to keep, and every one who passed under it received a kiss, to show that the branch was the emblem of love, and not of death." (Brewer). *mistletoe*, written also *misletoe*, *misseltoe*, and *nistleto*. A. S. *mistel-tan*, *mistel*, mistlotoe, and *tan*, twig; *mistel* is a diminutive of *mist*, darkness. An old derivation was that *mistletoe* was a corruption of *mistel-ta*, *mist* being the German for 'dung,' or rather the 'droppings of a bird,' from the notion that the plant was so propagated, especially by the missel-thrush, and *ta* being for *tan*, Old Norse *tein*, 'a plant' or 'shoot.'

gone back'ard—gone down, deteriorated.

the old king—George III, who fell ill in 1788. Well might the Squire complain of the country going down, even making allowance for the habit peculiar to old age of belittling the present and praising the past, for the war England had entered on cost her more than any previous war. Not only had

she to pay for her own vast fleet and the armies that drove the French out of Spain and finally conquered Napoleon on the Continent, but she had also to pay enormous sums to her allies who were struggling against Napoleon on the Continent. Indeed in the twenty-two years of the war the National Debt increased to almost four times its previous amount, and at the end stood at the gigantic figure of £900,000,000. The year 1797 was "the darkest hour in English history." In that year the Bank of England suspended payment owing to commercial distress, and did not resume cash payments till 1819, the English fleet mutinied at Spithead and at the Nore, and at the end of the year England was deserted by her allies.

keep up their quality—show no deterioration in looks.

ding me—'To ding' is to throw, dash or hurl down; O. E. *dingen*, akin to A. S. *denegan*, to knock. Cf. Swedish *danga*, to bang. 'Ding me' is an oath like our modern 'dash it,' etc. Cf. *ding down* (Scot.), to knock or throw down.

a sample—a type or specimen. 'Sample' is short for *esample*, from O. Fr. *essample*,—Lat. *exemplum*, example. Cf. *ensample*.

pigtail—the tail of my wig. When a young fellow, he decked himself out in the manner required by the fashion of the day, and bestowed much care on his person. The wig came over from France. Louis XIV had long flowing hair, and the courtiers, out of compliment to the young king, wore wigs. When the king grew older he adopted the wig, which soon became the fashion as a covering for the head both in France and in England. Wigs were in fashion generally in the eighteenth century. There was the full-dress *full-bottomed* form of Queen Anne's time, still worn by judges, and the smaller *tie-wig*, still represented by the judge's undress wig and the barrister's or advocate's frizzed wig.

No offence to you—The Squire pretends that Mrs. Crackenthorp might take offence at his unqualified statement that he does not remember ever having seen in his young days a girl to match Nancy in looks, and so he explains that it was because he had not seen *her* when she was a girl, implying of course that if he had done so, he might not have been able to make the statement he had, for Mrs. Crackenthorp was in all probability just as pretty as a girl as Nancy.

blinking—a woman who saw with her eyes half shut or with frequent blinking—as a person with weak eyes does.

who fidgeted with—who could not sit still, but was always either arranging her lace and ribbons or playing with her chain. Perhaps the old lady had the malady known as "St. Vitus's dance" which causes an inability to keep still.

guinea pig—the little animal (a native of Brazil) not unlike both a large rat and a rabbit in appearance. It is usually white with spots of orange and black, and is generally to be seen in any zoological collection in this country. It is classed with rodents like the rabbit. Its name is probably a mistake for "*Guiana pig*." The animal does somewhat resemble a small pig. Guinea pigs and rabbits seem always to be sniffing the air the way they are always twitching their noses even when they are quiet ("soliloquises"). Cf. "as scared as a rabbit," p. 68.

diplomatic significance—to have a definite end in view, to serve an obvious purpose. It showed a desire on the part of the Squire to prepare the way for negotiations for a marriage.

additional erectness—Mr. Lammeter was an equally proud man as the Squire, and did not want it to be said of him that he was delighted at the prospect of Nancy marrying into a family like the Squire's. So he assumed a very grave attitude, so as not to let people think that he was glad to receive this obvious advance from the Squire. Cf. p. 62, "Lammeter isn't likely to be loth...into my family."

bate a jot—lessen his dignity one whit; in fact he purposely assumed a dignified attitude. *jot*, Heb. *jot*, Gr. *iota*, the name of the smallest letter in these alphabets. Hence applied to anything small. *St. Matt.* v. 18.

an alteration...ways—Godfrey would have to turn over a new leaf and the reckless extravagance at the Red House would have to be put a spot to.

spare—thin, gaunt. Cf. "O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones." (Shakespeare).

high-featured—high-browed, with a lofty brow.

the Raveloe farmers—"the purple-faced farmers," p. 12.

"breed...pasture"—it is the family one springs from, and not the food one eats to which one owes one's features. Mr. Lammeter came of a good family, and not all their heavy eating and drinking could give the Raveloe farmers his features.

though—Mrs. Kimble turns the conversation again to Nancy after the Squire's little aside to Mrs. Crackenthorpe.

without authority of diploma—No diploma was needed in those days for a man to call himself "Doctor"; ordinary apothecaries were given the title. *diploma*, literally means something folded (Gr. *diploma*, a letter folded double, *diploos*, double), because diplomas used to be written on parchment folded, and sealed.

medical impartiality—He was agreeable to all as to beings who were all in need of his services, just as Mr. Snell stood aloof "from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor" p. 38.

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hereditary right—His father had been doctor in the village before him, and he had taken over his father's practice.

canvass for practice—George Eliot gives us a vivid picture of the new-comer to a district who struggles hard to make a living, but fails, all his earnings being not enough even to feed his horse.

a man of substance—a rich man. *substance*, material possessions, cf. *Proverbs*, VIII. 21, "That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures."

table—metonymy for the food placed on the table: entertainment.

Time out of mind—See p. 147 of these notes.

inherently—in its very nature, Lat. *in*, in, *horrere*, to stick. A Kimble had been the village doctor for so many years that the villagers had come to feel that a Kimble would always be their doctor. They could not really think of a man with any other name being doctor. It would be strange hearing people talk of "Dr. Taylor," etc. *incongruous*, inharmonious, unsuitable. Lat. *in*, not, *congruere*, to run together.

as less unnatural—"Dr. Blick" would not sound altogether strange to them, as they were already familiar with the combination. The "wiser" people in Raveloe would place themselves in the hands of Dr. Blick rather than in the hands of a doctor with a strange name.

the authentic doctor—a hit at the poor people of Raveloe.

that super-excellent porkpie—I ate at your house. *super*—Lat. over, beyond; cognate with Sans. *upari*.

batch—the quantity of bread or anything else baked at a time. O. E. *bacche*, from A. S. *bacan*, to bake.

Not as your doctoring does—not like your medicine which cures by chance—which does more good, in fact, when it is not taken than when it is!

loyal churchmen—George Eliot is of course bitterly sarcastic. There are men who make it almost a practice to make fun of the clergy, pointing to their worldly-mindedness, their insincerity, etc., almost as if they did their fellow-man a signal service by so doing. It is not that they want to break away from the church; they are good, loyal churchmen; only they must needs make jokes at the expense of the parson.

"Once after being in the company of educated persons 'professing and calling themselves Christians,' she (George Eliot) commented to me on the *tone* of conversation, often frivolous, sometimes ill-natured, that seemed yet to excite in no one any sense of impropriety." (Mrs. John Cash, Appendix to *Cross's Life*.)

lasting a joke—relishing or enjoying a joke.

quick wit—is good at repartee. Wit lies "most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures in the fancy." (Locke).

choosing to attribute...lady—pretending that Priscilla had made the joke. *epigram*, see p. 87 of these notes.

that advantage—of cracking a joke at his expense.

a little pepper—By "pepper" of course the doctor means smart, witty remarks. In the same way we talk of a 'spicy debate.' Cf. Cowper, *The Task*, ii,

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

scarify—a doctor's term, meaning to make small incisions in by means of a lancet or scarificator, so as to draw blood from the smaller vessels without opening a large vein. Mrs. Kimble had her revenge on her husband by putting a lot of pepper in his food, and burning his throat for him, or by giving him watery greens to eat, and giving him colic.

watery greens—The water in which greens (cabbage, spinach, etc.) have been boiled is not wholesome, and should therefore be squeezed out before the greens are eaten.

tit-for-tat—properly 'tip for tap,' blow for blow.

double-chin—Fat people often have a roll of fat under their chin which looks like a second chin.

that's the sort of tit-for-tat—burning the throats of your patients or upsetting their stomachs. Even the rector feels disposed to crack jokes at the doctor's expense!

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skipping—Cf. "the vivacious doctor," p. 86.

You're to save—You must save.

have a round—have a fight.

bespoke her—has engaged her for, has asked her to give him... 'To bespeak' meant originally 'to speak to,' A. S. *besprecan*, to speak to, accuse. Cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, "And my young mistress thus I did bespeak..." This use of the word is now confined to poetry, 'to bespeak' ordinarily meaning to speak or arrange for,

I'll be bound—I am sure.

significant insistence—This desire shown by his father to persist in talking about Nancy was too marked, Godfrey felt, to pass unnoticed, and it made him feel very uncomfortable to think that everybody knew what his father was preparing the way for. Not only that, but knowing as he did, what the views of his father were in the matter, he naturally feared that the Squire might, as he had threatened, be talking to Mr. Lammeter later on in the evening, and be arranging a marriage between his son and Nancy. *drinking...supper*, there was no knowing what he might be doing when in his cups.

as little...possible—to make it appear as though there were nothing at all in this insistence on the part of the Squire.

If Mr. Godfrey, etc.—More self-deception. Nancy sees no harm in consenting to dance with Godfrey : it does not mean that she is no longer determined not to marry Godfrey, but simply shows a desire on her part not to be rude. She would soon let Godfrey see that he was very much mistaken if he thought otherwise.

to lose the sense—forgetting the fears he had had the moment before about his father talking to Mr. Lammeter, and thinking only of Nancy.

so I won't...way—Dr. Kimble waives in favour of his godson the claim he had on Nancy by virtue of her promise (see above, "You won't forget your promise"). Godfathers are supposed to take an interest in their godsons.

Else I'm not too old—I am not too old for Nancy to dance with me, and possibly she may prefer me to you. Dr. Kimble teases Godfrey, as if to compensate himself for having to give up Nancy. Notice the whole point of the doctor's remarks lies in his assuming that Godfrey cares for Nancy.

You wouldn't mind—The vivacious doctor teases Godfrey by threatening to marry Nancy himself were his present wife to die. *a second*—i. e. a second wife. *were gone, were dead, cried, mourned for you.*

safe—such as would not give offence. *Well-tested*, having been used before. As at the Rainbow so also here personalities were indulged in.

impatience—They wanted to be done with tea and to begin dancing.

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he's for...hint—he means to remind us that we are not anxious to hear him play (the way we are lingering at the tea-table). *enough in a hurry*, sufficiently impatient to...

for he would...tune—so passionately fond of music was he.

abundant crop—good head of hair. A. S. *crop*, the top shoots of a plant.

the key-note—the fundamental note of a piece of music to which all the modulations of the piece are referred,—called also ‘key tone.’ Solomon was afraid that if he stopped, he might lose the note with which he had started. So he played on, though it might seem rude to do so.

and wishing you—participle instead of finite verb. ‘And I wish you...
to prelude—to play a few introductory notes.

I come from...hills—See p. 41, “He came from a bit north’ard...”
don’t make head or tail of—can’t understand at all.

like the...whistle—i.e. is as plain as can be, is a simple tune which at once appeals to me.

the name—and its associations.

“*Sir Roger de Coverley*”—the name of an English country-dance.

chairs...laughing voices—the company rose from the tea-table all eager for the dance.

White Parlour—The wainscot was painted white to make the room look bright and cheerful. Wainscoted rooms are often dark and gloomy, if, as in the case of the parlour of the Red House, the wainscot is dark.

berried holly-boughs—See note on *holly and yew*, p. 72.

panels—rectangular pieces of oak set in frames of oak of ornamental design. ‘Panel’ means simply a piece of rag or skin, Low Lat. *panellus*, dimin. of *pannus*, rag, the panels of a room supplying the place of tapestry.

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quaint—meant originally trim, precise from Lat. *comptus*, combed and dressed, the early English form of the word having been ‘coint.’ (Trench).

sooty clothes—well-worn or shabby clothes. *sooty* means weary, worn out, out of sorts, A. S. *sædre*, weary, sated, sick. (Brewer.) A man is sooty after a debauch, when he looks and feels out of sorts.

luring—Solomon was a second Pied Piper of Hamelin.

perpendicular feather—cf. little Aaron’s remarks on this feather, p. 90.

complacently conscious—well-pleased with themselves for being dressed in strict accordance with the fashion of the day and feeling that they were being admired.

variegated—of different hues, like our fancy vests of the present day presumably.

sheepish—i.e. bashful. *short nether garments*—knee-breeches, breeches extending to just below the knee, as worn in court-dress.

led off—started or opened the dance.

Joining hands—‘Sir Roger de Coverley’ is danced in the following manner:—First lady and bottom gentleman advance to centre, salute, and retire; first gentleman and bottom lady do the same. First lady and bottom gentleman advance to centre, turn, and retire; first gentleman and bottom lady do the same. Ladies promenade, turning off to the right down the room, and back to places, while gentlemen do the same, turning to the left, the top couple remaining at the bottom. This is repeated to the end of the dance. The dance was named after Sir Roger de Coverley, one of the members of the club under whose direction the *Spectator* professed to be edited. See *Spectator*, No. 2.

the charter of Raveloe—Of course George Eliot is not serious; she merely refers in a humorous manner to the villagers’ veneration for whatever was established by custom. These were the days, as we have seen, when feudalistic veneration still flourished, and they were the days as well when the past held sway over the present. The Raveloe villagers were ridiculously conservative. In the present case had the Squire not conformed to long-established custom, but danced with some lady other than the rector’s wife, the villagers would have been very shocked; indeed they would have looked upon this serious breach of custom almost in the light of a calamity—would have regarded it almost as equivalent to the annulling of a charter. Cf. the following lines from the verses addressed by Wordsworth to his brother, the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth,—

Hail! ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye, that guard them, Mountains old!

well-trying personal jokes—cf. p. 87, “Safe, well-tested personalities.”

sound traditional phrases—Once a person earned a reputation for anything, the reputation stuck to him, and he was complimented on it in certain set terms.

your cheer—the food, etc., provided you, lit. that which promotes good spirits or cheerfulness.

the parson naturally—being one of the chief men of the village.

a peculiar revelation—a special revelation from heaven, *peculiar*, literally means ‘one’s own, not owned in common,’ and thence ‘special.’ Lat. *peculium*, private property. cf. ‘*peculiar* grace.’ At Raveloe the parson had always taken a leading part at social functions, and to the Raveloe mind the clerical character was not associated with a spirit of “other-

worldliness," but rather with that spirit which Kingsley did so much to promote, and which received the name of "Muscular Christianity." Cases have been known where the parson conducted service over his red riding coat while his horse saddled for the hunt waited for him at the door. George Eliot humorously says that a direct revelation would have been needed to make the people of Raveloe look upon the parson in (to them) so strange a light as that of a pale-faced, devout man, who made prayer all his business, and had no interest in the world beyond his church. Cf. note on *enforced the doctrine etc.*, p. 130 of these notes.

a pale-faced...solemnities.—George Eliot no doubt refers to the Tractarian clergymen of her day. What was known as the Tractarian Movement began in 1833 with a meeting at Hadley, Suffolk, between J. H. Newman, John Keble, E. B. Pusey, and R. H. Froude, the brother of the historian. These clever Oxford scholars did not like the religion of the Evangelicals, because it seemed too vulgar and coarse for their æsthetic Oxford taste, and they consequently advocated in a series of essays entitled *Tracts for the Times*, published at Oxford between 1833 and 1841, a return to the mediæval English Church and its form of worship. They maintained that the Church, through its sacraments in the hands of a regularly ordained clergy, is the only divinely-appointed channel of the grace of Christ. Notwithstanding a great deal of error and folly connected with this movement, it did a vast amount of good in England in quickening the religious life of the people and in banishing from the Church the apathy that threatened it. The Tractarian priests were celibates, and led austere lives. *memento*, reminder.

It might be mentioned that Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity and the Oxford Tracts* exercised a great influence on George Eliot's mind. Indeed Mrs. John Cash writes, "From the impression made on my own mind by unfavorable facts about 'The Fathers,' and from her own subsequent references to this work, I am inclined to think it had its influence in unsettling her views of Christianity."

reasonably...man.—a man with faults like all other men.

to sell the ground.—The money paid for a grave went to the clergyman, who paid the sexton his wage for digging the grave out of such fees as he received.

the tithe in kind—The tithes are a charge on property for the support of the clergy. Formerly it was collected in the shape of grain and other agricultural produce, and included quite a number of charges. In course of time the payment of tithes in kind ceased, and in 1838 an Act was passed by which the tithe was included in the rent paid to the landlord who handed it over to the clergy.

grumbling—Tithe included at least half a dozen different sorts of charges, so that farmers scarcely knew when they had done paying. By the Act of 1838 the constant quarrels over tithe were remedied by the amount to be paid being fixed according to the average price of corn for seven years. Tithe is of Jewish origin; see *St. Luke*, XVIII. 12.

irreligion—Their quarrels did not drive them into open rebellion against the Church.

grumbling at the rain—Dean Swift once said that no farmer he had met had ever been satisfied with the weather he was having. At Raveloe the farmers grumbled about the weather, but it was not due to any irreligion on their part that they found fault with the ways of Providence; if they found fault with anybody it was with the rector for not reading the prayer for fine weather. In the Prayer Book will be found special prayers for rain, for fine weather, for use in time of pestilence, etc.

official respect—cf. "The pastor and his wife...are there [at a Christmas party]; and there is the clerk too,—the very model of respect and reverence towards his clerical superior. Whatever that learned authority asserts, this zealous and "dearly-beloved Moses" testifies. He calls attention to what the vicar says; he repeats with great satisfaction his sayings," Howitt's *Rural Life of England*, p. 97. It was due to no disrespect on his part that Mr. Macey subjected the parson's performance to his criticism, but simply because he looked upon the rector as an ordinary human being with his faults like any one else. Again, as the rector was looked upon as

A creature not too bright or good

For human nature's daily food,

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,

it did not strike one as being strange to see him dancing. All was in accordance with the notions obtaining at Raveloe.

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extraordinary acuteness—cf. note on *not formed lightly*, p. 132 of these notes.

springe—i. e. 'springy,' lithe, active.

stamps...well—puts his foot to the ground well,—perhaps, Mr. Macey means, in a stately manner. cf. "having slouched their way through life..." p. 58.

shapes—Mr. Lammeter's person, we were told (p. 85), was in strong contrast, not only with the Squire's, but with the appearance of the Raveloe farmers generally. He had an almost aristocratic bearing.

sodger—i. e. 'soldier.' Mr. Lammeter held himself erect.

cushiony—fat, cf. "His spare but healthy person," (p. 85).

run fat—are inclined to be fat. *fine leg, i. e.*; well-shaped leg.

too thick down'ard—*i. e.* in the ankle.

his knees...damage—his knees bent outward a bit; Mr. Macey means that he was inclined to be bandy-legged.

might do worse—might look worse, might not look as nimble as he does, —perhaps, Mr. Macey means, should he grow corpulent like the rest of the “oldish gentlefolks.”

though—in spite of the fact that he is “nimble enough.”

I don't heed—I don't see. *shapes*—their figures. Their clothes hide defects in their figures. Mr. Macey lets us see clearly that he was a gentleman's tailor. Notice how simple and open the villagers are; they never try to disguise their prejudices.

Fayder—father. *beating...tune*.—keeping time with the music by tapping his foot on the floor. It might be mentioned here in connection with Aaron's musical attainments that the carol the first verse of which he sang for Marner was a popular carol once sung in the neighbourhood of Manchester. Howitt (*Rural Life in England*, p. 468) gives the first and the last verses:

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
 Let nothing you dismay;
 Remember Christ our Saviour
 Was born on Christmas-day,
 To save poor souls from Satan's power,
 Who've long time gone astray...
 God bless the master of this house,
 And mistress also;
 And all the little children
 That round the table go;
 With their pockets full of money,
 And their cellars full of beer;
 And God send you a happy New-Year.

yead—head.

shuttle-cock—a round cork stuck with feathers and driven with a small bat called a battledoor. The game is called “Battle door and Shuttle-cock.” A. S. *sceotan* to shoot; ‘shuttle-cock’ therefore means ‘shoot-cock,’ because it is shot backwards and forwards and is fitted with cock's feathers.

short-necked bottle.—Mrs. Crackenthorp was a short woman (p. 85), and the tall feather in her head made her look very absurd. Cf. bottle-head, bottle-nosed.

by Jingo—a mere expletive. Often derived from Basque *Jinkoa; Jainko*, God. Cf. 'By the living Jingo.' Also said to be a corruption of (St.) *Gengulphus* (died May 11, 760).

leading off—coming up first in the dance.

posy.—properly means a copy of verses presented with a bouquet. Now it means either the verses without the flowers, as the posy (*i.e.*, motto or inscription) of a ring, or (as in the present case) the flowers without the verses. A contraction from *poesy*.

more rightfuller—no one with more right. Godfrey was a fine handsome fellow, and Nancy was in every way fitted to be his wife. See pp. 19, 20, "what a handsome couple...a penny to her fortune."

leaned his head...side—cf. p. 39, "held his white head...criticism."

presto—rapid; a term from music. Lat. *praesto*, ready.

down'ard—in his legs. *too round*, his shoulders were not thrown back, but came forward, giving him almost a stoop; he was not square-built.

poor cut—their cut is not good enough for the high price paid for them. Mr. Macey betrays professional jealousy. He would have Godfrey patronise the firm of Macey and Tookey.

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two folks—two very different people: Mr. Macey's is a fault-finding nature, Ben Winthrop's an appreciative nature. Ben Winthrop goes on to animadvert upon Mr. Macey's "extraordinary acuteness."

carping—finding fault with without reason or ill-naturedly.

knock you down—the "indefinite you." cf. p. 22, "That big muscular frame...throttled."

more pleasanter looked—who has a more pleasant expression.

piert—*i.e.* 'pert,' in good spirits.

provoked—cf. "the argumentative Mr. Macey," (p. 4).

right colour—he has no colour, is very pale; cf. p. 19, "Mr. Godfrey didn't look half so fresh-coloured..."

slack-baked pie—a half-baked pie—the crust of which is still white instead of being a deep brown.

a soft place—he is rather stupid, (colloquial). "Soft" is also used as a noun, meaning a foolish person, an idiot.

turned...finger—so easily led or influenced. "To turn around one's finger" means to make any one subservient to one's will.

offal—(adj.) worthless; cf. offal corn, offal wood. "Offal" as a noun means that which is thrown away as worthless or unfit for use, especially the rejected or waste parts of a butchered animal. *Off* and *fall*,

as was...country—which everybody admired and talked about.

one while—at one time. *was after*—was courting.

went off again—he ceased doing so.

a smell...porridge—the appetising smell of hot porridge goes when the porridge cools. Godfrey "cooled" in his affection.

went a-courting—when as a young man he courted the girl who afterwards became Mrs. Macey.

hung off—was cold in her manner, showed that she did not welcome his advances,—so that Godfrey naturally ceased paying her attentions. "To hang off" means to refuse compliancy, to hold off. *like*, as it were:

I should...didn't—hang off. Mr. Macey's language is emphatic. As he explains, he first satisfied himself that he would get a favorable answer from the girl before he started courting her. *sniff...snaff*, really a meaningless jingle like 'hocus-pocus,' etc., but used in the present context to signify a ready response. Cf. *Lore's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 52, "Now by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit—*snip, snap*, quick, and home!" and III. i. 18, "Not too long in one tune, but a *snip* and away," *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. iii. 90, "Here's *snip and nip*, and cat and slish and slash," *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. v. 2, "brief, short, quick, *snap*."

I wasn't a-going etc.—Mr. Macey was not going to be made a fool of, was not going to ask and be refused. One must give him credit for his homely yet very expressive similes. *snap it to*—close it.

a-coming round again—is beginning to take Godfrey into favour again.

he's for taking—he wants to take her away.

sweethearting—That looks as if they were lovers by their wanting to be by themselves.

not so tender—not because they wanted to spend a few moments in each other's company.

the general...things—i. e. the universe. This is of course meant to be a satirical remark. To a lady her dress is everything, the whole universe in importance! When therefore there is something wrong with it, it causes as much alarm to her as would some terrible disaster.

completed her duty—danced through her part in the dance.

open-eyed glance—of alarm and of annoyance. Perhaps also Priscilla signified to Nancy by her glance that she would attend to her dress presently.

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oblivious—of all that his importunate companion, Anxiety, whispered in his ear. See p. 76.

on the strength...confusion—he took advantage of her confusion. Nancy's coldness of manner had evidently made itself felt for Godfrey to have sought this opportunity to renew his advances.

artful—Godfrey pretended that in proposing the small parlour as a suitable room for Nancy to retire to he had consulted Nancy's interests solely; if she had thought that he meant to stay with her in the room, she was very much mistaken, for he had never had any intention of doing so. It was a matter of the utmost indifference to him to which room she went.

an agreeable proposition—*viz.* that Godfrey should leave her.

a little hurt—Nancy felt hurt for the simple reason that she cared for Godfrey, and therefore did not like to feel that he was indifferent to her. "Woman's at best a contradiction still," as Pope very truly said. Godfrey knew this, and tried the expedient of pretending not to care for Nancy to get her to love him. "That man," says Shakespeare,

that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."

(*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i.)

Oh, no, sir, etc.—Nancy retracts what she had said.

let what would happen.—whatever I might do to reform. Have you set your face against me for ever?

the present.—If I reformed now, would not that make amends for the past?

driven...himself—had driven him almost out of his senses, had overcome his better reason. "To be beside one's self" means to be out of one's wits or senses; cf. *Acts* XXVI, 24, "Paul, thou art beside thyself." Cf. *ecstasy*, from Gr. *ek*, aside, and *histanai*, to make to stand aside. Cf. also *transport*, *rapture*, etc. "It is the nature alike of madness and of joy to set men out of and beside themselves." (Trench.)

blind—He did not dream of consequences; he was very nearly proposing to Nancy, nor did he stop to think how she might take his advances, considering he had taken advantage of her weakness.

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agitated—excited—that it at last seemed as if Godfrey was really going to turn over a new leaf and was on the point of proposing to her as well. Godfrey was "almost making love again." (p. 77.)

aroused—she was on her guard against giving vent to her feelings, just as she had assumed "the stiffest and most unapproachable position she could choose" on coming into the small parlour.

difference of tone—With just a very slight trace of tenderness in her voice.

pettishly—rather vexed with her. "Pet" is a sudden fit of peevishness or slight passion.

a flash—of righteous indignation. Godfrey was delighted to see her break through her reserve, and speak at last from her heart.

yet—or his appeal would have left her quite unmoved.

dear heart alive—an expression of sorrow like *dear heart* above (p. 71.)

a preoccupied brow—with a face that showed she was thinking of the dress and how she was going to mend it and not of Godfrey.

Summary.

This chapter describes the great dance at the Red House on New Year's Eve.

Of the guests Nancy and Mr. Lammeter arrived together, Nancy seated on a pillion behind her father. She was dressed in a drab Joseph and drab beaver-bonnet; but even in such prosaic attire she looked beautiful. Godfrey Cass met the guests, whose arrival had been watched for from the windows, at the door there to welcome them and to lift Nancy down, much to her annoyance, who in her embarrassment wished that her sister had been with her, that she might herself have escaped being lifted down by Godfrey. For Nancy wished to have as little to do with Godfrey as possible, first, because of his strange behaviour towards her, for at times he behaved as if he did not want to speak to her, and took no notice of her for weeks and weeks, and then, all on a sudden, he almost made love again—and secondly, because she had heard unfavourable rumours about his private life. Godfrey, however, lifted her down amid loud greetings from the Squire who had now come out. But to hide her blushes Nancy hastily entered the house.

In the house there was the buzz of conversation, as well as the sound of a fiddle preluding in the kitchen. Nancy paid her respects to Mrs. Kimble—the Squire's sister and the doctor's wife—and hurried to the Blue Room to make her toilette.

In the Blue Room, ladies were at various stages of toilette. The most noticeable in the group were the two Miss Gunns, the wine merchant's daughters from Lytherly. They were dressed in the latest-fashion and were gazed at shyly and critically by Miss Ladbroke. Each lady was most polite in offering to others precedence at the looking-glass. Nancy made her curtsy to the group, and was welcomed affectionately by her aunt, Mrs. Osgood, a lady in full white muslin kerchief and mob-cap round her smooth grey curls. Nancy was introduced to the Miss Gunns and the three ladies took stock of each other silently. The Miss Gunns were surprised to find a beauty in a country place, and were curious to see what dress she would put on; Nancy thought the Miss Gunns hard-featured and wondered why they wore their evening dresses so low. She made her toilette under their scrutiny; but they could find no fault with it. Everything about Nancy was 'delicate purity and nattness.' They noticed her hands showed signs of rough household work, she even talked to her aunt about baking and meat-pies, and to their horror, they found she said, "mate" for "meat" and "oss" for "horse,"

which was a sign of ill-breeding to them who habitually said a "orse;" but though Nancy had been to no higher school than Dame Tedman's where she had worked large samplers, and though she still balanced her accounts with visible metallic shillings and sixpences, she had the attributes of a lady, viz. veracity, honour, deference, refinement, pride and constancy towards an erring lover. Priscilla with cheerful face and breezy good-will, then made her appearance. Speaking in her quick, good-humoured way, she soon gave offence to the Miss Gunns by saying that she herself did not mind being ugly, did Miss Gunn? Priscilla rattled on about pretty girls keeping the men off ugly ones, which she was very glad of, for she had no opinion of men, all the time going on with her dressing. A pause in Priscilla's talk gave the other ladies the opportunity for rising. Nancy then reprovingly told her sister of the offence she had given to Miss Gunn, but Priscilla replied that she must speak out, let who would be offended be so. The conversation led to the sister's dressing alike, about which they argued. Priscilla complained that what suited Nancy made her look 'yellow.' Nancy reminded her sister that she had always wished Priscilla to choose the colours, and that she was prepared to wear whatever Priscilla might choose even if it was dyed with 'cheese-colouring.' Priscilla good-humouredly returned that Nancy argued in a circle, but yet mastered every one. Priscilla hoped to see her master her husband.

With such bantering the sisters proceeded to the large parlour. Their appearance presented a contrast, though both were dressed alike. Had it not been for Priscilla's good-humour and Nancy's gentleness, an on-looker might have thought that the one dressed like her sister through vanity, and that in the other it was a malicious contrivance to set off her own beauty. The Lammeters were honoured guests, and places of honour round the tea-table were reserved for them. Nancy was placed between Mr. Godfrey Cass and the rector, Mr. Crackenthorp. Priscilla sat between her father and the Squire. In spite of herself, Nancy felt some pride in sitting beside Godfrey, and in feeling that she might one day be 'Madam Cass' did she wish it. Though resolved to put that honour aside, she still was determined to love only Godfrey and no one else. Such thoughts made her blush. The blush did not escape the jovial rector, who made it the subject of a pretty compliment, and appealed to Godfrey for his opinion. Godfrey neither replied, nor looked at Nancy, for he respected her too highly to favour her with the trivial compliments of Raveloe society. His son's backwardness annoyed Squire Cass, who was joviality itself. Offering his already rejected snuff-box to Mr. Lammeter, the Squire remarked that in Nancy the lasses were keeping up their quality, and that Nancy was the finest girl he had seen. This remark necessitated an apology to Mrs. Crackenthorp who blinked and nodded. Mr. Lammeter, though always pleased that his daughter should receive an honour, did not lower his grave dignity by being elated. The conversation then became general. Dr. Kimble, who held his title 'without a diploma,' made himself pleasant all round, especially to his feminine patients. He talked to Priscilla about her excellent pork-pies. The Squire made a joke on this against the doctor which the latter skilfully turned, while he began to chaff his wife on the revenge she took in "scaryfying" his throat with black pepper whenever he offended her. Mrs. Kimble laughed aside to Mrs. Crackenthorp 'above her double chin.' The ever-vivacious doctor then requested Nancy for a dance and was rebuked by the Squire for trying to out-do the young ones, for, surely, Godfrey had bespoken the first dance. Godfrey was embarrassed, but asked Nancy for the dance which she gave him.

The sound of Solomon Macey's fiddle was now heard in the distance, which made the young people impatient for the dance to begin. Solomon was called in. He entered playing "The flaxen-headed ploughboy." Solomon was a small, hale old man with an abundant crop of silver hair. He greatly respected his fiddle and kept on playing as he bowed to the assembly and wished them a happy New Year. 'Sir Roger de Coverley' was struck up as a signal for a remove to the White Parlour. A gay procession, headed by Solomon, entered there.

The parlour was lighted with tallow candles and decorated with mistletoe and hollyberries all reflected in oval mirrors. On benches near the door, Mr. Macey and a few privileged spectators sat. Every one relaxed at the dance. Good cheer, friendly conversation and personal jokes were the order of the night. It was a point of etiquette, and not unbecoming levity, for the old to dance a little before sitting down to cards; and it was the rector who led the way in these social duties, for the Raveloe mind had not dissociated a clergyman from the ordinary failings of mankind. It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Macey, with his extraordinary acuteness, criticised the rector as he did any other fallible being. He criticised the dancing of the Squire, Mr. Lammeter and the rector in turn. The Squire had 'springs' and 'stamps uncommon well,' Mr. Lammeter had the best shape and carriage, while the parson was nimble, but had not much of a leg. "It's a bit too thick down'ard," remarked Mr. Macey; his knees might have been nearer and he did not wave his hand in the same grand way the Squire did. Ben Winthrop, holding Aaron on his knees, drew attention to Mrs. Osgood, to her light tread and her youthful appearance. Mr. Macey answered that he did not heed how women were made, for wearing neither coats nor breeches, he could not tell their shapes. Aaron then had his little say about Mrs. Crackenthorp's 'big cock's feather,' for which Ben reproved him, while whispering himself an aside on the feather to Mr. Macey. Ben bestowed his admiration on Nancy who he still suspected would one day be Madame Cass. He challenged Mr. Macey to find fault with Gollrey Cass's shapes. An argument followed. Mr. Macey thought Godfrey 'pretty well-down'ard, but a bit too round i' the shoulder-blades,' and he regretted Godfrey's getting his clothes from the Flitton tailor. Ben was slightly indignant at this criticism, and reproved Macey by means of a parallel example. The argument on Godfrey's worth led to opinions on his behaviour towards Nancy, and the reasons why he had given up courting her. At that moment Godfrey was seen leading Nancy away to sit down, and that, said Ben, looked like sweetheating.

The reason why Nancy and Godfrey had left the dance was because the Squire had trod on her dress and had rent it at the top. At the end of the figure, Nancy, with a blush, had said she must sit down till Priscilla came to her. On Nancy objecting to being led away to a small parlour, Godfrey told her she would be more comfortable there, where he would leave her till her sister came. That was what Nancy wanted, yet she was hurt by Godfrey's manner. She seated herself in the parlour in the stiffest, most unapproachable position she could choose, thanked Godfrey, and said she was sorry he had had such an 'unlucky' partner. Godfrey, purposely misconstruing her meaning, answered that it was ill-natured of her to be sorry she had danced with him. Nancy, looking distractingly prim and pretty, denied such to be her meaning, and remarked that in the midst of so many pleasures, one dance could hardly make any difference to a gentleman. Godfrey earnestly protested against indifference in a dance with Nancy. It was long since Godfrey had said anything so direct. Nancy was startled, but maintained her self-control. She answered that she had good reasons for thinking differently, and if what he said was true, she did not wish to hear it. Godfrey pleaded for her forgiveness, if he made amends. Being alone with Nancy, he had been driven beside himself. Both were agitated; but Nancy's very agitation roused her power of self-command. In a slightly softer tone she answered that she liked to see any one change for the better. Godfrey pettishly called her hard-hearted, saying she did not encourage him to be better and that she had no feeling. Nancy flashed out with, "Those have least feeling who act wrong to begin with." The flash of anger delighted Godfrey, for it showed Nancy was not altogether indifferent to him. He wished to continue the quarrel, but Priscilla bustled in. Godfrey felt he must go, but Priscilla, preoccupied, said it did not matter if he stayed or went. Godfrey asked Nancy if she wanted him to go, to which she replied, "As you like." So Godfrey stayed in rockless determination to enjoy that night and to put far away the thought of the morrow.

CHAPTER. XII.

taking draughts of forgetfulness—There is a reference to Lethe, the river of the nether world. See note on *Lethean influence*, p. 21 of these notes. In Nancy's presence Godfrey became entirely oblivious of his secret fears. Cf. p. 27, "One of those fits of yearning..."

willingly losing—Cf. "reckless determination" above.

hidden bond—his marriage with Molly Farren.

to mingle...sunshine—The ties he had made for himself were "a constant exasperation." See notes on *his chain* and *galling*, p. 57 of these notes.

uncertain—faltering. She was under the influence of the demon Opium.

kept in her heart—brooded over. Cf. *St. Luke*, II. 51.

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dingy—(pronounced *din-ji*) dirty. (According to Skeat=dungy.)

faded face—a face which had lost all its beauty.

its father's hair, etc.—i. e. hair of the same colour as its father's, etc.

It is seldom, etc.—thus misery and ignorance are, as Addison says, very often the cause of great evils, "for misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels."

the lingering mother's tenderness—the few traces left of her mother's love for her child. *mother's tenderness*, descriptive genitive.

give him—the demon Opium. She did not neglect her child, did not spend what money she had to spend on its food, etc., in opium for herself. Or it is just possible that George Eliot means that she did not give her child opium. Intemperate parents are known to give their young children liquor to drink.

unbenumbed consciousness—when she was not under the influence of the drug and when she could see how pitiable was her condition.

bitterness towards Godfrey—and no wonder too, considering "the good-humoured, affectionate-hearted Godfrey Cass was (also) fast becoming a bitter man...home," p. 27.

had her rights—as a wife. She ought to have had all that her husband had. In the marriage service the man, having put the ring on the woman's finger, says to her "with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

aggravated her vindictiveness—It is surprising how we find something that resembles family pride even in the most depraved. Perhaps nothing dies so hard as pride.

too thickly—with too great a frequency. The tendency is of course in the opposite direction—to consider ourselves the aggrieved party in all things.

purest air—the best moral surroundings.

the best...earth—the best religious influences as well as the purest natural surroundings.

white-winged...messengers—Pure thoughts are like ministering angels, says George Eliot. Cf. "cruel wishes...like demons," (p. 27), and notes.

Poisoned chamber—depraved mind. *Ecclesiastes*, VIII. 8, "Neither shall wickedness deliver those that are given to it."

a barmaid's paradise—A barmaid is a woman who serves drinks to customers in a tavern or hotel. She is expected to be pleasant to customers, and to joke with and be joked at by the men she serves drinks to. Barmaids as a rule dress in an attractive manner. The brightest picture Molly could conjure before her mind was the memory of her barmaid days when she dressed well and was paid fulsome compliments by her gentlemen customers.

indolence—caused by the opium. We in India are familiar with the drowsy look of the opium-eater.

The one inevitable effect of opium-eating is paralysis of the will—as was seen in the case of De Quincey. Though his intellectual apprehensions of duty were as keen as ever he "could propose or execute nothing; he was as powerless as an infant for any practical effort. Everything was neglected or procrastinated;...letters, however urgent, lay about unanswered... While he had always before needed and liked long walks, and while his sole chance now lay in enormous exercise of that kind, he sank into a state of hopeless sedentariness." (Masson.)

a warm shed—which was by the roadside.

belated—overtaken by night.

snow-hidden ruggedness—the ruts in the lanes were covered with snow. Perhaps also by 'ruggedness' George Eliot refers to the rugged hedgerows and the tumble-down cottages which perhaps lined part of the way.

even...purpose—not even her thirst for revenge could stimulate her to continue her walk along the dreary streets.

monotonous lanes—lanes which were so much alike each other.

familiar demon—or "familiar spirit," a demon or evil spirit supposed to attend at call. See 1 *Samuel*, XXVIII, 3, 7, 9, and 2; *Henry*, VI. iv. 7. Lat. *famulus*, an attendant. A cat, dog, raven, or other dumb animal petted by a witch was called a "familiar," because it was supposed to be her demon in disguise.

drawing out—from her bosom.

the black remnant—the small pieces of opium that remained,

the mother's love—Her love for her child told her that she ought not to swallow the pill of opium and become unconscious, leaving her child alone in the snow.

painful consciousness—De Quincey tells us that his condition in his waking hours was that of a "suicidal despondency;" there seemed no exit from his wretchedness but suicide or lunacy. Not only had the craving for her opium seized Molly, but she was weary as well with her long walk.

the encircling arms—her own arms. In her unconsciousness she might let the child fall, and what was to become of it out in the cold?

empty phial—She had yielded to the temptation and had taken the opium. Gr. *phiale*, a vial.

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a quickly-veiled star—A wind had sprung up which was dispersing the clouds, and hurrying them across the sky. Through rifts in the clouds stars occasionally appeared only to be hidden the next moment by a mass of cloud.

automatically—not with a conscious effect on his part, but quite mechanically.

working his will—inducing insensibility. Being cold and weary as well she knocked under very soon.

immediate longing—a longing she felt she had to gratify at once. Cf. "Assemble we *immediate* council." (Shak.)

curtained...futurity—that banished all thought of the future from her mind.

where her...hedgerow—We know it was because there was a break in the hedgerow. See note on *unenclosed*, p. 27. Up to this point the hedgerow had kept her from straying from the lane, but when it ended she wandered away from the road.

the wide whiteness—She should have been able to tell in the starlight which was reflected in the snow that she was on an open plain of some sort and not in the narrow lane. But she was too far gone to be able to do so.

a straggling furze bush—an isolated furze bush growing some little distance away from the hedgerow. Cf. "far-off stragglers," p. 29. *furze*, a thorny evergreen shrub with beautiful yellow flowers, very common upon the plains and hills of England; called also *gorse*.

an easy pillow—a comfortable pillow enough. Cf. *Cymbeline*, iii. 6,

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth,
Finds the down pillow hard.

instinctive clutch—Cf. above “clutched more and more *automatically*.” *clutch*, literally means to seize or gripe as with claws. M. E. *cloche*, *cloke*, *claw*, probably allied to M. E. *clechen*, to seize; cf. A. S. *gelæccan* (where *ge*—is a prefix), to seize. The word is cognate with *latch*.

lace-trimmed cradle—such as the children of the rich have. *cradle*, a bed in which children are rocked.

lost their tension—ceased to grasp. Lat. *tensus*, past part. of *tendere*, to stretch.

ready transition—the flitting of attention from object to object so characteristic of children.

the bright...arriving—The light darted through the darkness, but did not reach the child. “*living thing*” because the light danced about, proceeding, as it did, from a blazing wood fire.

must be caught—How many of us have as children tried to catch the sunbeam stealing through a chink in a shutter, door, etc.!

on all fours—crawling on hands and knees.

toddled—walked with short tottering steps. Akin to *tottle*, totter.

trailing—being dragged along the ground. Lat. *trahere*, to draw; cf. *traha*, a sledge, and *tragula*, a kind of drag net. *dangling*, hanging down on its back and swinging about. Perhaps from *ding* (see above). “To dangle about or after” means to court the favour of, to hang upon importunately.

squatted—sat down. “To squat” also means now-a-days to settle on new land without title. The Australian settlers form what is called the “squatocracy.” Cf. *Squattle* (Scot.), to squat down.

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lulling—soothing, sleep-inducing effect.

golden head—head with golden hair.

no definite purpose—His act was the outcome of nothing more than a vague hope that he might yet recover his money.

except by those...object—whose deep, pathetic longing for the object loved will not die out, but persists in its sad yearning to picture again and again the bright vision of the object's return, hoping again and again when all ground for hope has disappeared. Cf. below “with mere yearning unrest.”

sit up—not go to bed.

the old year...in—In the Church of England a service known as Watch-night Service is held on the night of the last day of the year (New Year's Eve), and is brought to a close by the ringing of the church-bell at

12 A.M. which marks the passing of the old year and the ushering in of the New Year. Cf. Tennyson, *The Dream of Fair Women*,—

As one that from a casement leans his head,
When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

And *In Memoriam*, *evi*,—

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

at seeing...snow—He could not see far in front of him. Cf. p. 75, “*cur-
ained from him*—”

there was...road—It was then that Molly Farren was coming along the
oad.

wide trackless snow—the white sheet of untrodden snow that stretched
around him.

narrow his solitude—the cheerless sight made him feel more lonely still,
Cf. “*narrow grief*,” p. 75.

touched...chill of despair—Despair paralyses the mental faculties—chills
the warmth of emotion. Cf. Gray’s *Elegy*,

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul ;

and Wordsworth’s *At the Grave of Burns*,

I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold,
At thought of what I now behold.

the invisible wand of catalepsy—A cataleptic fit seized him, and he stood
motionless. It was as if a magician’s wand had been waved over him, and all
power of locomotion had been inhibited. Cf. Jem Rodney’s description of the
fit he found Marner in, p. 4. The magician’s wand is endowed with super-
natural powers. In the *Faery Queen* the palmer who accompanies Sir Guyon
has a staff which being shaken infuses terror into all who see it. *catalepsy*
comes from two Greek words meaning ‘I seize down.’

chasm—break or gap, *e.g.*, ‘Memory fills up the chasms of thought.’
(Addison.)

intermediate change—a change that had taken place in the interval.

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blurred—dim. A variety of "blear." Cf. *blear-eyed*.

familiar resisting outline—the hard curved edge the feel of which was so well known to him. Cf. p. 17, "He felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers."

blank wonderment—utter amazement (with the lack of power to think).

a hurrying influx of memories—a host of memories that came pouring into his mind. *influx*, Lat. *in*, in, *fluere*, to flow.

Cf. But in that instant, o'er his soul
Winters of memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain...
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moments hold the grief of years.

Byron.

inexplicable surprise—His surprise was so great that it had a stupefying effect on him.

He...the door.—He had not left his cottage.

a message—as indeed it was.

it stirred / bres—it aroused emotions, appealed to traits in his moral nature that nothing since his arrival in Raveloe had succeeded in appealing to. Cf. "keenest nerves," p. 13.

old quiverings of tenderness—eager feelings of love and tenderness for his fellow human beings.

at the presentiment, etc.—at the feeling that there must be a Supreme Power. When brought face to face with the inexplicable in the world, the mind feels the presence of God. *presentiment*, intimation. Lat. *prae*, before, *sentire*, to feel. Silas left Lantern Yard with his trust in God and man shaken.

for his imagination—In the same way in the case of his money he had a feeling that it had been spirited away.

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would do to feed—would be suitable food for.

the primary mystery...toes—the first "mystery" that engages a baby's attention. George Eliot of course refers humorously to the common habit babies have of playing with their toes—sometimes with an air almost of profound interest.

roused him...means—We were told on the previous page that "his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the

child's sudden presence"; now the wet shoes suggested the obvious explanation that the child had walked into his cottage from outside. *ordinary means,—i. e., "ordinary natural means,"* p. 97.

under the prompting...idea—inspired by this new idea, *viz.*, that suggested by the wet boots—that the child had walked into his cottage from some place outside.

hungry waking—when it woke feeling hungry.

virgin snow—clean, white, untrodden snow. Cf. *virgin gold*.

stretching itself—so as to get back to its mother.

the shaken snow—the snow that was shaken on to her by the furze bush when she fell into it.

Summary.

The scene in the first part of this chapter is in contrast with the gaiety at the Red House. The second part describes a step onward in the reclamation of Silas Marner.

At the time Godfrey was dancing at the ball, his wife Molly, with her child in her arms, was walking slowly and uncertainly along the Raveloe lanes. The object of her journey was to present herself and her child at the Red House as Godfrey's wife and child. Godfrey had once said he would rather die than acknowledge her. So she had purposely chosen this night on which to take her revenge, as the house would be full of guests. Molly was dressed in dingy rags. She knew that it was not due to her husband that she was so dressed, but to her own vicious habit of opium-eating. Yet in her conscious moments her degradation galled her into bitterness against Godfrey. The only spark of humanity left in her was her love for her child. Molly had spent her life as a barmaid. Her joys had been pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes. It was no wonder that she lacked self-knowledge.

She had set out on her journey at an early hour; but the snow had begun to fall, and she had lingered under a warm shed, so that it was seven o'clock before she was near Raveloe. She did not know though how near she was, and as she was very weary, she drew from her bosom her never-failing comforter, the opium-bottle. She hesitated a moment. Her mother's love pleaded for the child at her breast; but the temptation was too strong, and she threw away an empty phial. She walked on, clutching her child automatically, till drowsiness overtook her and she sank down on a furze bush. The bush was close to Silas Marner's cottage. Complete torpor soon overtook her, and her arms relaxed their hold on her child. The little one woke in bewilderment with a peevish cry of "Mammy." Getting no answer, and a bright gleam near by attracting her, the little one toddled off to catch the 'live' thing. This brought her to the hearth of Marner's cottage. She squatted on the hearth and gurgled to the fire, till the effect of the warmth lulled her to sleep.

Silas Marner was in his cottage, but he had not yet seen the child. Since he had lost his money, he had been in the habit, chiefly at night, of looking out of his door from time to time, as if looking for some trace of his lost money. That morning, the Raveloe folks had told him in jest that it brought good luck to see the old year out and the new in, and that perhaps his money would come back if he sat up. He was, therefore, unusually excited, and he had opened his door frequently that night. The last time he did so, he forgot to shut it, but held it open, arrested in a fit of catalepsy. On returning to sensibility, Marner closed the door, and turned to mend the fire, when on the hearth a vision of gold met his eyes. His heart beat violently and arrested movement. At last he leaned forward to touch the yellow mass; but instead of coins, soft curls met his touch. On closer examination, Marner found it was a child that was on his

hearth. He wondered if he were dreaming that his little sister had come back to him. How had the child come in? he asked himself. He had not been beyond the door. Memories of Lantern Yard days arose with the thoughts of those days. He felt the child was a message from the past, and that some Power was presiding over his life, for he could not account for the child's appearance by natural means.

The child awoke, and Marner lifted her to his knee. The little one clung to him and called loudly for "Mammy." Marner tenderly soothed her, warmed his porridge, sweetened it with dry brown sugar he never used for himself, and began to feed the child. She slipped from his knee and toddled about, while Marner followed anxiously lest she should fall. She fell in a sitting posture and pulled at her boots which hurt her. Marner's bachelor mind was not quick in grasping what she wanted. But when he saw what troubled her, he got the boots off; and as they were wet, it struck him that she must have been walking in the snow. Lifting her in his arms, he went to the door when the child once more cried for Mammy. Marner traced the child's footsteps in the snow. This brought him to the furze bush where he discovered Molly's body.

CHAPTER XIII.

bashfulness...easy jollity—when even the most bashful of the guests had got over their bashfulness and grow merry and free and easy in their manner.

conscious...accomplishments—who had been conscious all along of possessing such unusual accomplishments, but who had to be given time till their shyness had worn off before they could be got to dance a hornpipe. The ability to dance a hornpipe was looked upon as an "unusual accomplishment" by the villagers—the dance (a lively dance usually danced by one person) being very popular among sailors chiefly. It was so called because it used to be danced in the west of England to the pib-corn or horn-pipe, an instrument (once common in Wales) consisting of a pipe with a horn at each end.

talking loudly—The Squire "felt it quite pleasant to fulfil the hereditary duty of being noisily jovial and patronising," p. 84.

scattering snuff—lavishing it on anybody and everybody. 'Snuff in Addison's day (so we learn from advts. appearing in the *Spectator*, 1712) was from 35s. to 20s. a pound. "Angelick Snuff" is advertised at 1s. "a paper with directions." Among other things it "corroborates the Brain, comforts the Nerves, and revives the Spirits."

patting...back—so as to encourage them, and put them at their ease. Cf. p. 84, "his hospitality rayed out more widely."

to sitting...whist-table—He preferred moving about among his guests to sitting down at the card-table in the midst of a very select circle of friends.

a choice exasperating—because of course uncle Kimble wanted the Squire to join him at cards. *volatile*, from Lat. *volare*, to fly, and hence meaning 'lively, light-hearted.'

sober business hours—Might we not infer that the general mirth of the company was due in a 'great measure to the 'invisible spirit of wine' that 'maketh glad the heart of man?' For as Iago says, 'good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.'

intense—lit. strained or stretched from Lat. *intensus*, stretched; hence, very earnest or interested.

Shuffled—changed the order of the cards in the pack before giving them to his adversary to deal.

with...suspicion—almost as if his opponent meant to cheat over the dealing. We see how intense was the doctor's interest in the game.

a mean trump-card—a card that was not worth having, such as a two or a three. See note on *you never hold trumps*, p. 51 of these notes.

a world...happen—life was not worth living if one was going to have such bad luck; there was no chance for anyone. George Eliot is of course ridiculing the absurd interest the doctor took in a game of cards; he played as if life depended upon the game.

pitch of...enjoyment—when even the most bashful had shaken off their bashfulness and were enjoying themselves.

the heavy duties...over—such as serving at table and then clearing away the supper things. Only light refreshments would now be served, so that they had practically done their day's work.

back regions—where the servants stayed.

hall—in an English house a long passage from the main or front entrance of the house into which doors open from rooms situated either on both sides of the passage or on only one side of it.

the lower one—the door at the farther end of the room, near the back of the house.

Bob Cass—the Squire's third son, p. 88.

was figuring in—was dancing (and was the centre of interest).

very proud...son—Cf. on the other hand the Squire's impatience with Godfrey for "showing himself such a dull spark," p. 84. *lithe*, nimble, active.

in a tone—the Squire's vanity showed itself. He spoke in a manner which implied that he deemed himself to have been as a young man the very type of all that a young man should be like in the matter of deportment, accomplishments, etc., so that to say that his son was just like himself in his young days amounted to his saying that his son danced extraordinarily well.

to avoid suggesting—He did not want to attract his father's attention for fear of his getting him to talk about subjects which it embarrassed Godfrey to hear him speak of, feeling, as he did, in common with others that the Squire's remarks had a diplomatic significance.

fatherly jokes—harmless jokes such as a father might indulge in. See p. 85, "us old fellows may wish ourselves young...pigtail," and p. 87, "There's my son Godfrey'll..."

more and more jolly—as he imbibed wine more freely and abandoned himself to merriment. Godfrey was of course haunted by the Squire's words, "I shall do what I choose," p. 63. *which*—the antecedent is *jokes*.

But he had...again—perhaps she had promised him the next dance.

long glances—he was some distance behind.

an apparition...dead—a spirit from the other world. *apparition* literally means an appearance, then the thing appearing. Lat. *ad*, to, *parere*, to come forth.

it was—at least to Godfrey.

a dark by-street—Cf. the simile in the Bible, "Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness," *St. Matthew*, XXIII. 27. Behind the magnificent buildings in large cities are dirty lanes and alleys where the poor live in misery and in vice: in the same way behind Godfrey's fair and respectable exterior there was hidden an ugly secret which no one knew of and which could not stand the light of day.

façade—(pronounced *fa-s'ad*) the exterior front or face of a building, especially the principal front having some architectural pretensions. French—from Ital. *facciata*, from *faccia*, face, Lat. *facies*.

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instantaneous impression—He recognised the child at once though he had not seen it for months past (and it had grown and changed a good deal). The worshipper of favourable chance had not time to deceive himself, and imagine that things were not as they seemed. He was taken by surprise.

strange advent—strange indeed, for the half-crazy Marner seldom left his cottage after dark. Lat. *ad*, to, *venire*, to come.

white-lippel—pale with fear and anxious suspense.

a great throb—a great shock—George Eliot explains why.

an evil terror—the fear lest Molly should be alive.

an ugly inmate—See p. 27, "The yoke a man creates for himself..... garnished home," and notes, p. 58. *nestling-place*, a home, a place where it was cherished. A. S. *nestilian*, nest.

whose happiness...duplicity—A man who acts a double part soon gets involved in difficulties, and no matter how kindly a disposition his might be, it is embittered ere long, and begins to harbour cruel wishes. Lat. *duo*, two, *plicare*, to fold. Cf. *simple*, lit. one-fold. See Skeat.

placably—without a frown, as if her "wrath" had been appeased.

until a touch...word—The child very naturally did not like to be caressed by strangers, and so frowned and hid her face.

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wrung from himself—he found it hard to say so, for^e he knew he was telling a lie.

in anticipation—before his conscience reproached him for having told a falsehood. He tried to persuade himself that he had told the truth when he said "I don't know," because he did not know for certain that it was his child.

why—a mere expletive expressing some surprise.

hesitating to...boddice—hesitating to take the child from Marner herself for fear of soiling her ornamented satin boddices with its dirty clothes. *boddice*, (spelt also "bodice," which is the plural of *body*, O. E. *bodise*, a pair of bodies, equivalent to a bodice) a woman's outer garment covering the waist and bust. Cf. 'corset' from O. Fr. *cors*, Lat. *corpus*, the body.

one o' the girls—one of the servants.

a revelation—He had no idea that he cared for the child as much as he did, and this sudden impulse of his to keep the child was something quite new even to himself in so far as he had formed no intention of doing so before.

the like—anything like this unwillingness of Marner's to give up the child.

I must...aside—a polite way of asking them to stand aside.

the long habit...profession—doctors get used to being called out at all hours of the day or night.

nasty business—it is very unpleasant for you to have to leave the party and go out into the cold. Now—just in the midst of all our fun.

your young fellow—Dr. Kimble's assistant. *prentice*—apprentice.

there—at your house.

Might?—but he has not; he has come to *me* instead as you see. Uncle Kimble does not reply to the Squire's question.

growled—He spoke in an angry, grumbling manner.

thick boots—so as not to get his feet wet. He had on only his thin-soled dancing pumps.

she's the best woman to get—See p. 69, "She was the person always first thought of..."

Ben was here—See p. 90.

there was nobody—We know that the servants were all in the house having their share of amusement by looking on at the dancing.

distracted—no longer lost in wonder at the bright scene that met its gaze.

fibres were drawn...him—the cry went to his heart, and he felt a pang of remorse. The father's heart in him went out to the child. Cf. p. 97, "it stirred fibres..." *drawn tight*—"There are chords in the human heart—strange varying strings—which are only struck by accident; which will remain mute and senseless to appeal the most passionate and earnest, and respond at last to the slightest casual touch." (Dickens.)

some movement—that would relieve the pang, at his heart.

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snatch—He was nearly running out as he was, bareheaded and in his evening suit, when it struck him that such excitement on his part would arouse suspicion: so he got his hat and coat hurriedly, but even then forgot to change his shoes—so eager was he to know his fate, to know for certain whether Molly was dead or alive.

his thin shoes—his dancing pumps, thin-soled shoes used in dancing.

entirely in her place—was doing what was perfectly right to encounter... For was she not the "nurse" of the village, and had she not always run on such errands of mercy? Cf. "entirely in the right of it," p. 18.

was much concerned—and expressed her anxiety as we see.

a like impulse—a humanitarian impulse—of showing active sympathy, of acting the Good Samaritan. It was, however, the first "errand of mercy" Godfrey was running on. Dolly was naturally concerned at seeing him come out in the cold on such an errand, considering it was not usual at Raveloe for young men to figure as philanthropists, but rather as those whose chief privilege it was to live in selfish idleness and ease.

you'd a deal—you had much better... O. E. *del, deel*, part, A. S. *dæl*; hence, an indefinite quantity, degree, or extent. The present use of the word "deal" though vulgar now, was not so formerly. It was formerly limited; by *some, every, never a, a thousand*, etc., while now we generally qualify the word with *great* or *good*.

You've no call...cold—there is no need for you to run the risk of catching a cold. Dolly means that it is not expected of a man in his position to run on such errands of mercy; there are others in the village whose business it is to do so.

As tell—as to tell.

I doubt—I expect.

if you found...enough—if you found him sober enough to be of any use. From the quiet way Dolly refers to her husband's intemperate habits we are not to infer that she approved of his drinking to the extent he did, but

only that she took it all with philosophic resignation, for men *would* be men. Cf. p. 74, "but what wi' the drink..." "*any way* (= at all) sober enough" is redundant.

Or else—if he's not sober enough.

to fetch and carry—to run on errands.

now I'm...out—now that I have come out.

too painfully preoccupied—too distracted by his own painful thoughts.

twinge of self-reproach—a prick of conscience—for being praised for having a "tender heart" when he had nothing of the sort. Cf. p. 100, "an ugly inmate." His conduct towards the woman was worthy of censure rather than praise.

each alternative—i.e. whether the woman was dead or alive. Each alternative had far-reaching effects, but effects which faced opposite ways. Molly's death meant Godfrey's liberty; her life his exposure and ruin.

passionate desire—his love for Nancy which was very strong at present, since he had only just come from her radiant presence. *dread*—of course of exposure.

the sense—His conscience, which was still alive in him, told him that he should be brave and own his wife and child, instead of living as he did from day to day, trusting to chance and letting external events work out his fate for him. Godfrey's higher sense, we see, was not dead, only it struggled in vain against his "natural irresolution and moral cowardice," (p. 22).

fulfil...helpless child—declare the child to be his, and give it a father's love and care.

active renunciation—not such renunciation as he had hitherto practised of not going near her for "weeks and weeks," but real and effective renunciation, springing from the fixed determination to give up Nancy once for all,—not a passive renunciation which was determined by circumstances, and which cast imploring glances to chance, but a renunciation which was independent of circumstances, which took its fate in its own hands, and was prepared for the worst.

the weakness—the moral cowardice.

leap away...restraint—for had he not just been at Nancy's side? All scruples of conscience were flung to the four winds, for "one of those fits of yearning was on him now," (p. 27), and he hoped for the best—hoped that most probably Molly *was* dead. "He fled to his usual refuge, that of hoping for some unforeseen turn of fortune," (p. 63).

the voice—the voice of selfishness

the child—there is the difficulty about the child, and Godfrey hesitates a little, but it is only for a second. The child can be easily provided for; there was no unpleasantness to be apprehended in that direction.

it's all up with me—I am ruined.

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his uncle—of course Dr. Kimble.

whatever news—news whether of Molly's death or of her having been restored to life. In the one case he would have to hide the look of relief that would spring to his face, and in the other case the look of terror.

so far—as this. Dr. Kimble, who had gone on ahead, had brought Molly's body into the cottage when Godfrey came up with Dolly Winthrop.

the blood rush—from the sudden relief he experienced. The blood leaves the face in fear when the blood vessels are constricted.

vagrant—a wanderer, one who has no settled home, a beggar. The *r* is intrusive, Lat. *vagans*,—*antis*, pres. part. of *vagari*, to wander.

She's got a wedding ring on—which showed that she was respectable, and that her child was legitimate. *to the workhouse*—to be buried at the expense of the parish.

decent care—which she had carefully smoothed so as to make things look decent and tidy. *which* may refer either to *face* or *pillow* though we more often talk of "smoothing" a pillow than we do a face.

every line—every feature.

was present—the image was still vivid. Have we not all seen sights which we will remember to our dying day?

when he told—See Chapter XVIII.

wide-gazing calm—the calm, wistful look in a child's eyes when its features are in repose. We are struck by this look of peace when we look around and find ourselves fretting and chafing and tormented by a thousand fears. The child seems to say to us, "O! ye of little faith."

with our turmoil—who have our... For the sentiment cf. Wordsworth, *Intimations of Immortality, etc.*, VIII,

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty prophet! seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave...

There are several Wordsworthian touches in *Silds Marnier*. Cf. George Eliot's remark, "I should not have believed...since Wordsworth is dead," p. xxvii of Introduction.

such as we feel...sky—Wordsworth says in the Ode just quoted from,
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;...
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Cf. *Tintern Abbey*,

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky...

and *The Prelude*, VIII, lines, 293—339.

before a steady star—Cf. Keats' last sonnet,
Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,—
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremite...

a full-flowered...pathway—Cf. Wordsworth's lines on the ash-tree he used to linger under at Cambridge, *The Prelude*, V, lines, 85—94,

Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon...

scarcely Spencer's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create,
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights,
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

The tree, he tells us,

Winter for himself
Decked as in pride...
the lightsome twigs

And outer spray were profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels.

eylantine—the sweet-brier and some other species of rose, whose branches are covered with sharp prickles. Fr. *eylantine*, from O. Fr. *aiglent*, brier, as if from Lat. *aculentus*, prickly, *acus*, a needle. F

audible claim—it could not speak and claim Godfrey as its father. But all the same its claims were allowed by its father in his heart of hearts; for the child's helplessness, its innocence and its beauty appealed strongly to him though there were no outward ("visible") signs to show that such was the case. Cf. p. 101, "Godfrey felt the cry..."

the pulse—that there was no response in the little heart to the yearning in his own heart. At one time he felt thankful that he was a stranger to the child, and at another felt grieved to think that his own child should not know or care for him.

half-jealous—he naturally wanted the child to love him and no one else. *them*—her eyes.

loving disfiguration—The child played with Marner's face, pinching and pulling his cheeks, and making him look comical.

to the parish—to be brought up at the workhouse and at the expense of the parish.

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mazed—bewildered, confused.

towards finding it clothes—towards providing it with clothes. Cf. Wages Rs. 30 and all found.

strange for a miser—The child would be an extra expense to Marner, so that it was strange that he should want to keep it. See p. 15, "Marner drew less and less for his own wants..."

to help him out—to enable to do what he wishes.

the parish—would be only too glad to let Marner bring up the child, and be saved the trouble and the expense of doing so themselves.

I have seen the time—there was a time in my life, i.e. in my young days. Dr. Kimble had no children, and would have liked to adopt the little child himself had he been younger. But as it was he was old, and his wife was too fat to look after a little child. Old men do not as a rule like to be bothered with young children.

she could...sow—not a very complimentary comparison! See p. 78, "her diameter was in direct proportion..."

one of the beaux—one of the fashionable young men who will be missed by the young ladies.

at your own house—It was rude of Godfrey to leave his guests.

freaks—caprices or whims.

been cruel—been cold and distant in her manner.

spite...spoiling your pumps—Of course if he injured anybody, it was only himself. Dr. Kimble is, however, not serious, but merely says in effect that he cannot think what could have induced Godfrey to do such a silly thing as to go out in the snow in his pumps and ruin them. Something must have upset him, and Dr. Kimble pitches upon Nancy, for men in love do the most absurd things, especially if they have not found favour in their lady-love's eyes.

jigging—dancing. *gallanting*—being polite to the ladies.

that bother—Godfrey refers to something George Eliot has not recorded for us—his having been pressed to dance a hornpipe. We know of course why he considered it a "bother" being asked to do so: see p. 99, "He stood aloof because...Squire's fatherly jokes."

I'd got to dance...Miss Gunn—Godfrey had had to ask Miss Gunn for a dance, but had looked with such little pleasure on the prospect of having to dance with her, that, says he, he gladly availed himself of the welcome means of getting out of fulfilling his engagement by going off to fetch Dolly Winthrop and then going on to Marner's cottage.

subterfuge—that to which one resorts for escape, an artifice to escape the force of an argument. Lat. *subter*, under, *fugere*, to flee. Dr. Kimble had unconsciously suggested a lie to Godfrey: he had asked whether it was Nancy who had spoilt his evening and made him go out into the cold rather than be dancing in the White Parlour, and Godfrey took the hint, admitted having had a bad evening, but said it was Miss Gunn and not Nancy from whom he had fled.

prevarication—quibbling to evade the truth. *white lies*—a euphemism for such lies as one finds it convenient to tell, and excuses oneself for telling, often conventional phrases not strictly true; also well-meant falsehoods, such as those involved in withholding bad news from a man who is dangerously ill, or in giving him to understand that all is well when such is not the case.

which—is governed by *under*.

'under the false...own—when he thinks of the little defects in his painting which nobody but himself can detect. Just as the artist is uneasy in mind at the thought of the defects in his picture though he knows that nobody else sees them, so also the person who aims at living a life above reproach, altogether free from the taint of falsehood, feels a twinge of conscience when he has made a statement which is not altogether true, though it hardly amounts to a

lie in the ordinary sense of the word, in so far as it was made with the best of intentions: his conscience accuses him even though he knows his untruth has escaped the notice of everybody else, and that he stands condemned by nobody.

mere trimmings—light material, such as lace and the like, forming the necessary ornamental appendages of a garment. Understand *are worn* after *trimmings*. A person whose whole life is an acted lie scarcely thinks anything of telling lies; a lie does not disturb his peace of mind, but is forgotten very soon after it is told, for lies must needs be told prettily frequently by one whose whole life is a lie. See note on *no sort...duplicity*, p. 61. The sharp edge of conscience soon gets dulled with wrong-doing.

with dry feet—he had put on fresh stockings and shoes.

a sense...was too strong—The sense of relief he felt at knowing that the old bond had at last been broken banished all painful thoughts from his mind. He thought of Nancy and not of poor Molly, who lay dead in the cottage, or of the innocent little child in Marnor's lap.

the tenderest things—He was free to propose to her now.

to see him—to see him be. See p. 26; “It would be easy...”

were not...active enquiry—were not days when enquiries were set on foot to discover the antecedents of people of whom nothing was known, or when people instituted enquiries about missing relations, etc.

wide report—when news of people found dead, accidents, etc., was not published far and wide. There were no half-penny papers in England in those days.

a long way off—Godfrey took care to go to a distant church at which to get married to Molly. See note on *that's the glee*, p. 48.

unturmed pages—pages which none turned over. The marriage register of a village church was a book nobody ever read, so Godfrey had no reason to fear that the entry of his marriage might be unearthed some day and the fact of his marriage be made known, for in that distant parish Godfrey's marriage was of no interest to anybody, so that even if somebody *did* come across it in the register it would not be taken note of, but would be passed over with the many other similar entries. Nor was it likely that anybody from Raveloe would ever have occasion to consult the register.

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won to silence—bribed to keep quiet.

And when events, etc.—George Eliot describes how easily Godfrey satisfied his conscience. In doing so she alludes to a common failing of human nature, that of an over-present desire to justify ourselves in all things, a desire which, as it were, lies in wait, and seizes every opportunity as it comes along to “prove” to ourselves that we were not altogether wrong in our conduct, or

events would not have turned out as well as they have. It is when fate is most propitious to us that the self-congratulatory spirit grows most aggressive. In the Bible we are told to say to ourselves, "We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do," *St. Luke*, XVII. 10, even when we have done all those things which we are commanded to do, so apt are we to give ourselves praise when we deserve none. Cf. "perhaps even justify his insincerity..." p. 63.

When we are treated well—by fate.

mar our...fortune—by imprudent confessions. An illustration follows.

*Where after all, etc.—*considering fate had been good to him, and had released him from his bondage.

*seeing...turn out—*perhaps the Squire would turn Godfrey out if he knew who was the father of the child; but in any case, Godfrey said to himself, one does not know what the future holds in store for one, and it was just possible that he was going to have an unhappy life, and if so the child would be much better off with Marner than with him.

Summary.

This chapter describes Silas Marner's appearance at the Red House with Godfrey's child; and Godfrey's feelings first, on the uncertainty, and, then, on the certainty of his wife's fate.

After supper the gaiety at the Red House was at its highest. The servants had come to look on, and crowded with the villagers at the lower door of the White Parlour. Bob Cass was dancing a hornpipe to the admiration of his father, who warmly praised his efforts, and said that he was just like himself in his young days, while Godfrey stood aloof, sending long, unobserved glances towards Nancy Lammeter. It was at this juncture that, as Godfrey raised his eyes from one of his long glances, he beheld with amazement the figure of Silas Marner in the upper doorway, with a child in his arms. Godfrey recognised the child as his. Mr. Craokenthorp and Mr. Lammeter saw Marner at the same time, and went up to him, followed by Godfrey who was agitated in spite of his attempts at self-control. All eyes were soon turned to Marner, and explanations for his appearance were demanded. In a low tone, he explained that he wanted the doctor for a woman whom he had discovered at the stone-pits, and who, he thought, was dead. Godfrey heard the words, and his terror for the moment was that she might not be dead. Mr. Craokenthorp went to fetch Dr. Kimble, while the ladies pressed forward in curiosity and interest to discover the cause of the child's presence. Nancy asked Godfrey whose child it was, and he with a great effort denied all knowledge of it, saying merely that it was some poor woman's, for after all, he said to himself (to silence his conscience) he was not yet certain that it was his child. Mrs. Kimble suggested that Marner should leave the child there; but though he had formed no definite plan as to what he was going to do with it, he now all at once said it was his intention to keep the child himself, and he refused to give it up. Dr. Kimble then appeared, not very pleased at being called away from his cards, and ordered Dolly Winthrop to be sent for. Godfrey, anxious to get away, volunteered to go for her, for the sight of his child, her cry for 'Mammy,' and her confidence in Marner, had unnerved him, and the father in him cried out for his child. Snatching up a hat and a coat, but forgetting to change his light dancing shoes, he set out for Dolly. It was not long before he came up with her at the stone-pits. She respectfully suggested that he should return home, for she did not see why a young gentleman should get his feet wet on an errand of mercy. But Godfrey said he would stay, as he was once

out, and Dolly went into the cottage. His feelings were complex as he paced outside. He was ankle-deep in snow, but of that he was unconscious. All he knew was that his future lot depended on what was going on inside the cottage. The suspense was terrible. Behind his desire and his dread, conscience said that he ought not to consider alternatives, but should acknowledge his wife and claim his child. That would have meant the renunciation of Nancy, and his moral nature was too weak to stand such a test, though strong enough to wince under its own weakness. Then came the prospect of deliverance, and he told his conscience that if he married Nancy, he would turn over a new leaf. "And the child?" asked conscience. "Shall be taken care of somehow," was Godfrey's reply. If his wife lived, he was ruined.

When Dr. Kimble came out of the cottage, Godfrey heard that the woman was dead. He asked a few seemingly indifferent questions about her, and said he would like to look at her to see if she was the same woman he had seen the day before. He entered the cottage and took one look at the dead face on the pillow. That was enough. That last look remained for ever vivid in his memory. At the hearth sat Marner with the child. She was gazing round with a child's wide gaze, and her eyes met Godfrey's, but with no look of recognition. Once more the father in him cried out in jealousy for his child, for she turned from him to caress Marner confidently. Godfrey carelessly asked if Marner was going to take the child to the parish. Marner refused to part with the child till those who owned her claimed her. He said that it was a "lone thing," and he was alone, that his money had gone, and she had come he knew not from where. Godfrey hurriedly thrust half a guinea into Marner's hands to help towards finding it clothes, and hastened out.

He overtook Dr. Kimble, and said the woman was not the same woman whom he had seen the day before. Dr. Kimble rated Godfrey on his foolishness for venturing out on such a night, and he wanted to know if Nancy's behavior could account for it. Godfrey prevaricated. He said everything had been dull.

It was with a sense of relief that he re-entered the White Parlour. There was nothing now to prevent his courting Nancy Lammeter. There was no danger that his dead wife would be recognised. The registry of their marriage was a long way off. Dunsey, he thought, might betray him, but he might be bought over to silence. Thus Godfrey conversed with himself. Since things had turned out so favourably, he excused his own conduct which he felt he must have painted blacker than it really was. He excused himself a confession of everything to Nancy, for that would mean the ruin of her happiness as well as his. As for the child, he would see it was cared for. He would do anything but own it. Perhaps, he argued, it would be happier moved, and if another reason was wanted, he would be happier also.

CHAPTER XIV.

a pauper's burial—the burial given a pauper, where everything would be mean and shabby, the coffin made of the cheapest possible material, etc., for the parish had to meet the funeral expenses.

up Kench Yard—at Kench Yard. George Eliot goes on to show us how the days she writes of were not days of active inquiry and wide report. Nobody troubled to ask what had become of Molly when it was found she had left Batherley.

the dark-haired woman—even her name was not known.

the express note—what was done in the way of exact observation. *express*=exact, cf. "The express image of his person," Heb. I. 3, and Lily's *Euphues*,

"A friend is at all times another I, the express image of mine own person." Lat. *expressus*, moulded, modelled, exactly alike.

the general lot—so far as it in any way affected the lives of the people of Raveloe.

summer-shed leaf—a leaf which falls off a tree in summer and of which nobody takes any note.

was...the force of destiny—had the most far-reaching effects on, produced radical changes in the lives of, etc. Molly's death chiefly affected the lives of Godfrey and of Marner in this radical manner. *charged*—fraught. Fr. *charger*, Low Lat. *caricare*, to load, Lat. *carrus*, a wagon. *the end*—of their lives.

tramp—Molly, we see, was called a vagrant, and there the interest in her ended; nobody troubled to make enquiries about her.

iterated—repeated. In modern usage the verb "iterate" has been replaced by the verb "reiterate." Lat. *iterare*, to repeat, from *iterum*, again.

rather contemptuous pity—Cf. "poor mused creatur," p. 66.

especially...women—that was only to be expected, as there was a little child to serve as a bond of sympathy.

Notable mothers—devoted mothers noted for their care of their children.

"whole and sweet"—healthy and clean. A. S. *hal*, healthy; cf. *hale*, *heal*, etc. *sweet*, i.e. smelling sweet; but this use of the word is a colloquialism.

what it was—how annoying it was. *folding...elbows*—i.e. when standing (or sitting) idle.

propensities—lit. leanings (in a moral sense) from Lat. *propensus*, hanging forward.

firm—steady; who have just learnt to walk.

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on his hands—to look after.

what...never be able to do—i.e. what through being so lazy they had never exerted themselves to do.

neighbourly offices—kind services or assistance. *office*, "that which a person does, either voluntarily or by appointment, for, or with reference to, others; customary duty, or a duty that arises from the relations of man to man." (Webster.) "An 'officious' man was one prompt in offices of kindness, and not, as now, an uninvited meddler in things that concern him not." (Trench.) Lat. *officium*, for *opificium*; *ops*, ability, wealth, help, and *facere*, to do or make.

bustling instruction—giving instructions in a noisy, pretentious manner, with a view more to display their own knowledge than to render real assistance. Dolly was a grave, sensible woman, p. 69, ..

there's no call—rather a favorite expression, as we see, with the villagers.
'There is no need to buy anything else than a pair of shoes.'

petticoats—"little coats," the loose dresses worn by little English children, whether boys or girls.

ill spending money—it is not worth while spending money, it would be wasting money (to spend it on baby-clothes, for the child is bound to outgrow them soon.)

like grass in May—*i.e.* very rapidly. Cf. Milton,

flow'ry May, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

and Dryden,

For thee, sweet month, the groves *green* liv'ries wear.
If not the first, the fairest of the year.

that it will—I am sure that it will. Dolly repeats herself to be emphatic.
her bundle—of the clothes she had spoken to Marner about.

due order—the order in which they were put on; perhaps she began with vests and ended with pinafores. See next page, "Yon see...taking up the little shirt."

patched and darned—The big holes were patched up with new pieces of cloth, and the small holes were darned, *i.e.*, were closed with interlacing stitches of cotton or wool in imitation of the texture of the material out of which the garment was made. This care bestowed on Aaron's clothes showed Dolly to be a "notable mother."

fresh sprung—young herbs which look fresh and clean.

a great ceremony—a bath; it was indeed a "ceremony" to an old bachelor like Marner.

in new beauty—more beautiful than ever.

handling her toes, etc.—showing that the bath had refreshed her, and that she was in the best of humours.

discoveries—Cf. "the primary mystery of her own toes," p. 98, and notes.

gug-gug-gug—the inarticulate cry of a baby. A baby is said to "crow" when it utters sounds expressive of joy or pleasure.

without expecting...follow—for being nearly always under the influence of opium Molly used not to hear her cry, and she cried on uncared for.

rubbing the golden curls—to dry them.

And to think...rags—it was a great shame that there was nobody to care for it, and that it had to be dressed in dirty rags (the rags Dolly had just taken off).

there's Them...it—God watched over it, and led it to your door. It was all an act of providence.

a little starved robin—In winter when there is no food about birds grow bold, and come into houses for crumbs. The European robin red breast is about the size of a sparrow.

the money's gone, etc.—This is what he also said to Godfrey; see p. 104.

soothing gravity—in a grave tone to soothe Marner's perplexed mind.

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we know nothing—we do not know.

scrat—scratch, i.e. dig, here 'work hard.'

fend—manage, make provision for. An abbreviation of *defend*. (Scot.)

big things—the rain, the harvest, etc., and the great events of our lives, such as death, etc.

that they do—at God's bidding. Cf. Thomson,

There is a power
Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,—
That guides its motions, from the brightest star
To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;
While man, who madly deems himself the lord
Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.
This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,
Thou must have learnt, when wandering all alone,
Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,
Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

they do, that they do—what simple earnestness rings through the words!
in the right on it—'in the right of it' is the correct idiom. See p. 18.

'You have done right to keep the child.'

it's been sent to you—by God.

as thinks different—who wonder at your keeping the child, and would have you send it to the workhouse.

happen—perhaps, probably.

a bit moithered—a little worried or troubled. *moither*, or 'moider,' to perplex, to confuse, (*Prov. Eng.*). Etymology doubtful. Cf. muddle.

and welcome—"and willing," p. 74. 'And that gladly.'

see to it—attend to its needs, look after it.

one gets up betimes—See p. 69, "She rose at half past four." *betimes*, in good time, early. The prefix *be-* is the weak form of *by*, the *s* is an adverbial ending.

seems...still—Time hung heavy on her hands, for by ten she had finished all her work. Cf. p. 69, "this threw...a constant problem with her to remove."

to go about the victual—to start cooking the midday meal. Dolly could almost always spare Marner a little time after ten in the morning.

hesitating a little—Marner was jealous of the child, and could not quite make up his mind whether he should let Dolly have anything to do with it or not. He goes on to explain his difficulty to Dolly.

fending for myself—doing things for myself, managing my household affairs myself. Lat. *fendere*, to strike.

'wonderful handy wi' children—who can manage children wonderfully well.

contrairy—contrary, obstinate, will not do what they are told.

when the drink's... 'em—when they are sober.

unsensible—stupid, obstinate. The word is used by old writers in the sense of 'insensible.'

for leeching—for applying leeches (on others) to draw blood—or does Dolly mean when leeches have to be applied on them? The leech was formerly used very extensively by doctors for drawing blood.

docilely—in a manner which showed that he was anxious to learn. Lat. *docilis*, from *docere*, to teach; cf. doctor, didactic, disciple.

very close—for, as we know, he was short-sighted.

initiated in the mysteries—of how to dress a child. The process seemed mysterious to an old bachelor like Marner.

purring noises—low, murmuring noises like those made by a cat when pleased. "Purr" is an onomatopœic word.

tender tact—Marner had looked hurt when he saw Baby resting her head back against Dolly's arm, so now Dolly endeavours to cheer him by telling him that Baby is fondest of him immediately she sees the child caressing him.

done for her—attended to her, taken care of her.

something unknown...life—The final awakening of Marner's moral nature began, as we see, in a vague emotion, in his feeling the stirrings of a new life in him, which he was not able to interpret.

gymnastics—playful movements.

There, then!—you have dressed the child.

take to it...easy—you seem to have a special aptitude to learn, you learn readily.

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when you're...loom—when you have to be at work in your loom.

high hearth—The fire was burnt on a stone platform above the level of the floor of the cottage, and not on a level with it in a grate or recess in the wall fenced off by iron bars.

she'll be at it—she will get hold of it.

it is but...know—so that you can take the necessary precautions.

yell—girl. nor the lads—than boys.

make a fighting—they would struggle (to get away).

ringing the pigs—putting rings in their noses. This was done to keep them from rooting up the ground with their snouts as pigs otherwise do. When ringed, they cannot put their snouts in the soil, as it hurts them to do so.

my little chair—the chair my children all sat in when they were small.

a sin to the lads—to do the boys a wrong to...Boys will be boys, and it is wrong to wish them to be anything but boys in their nature.

to be a yell—to have been a girl.

to think—exclamatory infinitive.

to scour—or clean dishes. “Scour” comes through French from Lat. *excurare*, to take great care of. *mend*—clothes. Dolly pictures to herself the joy of having a daughter: how she would have delighted her soul teaching her little one all those womanly accomplishments in which she herself was such an expert! *this little un*—to this little one.

rather hastily—Of. previous page, “But I want to do things...me.”

according—as a father should.

like christened folk's children—i.e. in a respectable, godly manner. See note on “a reflection on those who had had...service,” p. 69. *christening*, the ceremony of baptism.

catechise—Dolly means “Catechism.” In the *Book of Common Prayer* there is a catechism or a brief course of instruction in religious doctrines and truth in the form of questions and answers, which must be learnt by every child before he or she ‘is brought to be confirmed by the bishop.’

‘I believe’—The opening words of the “Apostle's Creed,” so called because it summed up what the Apostles taught.

hurt nobody...deed—Dolly quotes from the answer to the question, “What is your duty towards your neighbour?”

the clerk—Mr. Macey himself.

That's what...do—you must bring her up in a Christian manner.

if you'd...child—if you mean to do your duty towards the child.

a new anxiety—because, Dissenter that he was, he did not understand what Dolly meant, did not know what new duty it was which she referred to, and which she declared was of such vital importance in the upbringing of the child.

de nite bearing—definite meaning. Marner did not understand her references to Church of England observances.

as the poor—that the poor. In the next line also, *as* = that.

should be spoke(n) to—to find out whether he thinks the child ought to be baptised, and if so to make arrangements with him for its baptism.

if you...unwilling—if you do not object, if you don't mind my doing so.

Mr. Macey—the parish clerk, was the proper person to be approached in order to have the child's case put before the rector and to have the necessary arrangements made for its baptism, if the rector said the child should be baptised.

went...wrong—in a physical as well as a moral sense. 'Fell ill or went astray.'

you hadn't...by it—you hadn't done your duty towards it, hadn't discharged, that is, a father's duty towards the child; had not had it vaccinated, etc., as Dolly explains.

'noculation—(such as) inoculation. If the child were to get small-pox, and you hadn't had it vaccinated, you would always blame yourself for its illness; in the same way (though Dolly does not say so in so many words) if the child in days to come goes astray, and you haven't had it baptised, your conscience will reproach you, for you will naturally feel that it was because of its not having been baptised that it went astray. So to be on the safe side, and to have a clear conscience, it is very necessary that the child should be baptised. Dolly is not to be understood as viewing baptism as an insurance against sin, but simply as a religious rite, and as such one we are bound to observe. Somewhat like George Eliot herself she laid great stress upon the performance of duties; cf. p. 72, "If we'n done our part..." The High Church doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration is this—that the power of spiritual life, forfeited by the Fall, is bestowed on the soul in the sacrament of baptism duly administered. The sect to which Marner once belonged believed in adult baptism (see next page), maintaining that the rite of initiation is duly administered only to those who are of age to make an intelligent profession of faith; so that Marner could not understand Dolly's anxiety about having the child christened as soon as possible. It might be mentioned that the question of baptism has led to endless diversity, debate, and alienation all over the Churches of Christendom. The rite is simply that of

initiation into the membership of the Church, and is identified by St. Paul (*Romans*; VI. 4) with that No to the world which precedes or rather accompanies Yea to God.

Inoculation with the matter of cowpox as a protection against small-pox was introduced in 1796-98 by Edward Jenner.

a thorn in your bed—a favorite metaphor of Dolly's, perhaps reminiscent of *Psalms*, XLI, 3, "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness," or *Isaiah*, LVII. 2; cf. p. 74, "the money as comes... *a bad bed* to lie down on at the last." "You would never be able to sleep peacefully again," i.e., your peace of mind would be destroyed. *o' this...grave*—i.e. as long as you live.

lying down—a euphemism for 'dying'. Their state in the next world could not be a very happy one.

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wi'out their own asking—through no wish of theirs. What true motherly feeling Dolly shows! Not only their own parents, but others also should treat little children with tender care. Cf. *St. Matt.*, XVIII. 5 and 6.

the desired effect on Silas—that of making him want to have the child baptised at once.

He had only heard—in his old Lantern Yard days. We learn now that the Church in Lantern Yard was a Baptist chapel, for it is Baptists who believe in adult baptism.

timidly—afraid to betray his ignorance of what he gathered from Dolly's words to be of such vital importance to the little child. Cf. "if you'd do the right thing...child," p. 108.

Won't folks...it—Notice that the child has already become the centre of interest in Marner's life; it is its interests he now consults in everything.

Dear, dear—Cf. "Dear heart," p. 71, and "Dear heart alive," p. 93. An exclamation of pity and of regret.

as there's...harm—i.e. were you never taught, even the simplest notions of morality?

whatever's right...country—whatever is considered to be right in this country (district).

Hephzibah—Dissenters are fond of Old Testament names. The name Hephzibah occurs in *Isaiah* LXII. 4; "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shalt be called Hephzi-bah, and thy land Beulah." "Hephzibah" means in Hebrew 'my delight is in her,' a most appropriate name for Marner's little girl. *hard*—difficult to pronounce.

it isn't a christened name—not a name that could have been given in baptism. Dissenters as a rule know their Bible much better than Churchmen do, and consequently the language of certain sects, *e.g.*, the Quakers, is very largely Biblical. In the present case, however, the person concerned was a poor ignorant woman, and it is not surprising she had never heard the name 'Hephzibah' before.

old ideas—recollections of the Bible.

I've no call...it—I have no reason for objecting to it.

on this head—in this respect, in the knowledge of the Bible he displayed as shown by the fact that he knew Hephzibah was a Bible name.

at catching the words—when I hear the Bible read in church. The LXII chap. of *Isaiah* is appointed to be read on the 29th December.

always like as if—always just as if...

putting...handle—getting hold of things by the wrong end. (The metaphor is from the grasping of a knife by the blade instead of by its handle; cf. to get hold of the wrong end of the stick.) Dolly was not keen-witted, but always bungled things.

sharp—able to grasp things quickly.

when you'd...say—when you had nothing important to say. Dolly means that in ordinary conversation such a name would sound absurd; it would only do to use it on special occasions when one had to adopt a pompous mode of speech.

noways wrong...name—Notice Dolly's superstitious reverence; she is afraid that it is wrong to shorten a name conferred solemnly on a child in baptism.

a deal handier—much easier to use.

afore dark—before the evening closes in.

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its bits o' things—its few small garments.

look to—turn to, or depend upon.

when...suds about—when I am doing my own washing and have my suds, etc., about me, I can easily wash baby's clothes as well, as it will make no difference to me in point of labour. *suds*, boiling water mixed with soap; A. S. *soden*, past part. of *seothan*, to seethe. *wi' one hand*, as easily as possible.

one o' these days—some day.

his little cart...him—Ben Winthrop was a wheelwright or wright who made wheels and wheel carriages. The cart referred to was of course a toy cart.

he's got a-rearing—that he is bringing up.

a double baptism...incur—Though no clergyman will baptise a child a second time if he knows it has already been baptised, and though in the present case the rector could not tell for certain that the child had not been baptised, still he felt that it was better that it should be baptised even if it ran the risk of being baptised twice rather than that it should not be baptised and so run the risk of not being baptised at all.

observances—the ceremonies which had to be gone through at the baptism of the child. Most probably the baptism took place on a Sunday before divine service, in which case the ceremonies referred to would be those also of Morning or Evening Prayer. Cf. The Prayer Book, "The people are to be admonished, that it is most convenient that Baptism should not be administered but upon Sundays, and other Holy-days, when the most number of people come together."

his old faith—his Lantern Yard religion. See p. 11, "The white-washed walls...earth." The style of service he had been used to at his chapel differed altogether from the present service which was of course conducted in accordance with the ritual of the *Book of Common Prayer*. If there was a time when he might perhaps have been able to sympathise with the service, it was in his Lantern Yard days before he had lost his faith in God and man; for then his religious emotions and sentiments were alive, nor was the sap of affection gone (cf. p. 16), so that he could have sympathised with a form of worship differing entirely from his, not, however, because he sympathised with it intellectually, but because of his having a loving, sympathetic nature (cf. p. 75, "(he) once loved his fellow with tender love") which would have made him sympathise with the form of worship of another sect solely on account of its being the mode of worship of human beings; his sympathy, that is, for the worshippers would have extended to their mode of worship. Marner would have unconsciously illustrated the Latin saying *Humani nihil a me alienum puto* (I think nothing human alien from me.) George Eliot herself could sympathise with all forms of worship. Writing to Mr. Cross on Sunday, 20th October 1873, she says, "All the great religions of the world historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own.... I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies." But as for Silas, after his fifteen years of social isolation and after the cruel calamities which had befallen him all religious emotions had died out, nor had the fountain of human love been yet unlocked in him, so that it was not possible for him to see that the Raveloe religion did not differ in kind from his old Lantern Yard religion.

a comparison...ideas—"for there was no word in it [the service] that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion," p. 72. *phrases*, cf. p. 11, "phrases at once occult and familiar."

that feeling—that feeling of sympathy for his fellow man. *dormant*—*Lat. dormire*, to sleep.

the lives—of the Raveloe villagers. *links*—occasions which brought him in contact with the villagers.

narrower isolation—more complete isolation. Cf. p. 16, "narrowing and hardening itself."

the gold...nothing—when he had it.

in close-locked solitude—Cf. p. 17, "he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold."

started to...tones—did not respond to, showed no immediate signs of animation at the sound of.

The rest of this paragraph is one of the most important as it is one of the finest passages in the book, describing, as it does, the difference between the influence of his gold ("a dead disrupted thing," p. 65) on Marner and that of Eppie. See Summary and the very appropriate motto chosen by George Eliot for her story.

endless claims—on Marner's attention and affection. She was not "a dead disrupted thing," but an active little being full of life and play.

making trial of everything—the inquisitiveness of children; everything must be thoroughly examined by these little philosophers.

with trust...joy—fully expecting to find new wonders in everything she examined which would be fresh sources of pleasure to her.

stirring...all eyes—She won the hearts of all.

ever-repeated circle—or to vary the metaphor, in the same groove. Gold had filled all his thoughts; when he got the gold he wanted, he wanted more, and when he got more, he wanted more still, and so on for ever. See p. 17, "(Ho) thought fondly of the guineas..."

compact of changes—made up of changes; she was a growing child, and Marner's moral nature grew as he ministered to her wants, for she created over-new and widening interests for him.

old eager pacing—His desires began and ended with gold in an "over-repeated circle." The figure is from the arena with the eager horses pacing round and round and always coming round to the same point. Cf. p. 65, "Marner's thoughts...their old round." *eager-pacing*, his intense longing for the same thing—gold.

blank limit.—Cf. p. 17, "the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving." There was nothing new to look forward to; there was simply the insensate monotonous longing for the same thing. Cf. "carried them to the new things."

made...of that time.—He pictured the future to himself with Eppie grown older by calling to mind the love and happiness he saw in his neighbours' families, and picturing his own home to himself with the aid of the images called up. *Charities.*—Fr. *charité*, from Lat. *caritas*, dearness, high regard, love from *carus*, dear, costly, loved, akin to Sans. *kam*, to wish, love. *charity* has now lost its original sense of "love." Cf. "They, at least, are little to be envied, in whose hearts the great *charities* lie dead," (Ruskin). *Ties*, family ties. "'No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as love can do with only a single thread." (Burton.)

longer and longer.—We know that he used often to work far into the middle of the night, (p. 12), and also that he began work pretty early in the morning, (p. 27). Then he worked all seven days of the week, (p. 70).

deafened and blinded.—morally as well as physically; see p. 17, "his thoughts were still with his loom..." and p. 74.

the monotony...web.—See pp. 12 and 15, (Chap. II.), and p. 35, "The light of his faith...its own."

the repetition...web.—with each new piece of linen he had to weave.

all its...holiday.—Latterly he had sat moaning in the evening after his day's work, (p. 66). See p. 16, "The livelong day he sat in his loom...their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath."

re-awakening.—by infusing some of her young life into him, so that the shrunken rivulet ere long swelled to "the grassy fringe of its old breadth." (p. 17).

even to...flies.—even to the extent of perceiving the old winter-flies. Repeat "re-awakening his senses." Marner had once delighted to wander through the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot, (p. 6), but one by one these delights had died away, and his life was soon reduced to "the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect." Now once again the interest in external nature revived under the influence of the little child. Eppie, as an active, inquisitive little being, was attracted by all sorts of living creatures, and played with flies as all children are fond of doing, and Marner, who took an interest in all things Eppie took an interest in, took to noticing and taking an interest in the old winter-flies as they crawled about sluggishly after the winter and were animated into fresh life by the warm sunshine. Cf. below "there was more that 'Dad-dad' was..."

warming him—The effects of strong affection on the moral nature are well compared to the effects of sunshine on the physical nature. Cf. p. 84, "his hospitality *rayed* out."

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the sunshine...lasting—in summer. In winter there are occasional bursts of fine weather, but only of very brief duration: it is only after May that there begins to be a change in the weather, and the sunshine grows strong and lasting.

buttercup—a common plant with a eup-like flower of a golden yellow, so called because it was once supposed to increase the butter of milk, though as a matter of fact cows do not eat the plant. Buttercups, however, only grow on sound, dry, old pastures, and cows feeding on such pastures would thus give the best milk, though not because the flowers produce butter. The plant is also called "butter-flower," "golden cup," and "king-cup"

lengthening...hedgerows—as the sun was setting. *under*,—for the hedgerows stood *above* the shadows.

to where—to the fields.

winged things—bees, butterflies, etc. Cf. Wordsworth's description of a child:—

And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less if unattended and alone
Than when both young and old sit gathered round
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself,
Is all sufficient: solitude to her,
Is blithe society, who fills the air,
With gladness and involuntary songs.

We have all listened to conversations carried on by children with bees, etc., and with inanimate objects, such as sticks and stones.

Dad-dad's—"Dad" or "Daddy" a child's word for "father." Cf. Sans. *tada*.

turn her ear—in the attitude of listening.

signs of...stillness—perhaps by putting up his finger, as much as to say that they should keep perfectly still until they heard the note again.

set up...back—made her back erect, sat up erect, showing that she was listening intently to the sound which she had sat listening for.

gurgling triumph—in a subdued, guttural tone, expressive of her joy that she had not listened in vain. *gurgle*, a broken, bubbling sound; in the present case the inarticulate sound made by little Eppie. Cf. Ital. *gorgogliare*, to gargle, bubble up, from Lat. *gurgulio*, gullet. Cf. "gug-gug-gug," p. 106.

once familiar herbs—See p. 6, “his inherited delight to wander...”

unchanged—just as they used to be when he gathered them years ago.

crowding remembrances—Memories of the past with its pain and grief came crowding in upon him, from which his mind instinctively recoiled.

taking refuge...world—filling his mind with Eppie and her simple joys and amusements, and thus driving out all the painful memories of the past.

that lay...spirit—that did not call distressing thoughts to mind.

enfeebled spirit—what with all the trials he had been through. Cf. p. 65, “To any one ...”

growing into memory—for his nature gradually recovered under the new influences brought to bear on it, so that his enfeebled spirit was strengthened, and he was able to think of the past.

unfolded—expanded and developed.

stupefied—Cf. p. 74, “his soul was still the shrunken rivulet, with only this difference,...it wandered confusedly against dark obstruction,” and p. 12, “all these...a spinning insect.”

a cold narrow prison—George Eliot compares his withering soul to a prisoner perishing from cold in a cold narrow dungeon. So far as the metaphor is concerned cf. III. *Henry VI*, II, ii.

Now my soul's palace is become a prison,

Ah! would she break from hence...

With “cold” compare “warming him into joy” above (p. 110).

was unfolding too—with the growing claims of the child on his heart and mind; she called forth feelings in him which had long lain dormant.

trembling gradually—developing gradually. The metaphor describes the gradual restoration to life of his moral nature, when each “fibre” of his nature began to respond to external stimuli.

It was an influence—this influence of the child on him. “It” refers vaguely to what was said in the previous para.

must gather force—for it grew in strength as the child grew, and needed more attention.

the tones...articulate—Eppie began to talk.

there was more...for—and so in course of time Marner was able to say of Eppie what Wordsworth said of his sister,

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;

A heart, the fountain of sweet tears :
And love, and thought, and joy.

imperatively required—with the impatience and curiosity of a growing child.

a ne capacity for mischief—Cf. Rousseau, *Emile*, "The feeling energy concentrates itself in the heart of the old man; in the heart of the child energy is overflowing and spreads outwards; he feels in his life enough to animate all his surroundings. Whether he makes or mars it is all one to him: it is enough that he has changed the state of things, and every change is an action. If he seems by preference to destroy, this is not from mischief; but the act of construction is always slow, and the act of destruction being quicker is more suited to his vivacity."

watchfulness—to prevent accidents.

penetration—into her ways to know what she would do next that she might be checked in time.

the incompatible...love—His love for the child made him feel disinclined to punish her, and at the same time he felt she ought to be punished. He was on the horns of a dilemma.

making it tingle—giving it a sound slapping.

it was not...done—it was impossible (to rear a child, etc.). Even Pestalozzi wrote, "When the children were obdurate and churlish, then I was severe, and made use of corporal punishment."

there's another thing—another way to punish her.

coal-hole—in the present case "a small closet near the hearth," p. 113, for keeping coal in. The coal cellar of a large house is an underground room.

that silly—soft-hearted to such a foolish extent.

Not as I...minute—of course I hadn't the heart to let him stay in the coal-hole for more than a minute.

to colly him—to blacken him; from "coal." Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. i, "Brief as the lightning in the collied night."

it was...as a rod—for Aaron hated being washed and dressed. *it*, being washed and dressed.

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I put it...conscience—I ask whether your conscience does not tell you that...

so masterful—so self-willed (that it will be impossible to keep her in check).

melancholy truth—for Marner had already had trouble with Eppie.

force of mind—determination. It was not only because he had not the heart to punish Eppie, but also because he was afraid of losing her love that he could not make up his mind either to smack her or to put her in the coal-hole. Not even a moment's disagreement would he have, lest in that time the child should become estranged from him.

affectionate Goliath—a man who is a very giant in strength, but who has a tender, loving heart. *Goliath*—the giant whom David slew, I, *Samuel*, XVII; here used for a giant. *Antonomasia*.

tied—i.e., by bonds of affection.

by pulling—This corresponds to "because it was painful...Eppie" above. *pulling*—punishing it; the metaphor is kept up.

to snap the cord—This corresponds to "because he trembled...for it." See note on *drawn tight*, p. 101.

which...master?—of course the little child; it will have it all its own way.

with her...steps—i.e., though she was not quite steady on her feet yet.

must lead...a pretty dance—must give father Silas a good deal of trouble; the example which follows shows how. The reference in "lead a pretty dance" is to the complicated dances of former times, when all followed the leader.

fine—used of course half ironically; "fine" for Eppie, but not so for poor Silas.

truckle-bed—a low bed on wheels that may be pushed under another; the beds servants slept in. Cf. Middleton, *More Dissemblers besides Women*, i. 4, "Well, go thy way, for as sweet a breasted page as ever lay at his master's feet in a truckle bed," and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. v. 7. Lat. *trochus*, a wheel, Gr. *trechein*, to run. Cf. *trundle-bed*, a different word of equivalent meaning.

dangerous climbing—such as on to the high hearth, up the backs of chairs, etc.

setting up—See p. 34 (Chap. V).

the same cause—viz. pressing the blades together. *the same effect*—of cutting the linen or other material placed between the blades.

the philosophic lesson—the law known as the "Uniformity of Nature."

ledge—a little bracket or shelf, either on the loom or probably on the wall close by.

toddled...again—on which she had been sitting.

setting up...fact—turning her back to Marner and sitting up erect so as not to let him see what she had in her hands.

she had... intention—she knew exactly what she was going to do with the scissors; she was not going to play with them, but was going to set herself free with them.

better child—because she seemed to be so quiet.

he happened to need—and looked round for them.

burst upon him—with all its fury. The fact struck terror into his mind. Cf. the use of “dawn” in “the fact dawned upon him.”

worst fear—the fear that she had fallen into the Stone-pit.

dry cavities—pits in which there was no water. He had not the courage to go to the Stone-pit all at once. Cf. p. 36, “A man falling into dark waters...despair.”

the unenclosed space—Cf. “the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit,” p. 27, and pp. 31, 95.

questioning dread—He asked himself with terror in his heart, “Is she there?—does she lie drowned at the bottom of the pit?”

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the cold drops—of sweat produced by fear. Cf. *I Henry IV*, II. iii,

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow.

through the stile—under the bars of the stile.

descriing her—spying or discovering her.

a close search—Marner would have to walk into the grass to search for Eppie, for otherwise there was no seeing her, as the grass was long enough to hide her.

that would be...—that would amount to or involve... If Marner walked all over Mr. Osgood's field, he would do a lot of damage to the long grass which was ready for the scythe.

misdemeanour—in law a crime less than a felony. “In common usage, the word *crime* is employed to denote the offences of a deeper and more atrocious dye, while small faults and omissions of less consequence are comprised under the gentler name of *misdemeanours*.”

must be—had to be.

peering all round—looking narrowly or intently all along the hedges hoping to catch sight of Eppie's head.

beginning with...see—imagining in his anxiety and confusion that he saw her. Lat. *per*, thoroughly, *turbare*, to disturb.

red sorrel—a plant belonging to the mallow family and having a sour juice; it is eaten by cattle. The plant is used in the West Indies for making

tarts and acid drinks. Fr. *surette*, from *sur*, sour, from Old High Ger. *sur*, sour. Cf. "sour."

dying hope—for he despaired of finding Eppie there; the fear that she had fallen into the Stone-pit was growing upon him. Or perhaps he feared that Eppie lay drowned in the pond (if it was deep enough for that).

summer shallowness—The pond was partly dried up, it being summer.

a deep hoof-mark—Eppie was amusing herself with pouring water from the pond into a deep impression left in the soft mud by a cow's hoof.

olive-green mud—brownish green mud; the grass growing on the mud was bespattered with slush, for Eppie had her dirty little foot resting on it.

alarmed doubt—George Eliot describes well the peculiar stare in a calf's eye.

aberration—meaning literally, like 'transgression,' a wandering or deviation, especially from truth or moral rectitude, but used generally of the intellect now-a-days, while 'transgression' is used in a moral sense. Lat. *ab*, from, *errare*, to wander; *trans*, over, across, *gradī*, to step, walk.

a christened child—a hit at poor Dolly. Silas had been given to understand that christening would do the child good,—that a christened child would not be naughty!

the necessary washing—for Eppie had been sitting in the mud. See below "her muddy feet and clothes."

"make her remember"—not to do it again.

come to harm—hurt or even drown herself.

gave...unusual resolution—nerved him for the task; cf. "it was painful to him to hurt Eppie..." p. 112.

shock enough—that this threat to put her in the coal-hole would of itself be a sufficient punishment to make her remember not to run away again.

shake herself—dance with glee, as if she were delighted at the prospect of having this new experience of being in the coal-hole.

to extremities—that he had to carry out his threat and put her in the coal-hole, since his words produced no effect.

Open—open.

Now Eppie'll...again—I am sure you have learnt a lesson, and will not be naughty again— or, You must promise not to be naughty again.

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must...still—had to stand still; Eppie had upset everything.

save time—by preventing interruptions.

though perhaps...more—for he could have been more certain than that the punishment had had the desired effect.

what he could do—whether he could mend it in the place where Eppie had cut it or not.

peep out—from the coal-hole. Eppie had got into the coal-hole of her own accord, and thus showed poor Marner that she had not viewed being put in there in the light of a punishment at all, but rather as “a pleasing novelty.”

She'd take...fun—she would imagine that I meant to play with her (as she has done in the present case), and not that I meant to punish her.

but what...out of—but such tricks, or mischievous habits, which she will give up as she grows older.

to frighten her off—to frighten her so as to keep her from touching...

the pups...a-rearing—See p. 110 where reference is made to Aaron's “black-and-white pup.” Country people in England like to have dogs.

worry—tear to pieces. Cf. *Richard III*, IV. iv, ll. 49—51,

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death :
That dog, that had its teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood.

and *Henry V*, II. ii, ll. 82—3,

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

if it was...cap—no matter what the thing may be, a good Sunday cap or something quite worthless, if it is within their reach, they will tear it to pieces.

could drag it—pull it down from its peg.

no difference—between expensive and worthless articles. All they want is something to tear to pieces.

the pushing of the teeth—the growing or cutting of the teeth through the gums. In the same way children are fond of chewing things when teething.

as sets them on—that makes them do it.

being...vicariously—being borne patiently by Marner. Marner meekly put up with her misdeeds. Lat. *vicarius*, supplying the place of another.

The stone hut...soft nest—a fine antithesis. Cf. Pope, “From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew.” Just as birds nestle together comfortably in a soft nest lined with feathers, so also Eppie lived happily in her home, the stone cottage, because Marner's patience made it impossible for any harshness to enter into his relations with her. With tender love and patience he cherished her, making all her life bright and happy.

she knew nothing...denials—everybody was kind to her.

journeys...farm-houses—See pp. 1 and 17 (Chap. II, *ad fin.*).

outlying homesteads—farms lying far out on the outskirts of the parish.

a useful gnome—Cf. p. 5, "the old linen-weaver...being dead." *gnome*, (pronounced *nom*) a spirit. Fr. *gnome*—a word traced by Littré to Paracelsus, and perhaps formed from Gr. *gnome*, intelligence. The *gnomes* (one syllable) were a set of imaginary beings misshapen in form and of diminutive size supposed by the Rosicrucians to inhabit the inner parts of the earth, and to be the guardians of mines, quarries, etc. Cf. Pope, *Pref. Letter to the "Rape of the Lock,"* "The four elements are inhabited by spirits called sylphs, *gnomes*, nymphs, and salamanders. The *gnomes*, or demons of the earth, delight in mischief; but the sylphs, whose habitation is in air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable."

Brownie—a good-natured household elf, believed in Scotland to render obliging services to good housewives. He is supposed to work at night. Farms are his favourite abode. He is called in England *Robin Goodfellow*. "Brownies are brown or tawny spirits, in opposition to fairies, which are fair or elegant ones."

unaccountable creature—See para 1, chapter I.

repulsion—Mr. Macey set himself the task of overcoming this repulsion in the villagers. See p. 48, "Folks as had the devil..." and p. 67 where he argues that Marner's appearance should not put people against him,—“it isn't every queer-looksed..." and continues, "as for thinking you...so I tell the neighbours."

a propitiatory way—so as not to give offence, and to gain his good-will. Marner was "worth speaking fair." See p. 5, "It was partly due to this vague fear...upon him." Lat. *propitiare*, to make favorable—*propitius*, well disposed.

present of pork—like the one from Miss Priscilla Lammeter, p. 34.

garden-stuff—vegetables.

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a person...understood—he was no longer an "unaccountable creature," but a human being like anybody else, with human joys and human sorrows.

he must sit a little—wherever he went on business he was made to sit and rest a little. He was welcomed wherever he went, and greetings and bargains were no longer as before made as brief as possible.

takes the measles...easy—if she has an attack of measles when she is young when she will be able to get over it easily. It is better for a child to have measles when it is young than when it is grown up, as young children shake off measles much more easily than grown up children do.

there isn't many lone men—Surprise seems to have been expressed all round at Marner's adopting the child, and not sending it to the workhouse. See p. 101, "Did you ever hear the like?" p. 103, "Why, you wouldn't like...you?" p. 105, "Silas Marner's determination...", p. 107, "though there's folks as thinks different."

take up with—adopt.

the weaving...handier—by being indoor occupation and needing delicate movements of the hands and fingers, which prevents their becoming thick and coarse, and adapts them for a woman's work. Being in his cottage the greater part of the day Marner learnt more about household matters than other men did.

for weaving...spinning—for your occupation of weaving resembles an occupation peculiar to women, *viz.* spinning. By "handy" Dolly means "clever with one's fingers."

outdoor work—work in the fields. Most of the villagers were agriculturists.

observantly—looking at Silas and Eppie with a look of much concern.

firm—not flabby, showing that the girl was strong and healthy.

turned out well—grew up a good girl.

there was no telling—one could not tell for certain whether she would grow up a good girl or not. As Eppie was the child of a vagrant, it was thought that she might not grow up a good girl, but might take after her mother. Cf. "steady lass."

to do for him—to work for him.

got helpless—in his old age.

could be shaken down—were ripe enough to be shaken down from the trees.

like little dogs...kind—See note on *what dog likes*, p. 1.

till attraction...kiss—until their shyness (cf. "cautious movement and steady gaze") wore off, and they wanted to kiss Eppie. Or the "soft lips" may be Eppie's.

had come...him—Cf. p. 110, "the child created fresh and fresh links... isolation."

the world—as comprised between the two limits of "man" and "pebbles."

to the red...pebbles—there was love between Eppie and "the red lady-bird and the round pebbles." Eppie was a little child of Nature, a lover "of all the mighty world of eye and ear," Cf. note on *the old winter fires*, p. 110.

lady-bird—(equivalent to 'the bird of Our Lady,' i.e. the Virgin Mary) a small beetle usually more or less hemispherical in form, with a smooth polished surface, and coloured red, brown, or black, with small spots of brighter colours; called also *lady-bug*, *lady-clock*, *lady-cow*, *lady-fly*, and *lady-beetle*. Probably *bird* is a corruption of *bug*.

entirely in...Eppie—George Eliot goes on to explain and illustrate her statement. Marner never thought of Raveloe life in relation to himself, but only in relation to Eppie—he was only concerned about its effect on her.

he listened docilely—to the remarks made to him by the villagers, such as those given on this page and those of Dolly Winthrop (pp. 107-9).

irrelevant—in no way connected with the purpose of his life, for he could not save a new hoard from so small a beginning, and apart from hoarding it of what use was money to Marner? His whole life had reduced itself to the function of weaving and hoarding.

the sense of bereavement, etc.—The loss of his hoard was too great a blow to him for him ever to experience the old joy he used to have when he handled his newly-earned money. See p. 13, "he drew out the money...gloom." See also p. 66, "The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy...beginning."

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a growing purpose—Marner's aim in life was no longer to hoard money, but to live and work for Eppie, and to meet all her growing needs.

drawing his hope...money—He loved the *purpose* now, (p. 13). Cf. p. 110, "The gold had kept his thoughts...neighbours."

In old days...angels—The reference is to the deliverance of Lot and his family from destruction by angels. See *Genesis*, XIX, 1—25.

they look no...backward—Cf. *Genesis*, XIX. 26 and *St. Luke*, XVII. 32.

The main purpose of *Silas Marner* is to show how the little child Eppie rescued Marner from moral death—or, in, George Eliot's own words, the story "sets or is intended to set—in a strong light—the remedial influences of pure natural human relations." The present para. expresses this purpose in a half-poetical manner.

There are three periods into which Silas Marner's life may be divided:

1. The period or stage of blind trust and faith in God and man, covering about the first twenty or twenty-five years of his life. During these years he was a member of the narrow religious sect known as "the Church assembling in Lantern Yard." See pp. 5, 6, and p. 119, "though he is not more than five-and-fifty."

2. The "withering" stage (p. 16) from the time he left Lantern Yard to the coming of Eppie, a period of fifteen years. This was the stage when his life narrowed and hardened itself into "a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being," (p. 16). Though "the light of his faith (was) quite put out, and his affections made desolate" (p. 85), his life was "an eager life, filled with immediate purpose which fenced him in from the wide, cheerless unknown," (p. 65)—except for about a month: when his "thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its homeward path," (p. 66).

3. The period of full and complete life, when having been brought into the presence of man and of nature, Marner lives in active sympathy with those around him. See pp. ii—v of Appendix I.

Summary.

This chapter describes the complete reclamation of Silas Marner by means of Eppie.

Silas's determination to keep the child was the turning-point in his life at Raveloe. Hitherto he had been looked upon as a crazy old miser; but now all hearts were turned towards him and every one became his friend. The mothers of Raveloe, who knew the care and watchfulness a two-year-old child needed, were especially sympathetic. Dolly Winthrop was the first to come forward with advice and kindly aid. She advised Marner not to spend Godfrey's half-guinea yet on clothes, for she could let him have those which Aaron had worn when he was two. She then initiated Marner into the mysteries of the child's washing and dressing. She told him it was right he should care for the child, for it had been sent him; but if he needed help in the washing and dressing she could come round to him. This made Marner somewhat jealous, and he said he wanted to learn to do things for the child himself, "else," said he, "she may get fond o' somebody else and not fond o' me." With all a woman's tact, Dolly understood at once. She said that though most men are "awk'ard and contrivry," yet some are "wonderful handy w' children." She re-assured Marner that the baby already loved him best. Strange new feelings awoke in Marner with the advent of the child. He could not have explained them, but he felt they were the beginning of a new life.

One thing troubled Dolly, and like a true friend she did not hesitate to communicate it to Marner. That was the child's christening. Marner had no very distinct ideas on the subject of christening; he had only heard of baptism. But Dolly seemed to think christening would be good for the child, and Marner in a new spirit of humbleness, gave in for the child's sake. The name Hephzibah was chosen, because it had been Silas's mother's name as well as his sister's, and was a Bible name; but the child was to be Eppie for short.

So baby was christened and Marner went to church for the first time. He could see in the church service no resemblance to his old Lantern Yard religion; for his ideas on religious observances were but vague; but Dolly had said it was for the child's good, and that was enough to decide Marner. So as Eppie grew up she created for Marner fresh links of fellowship. The life of isolation was for ever at an end. The worship of his gold had meant a cutting off from fellowship; little Eppie broke down the wall of solitude. The gold had demanded a never-changing circle of

* The robbery was committed shortly before Christmas. Cf. p. 66, "The odour of Christmas cooking being on the wind," p. 72, "this blessed Christmas as is ever coming," p. 65, "But Christmas puddings, brawn..thought," and p. 20, "late November afternoon."

thought which led to nothing ; Eppie created ever-new and widening interests. The gold had called him to sit weaving monotonously for long hours ; Eppie called him away from the loom and "made him think all its pauses a holiday." In the long summer afternoons and evenings, Eppie and Marner would be seen in some meadow, or plucking flowers along some bank. Marner would have looked again for medicinal herbs, but the memories called up were very bitter, and he turned away to find happiness in Eppie's simple enjoyments. Both souls unfolded now. Eppie's into full life ; Marner's "trembling gradually into consciousness."

With growth in years, Eppie grew in mischief. Silas was perplexed. Love demanded punishment for the child's good ; and love shrink from hurting what it loved, and perhaps thereby lessening the love of the loved for the lover. Silas appealed to Dolly. She advised a slight "tingle" now and then ; but if he could not bring himself to do that,—and she had never been able to with Aaron,—then let Eppie be put in the coal-hole.

Silas used to tie Eppie to the leg of his loom with a strip of linen. One morning he was at his loom with Eppie tied to the leg of it. Unthinkingly, he had left the scissors in her reach. She waited her opportunity and then reached for the scissors, silently cut the string and toddled outside. Silas marked the silence in the room, but believed Eppie was a better child than usual. When, however, he needed his scissors, he found to his horror that she had escaped. In great anxiety as to what may have happened to her, he searched in fields and meadows. At last he found her sitting by a shallow pool, using her boot as a bucket to pour water from the pool into a deep hoof-mark. Though overcome with joy, Silas felt on reaching home that Eppie's escapade needed to be punished with the coal-hole. Eppie was accordingly put in there. After a moment's silence she cried to be let out. Silas did so and gently reproved her naughtiness. He washed and dressed her and turned for a moment to see to her linen band, when Eppie peeping out of the coal-hole with black face and hands, cried, "Eppie in de coal-hole !" So that form of punishment had failed. On hearing the result of the punishment, Dolly advised Silas to keep temptation out of Eppie's way. Therefore it came about that Eppie's bringing up was soft and pleasant. She encountered no denials and no frowns. She went with Marner everywhere, and the weaver and his child became well-known and welcome figures in the village. Nobody shrank from Marner now. Even the little children hung around him. Before occasional gifts had been given him as propitiatory offerings ; now they were given in generosity of heart. Thus Eppie linked Silas once more with the whole world, and led him away from destruction. Because of her, Raveloe life was now entirely different to him. He sought communion with all for the help they might be able to render him in nurturing his young plant. With the loss of his gold, the desire to hoard had been killed ; but with the advent of Eppie a purpose was given to his earnings, and they became means towards an end.

CHAPTER XV.

There was one person—Godfrey Cass is the hero of the subsidiary story in the plot of *Silas Marner*. In the present chapter George Eliot describes the change Eppie brought about in his life corresponding to the change she wrought in Silas Marner's life. The coming of Eppie and the theft of Marner's hoard by Dunstan form the two chief points of contact between the main and the subsidiary stories in the plot of the story ; the two stories, as it were, interlace there, for both events had far-reaching effects in the lives of both the heroes concerned, and are of vital importance to the narrative in both cases.

the kindness...young Squire—the “hereditary” generosity of the Squire’s heir. The Squire as the great man of the village was expected to be generous and condescending to the poor (cf. p. 18, “their feasting caused a multiplication of orts...a fine thing for the poor” and see *Spectator*, No. 269), and his son and heir did only what was right to be good to the poor. Godfrey, however, took care not to let his kindness towards Marner and his little child seem at all marked, but made it appear as though he helped them quite casually, and also that he took no greater interest in them than did anybody else in the village, where all were kindly disposed towards the weaver and his child.

chance meeting—When Godfrey was out, and happened to meet Marner, he made a few enquiries about the child, and gave him a small present for it.

he told himself—to quiet his conscience.

birthright—the position in Raveloe society that was hers by virtue of her being the Squire’s grand-daughter. She was now but the child of a poor vagrant in the eyes of the village.

stations—or positions in life.

that famous ring—The reference is to the famous story of *Prince Darling* (from the *Cabinet des Fées*). See Andrew Lang’s *Blue Fairy Book*, pp. 268-289. The Fairy of Truth gave Prince Darling a gold ring, saying, “I promised your father that I would be your friend... Take great care of this ring : it is more precious than diamonds ; every time you do a bad deed it will prick your finger, but if, in spite of its pricking, you go on in your own evil way, you will lose my friendship, and I shall become your enemy.” One day the prince went out hunting, but could get no sport, which put him in a very bad temper ; it seemed to him as he rode along that his ring was pressing into his finger, but as it did not prick him he did not heed it. When he got home, he kicked his little dog Bibi which ran to meet him, and instantly the ring pricked him sharply, as if it had been a pin. The same was the case with Godfrey : his conscience slumbered as long as the excitement of wooing and wedding Naney lasted, but when he had won her, and had reached the “promised land,” he looked back on his past life with bitter regret, for it was then that the truth was borne in upon him that he had failed to do his duty by his child by having had her only well provided for (see next page), but never having acknowledged her as his child. He found then that it was too late to undo the wrong he had done her. As a further point of resemblance between Godfrey and Prince Darling compare Suliman’s eulogy of his royal pupil, “Alas ! I knew his heart, and am certain that if it had not been for the bad influence of those who surrounded him he would have been a good king and a father to his people. We may hate his faults, but let us pity him and hope for his restoration.”

cheek and eye...now—for he was no longer troubled in mind: there was no Molly to betray him, nor, as it seemed to him, was there a Dunstan to do so, for with his brother's prolonged absence he had quite lost sight of him, and no longer thought of him as likely to turn up some day and betray him out of spite. Cf. p. 19, "Mr. Godfrey didn't look half so fresh-coloured..."

so undivided...aims—There was no more vacillation, no making love and then staying away for weeks and weeks together. Godfrey now had but one end in view, the wooing and wedding of Nancy; "he was allays after Miss Nancy" (p. 91) to quote Mr. Macey.

a man of firmness—which we know he was not. See p. 22, "His natural irresolution and cowardice..."

I wonder—anacoluthon.

to the quick—literally 'to the living part'; when we scrape the surface of the skin it gives no pain, but if we pierce deeper to the living part, it gives acute pain.

hope folding her wings—when hope ceased to 'soar.' Hope is compared to an angel. Godfrey had cast longing eyes to the future, feeling certain that with Nancy by him all would be well, but he did not know that "there is seldom any wrong-doing which does not carry along with it some downfall of blindly-climbing hopes," and so in later life instead of being happy, he sat by a cheerless hearth, with all his hopes lying dead around him. "The hope of the righteous," says Solomon, "shall be gladness, (but) the hope of unjust men perisheth." (Proverbs, X. 28 and XI. 7.)

gone for a soldier—had enlisted.

to be specific—to be very precise or discriminating. It was enough that people could make rough guesses as to what had become of Dunstan, such as, that he had gone "out of the country," etc.—but no one cared to enquire what he had gone out as (for everybody knew that it could not have been in any capacity befitting his father's position) nor were the majority of the people very clear as to their notions of the outside world that they could specify which country it was he had gone to. See note on *prescriptive respectability*, p. 120 of these notes.

Godfrey had ceased...path—Dunstan did not enter Godfrey's thoughts; Godfrey no longer feared that he might return and reveal his secret. Life is compared to a journey. Cf. *Dora*, You shall pack, and never more, *darken* my doors again.

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lay straight forward—There was nothing to prevent his marrying Nancy. The one great obstacle had been removed by Molly's death.

longest-cherished wishes—See p. 26, "For four years he had thought of Nancy Lanmeter..."

the right turn—had turned over a new leaf. Everybody noticed a change for the better in Godfrey. Cf. p. 20, "But if Mr. Godfrey didn't turn over a new leaf..."

what would...end—People clearly saw that Godfrey would soon marry Nancy.

there were not...Warrens—Godfrey went up to see Nancy almost every day.

the day—the wedding day,—which is named by the bride. Godfrey had nothing to fear; for Nancy had accepted him, and he had only to ask her to fix the day, when she would do so.

He felt a reformed man—See p. 26, "she would be his wife..."

a promised land—a scene of peace and of happiness. The reference is to the land of Canaan, the promised land of the Israelites, which is described in the Bible as flowing with milk and honey. See *Genesis*, XII. 7, XIII. 15, XVII. 8, *Psalms*, CV. 9, etc.

no cause to fight—there was no need for him to exert himself in any way to obtain it, as there was in the case of the Israelites to get possession of their "promised land." His future happiness was assured him. Cf. p. 26, "it would be easy, when she was always near, to shake off..."

he saw—in a vision of days to come.

centred on—springing from his home; his home was the source of all his happiness. Cf. p. 26, "Godfrey's was an essentially domestic nature."

hearth—synecdoche for home.

that other child—Eppie.

not on the hearth—not acknowledged by him as his own child, and living in another house.

That was a father's duty—viz., just to provide for it. Godfrey soon saw that it was a father's duty to own it as well.

Summary.

Godfrey Cass watched the growth of Eppie with keen interest. Outwardly he could do no more than occasionally give Marnie a small gift for the child. This was but befitting in a young Squire. Godfrey would not claim his daughter, and he had quieted his conscience by saying she would probably be happier without the luxuries of life.

A great change had come over Godfrey. In appearance he looked happier; and in character he seemed firmer. He no longer feared the return of Dunsey whose absence was still unexplained. All Raveloe noticed the change in Godfrey and conjectured the approach of his marriage with Nancy. For besides frequent visits to the Warrens, he bore himself like an accepted suitor. He himself felt a reformed man. Temptation had been removed from his path, and his future looked bright as he pictured Nancy and his children on his hearth. As for the other child, he would see it was well cared for.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was... sixteen years—Sixteen years have elapsed, and we are told of the changes which Time has brought about in the village.

the cheerful peal... ended—Perhaps it was a rural custom to ring the church bells *after* service as well as before.

the arched doorway tower—the main entrance in the base of the tower, generally at the west end of the church. In a room in the tower above this entrance would be hung the bells, and perhaps from that point upwards the steeple tapered to a point and was perhaps surmounted by a weather-cock, if, that is, the church did not have a square tower.

eligible—suitable; of an *eligible* situation for a house. Lat. *e*, out, and *legere*, to choose. The richer parishioners naturally chose a bright day on which to go to church, so as to be able to have a pleasant walk there and back and so as not to get their Sunday clothes damaged. There is a reference to what George Eliot told us on p. 69 that the inhabitants of the village were not severely regular in their church-going. *rural*—Lat. *ruralis*, from *rus*, the country.

stroking... hearts—raising their forefingers to their heads. This was the form of salutation adopted by the men.

dropping their curtsies—the form of salutation adopted by the women. See p. 155 of these notes.

large rate-payer—any person who paid high rates to support the poor. The rates being calculated on the property owned, a person who paid high rates would be a well-to-do person.

in spite of Time... all—in spite of the fact that all have changed a good deal in appearance in the sixteen years.

fuller in flesh—stouter.

indefinable look of youth—his general youthful appearance.

wrinkles—the wrinkles of age. Though one has not lost the vigour of life, one's youthful appearance disappears with the advance of age.

lovely bloom... cheek—See page 77, “but certainly the bloom on her cheeks was at its highest point”...and Mr. Crackenthorp's compliment, page 84.

with the fresh... air—when the frosty morning air blows over her face.

for what...experience—not because of the beautiful face, but because of the morally beautiful nature the expression in the face indicates. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, Act. I, Sc. i, "her face like heaven enticeth."

Nancy's beauty...interest—Her face had now a wonderful fascination in it. It was a calm, quiet face, "with the light of the rising soul shining peacefully through it." One could read her character in her face; it was the index of her heart. Cf. Donne's lines,

We understood,
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say *her body thought*.

while...an ugly form—though the beauty of youth disappears with the advance of age. Morally beautiful natures are not always clothed in beautiful bodies; Socrates, for example, had the roughest of exteriors.

mere glances...divine—close acquaintance being needed to do so.

the fruit—Cf. the metaphor of the withering tree used to describe Marner's moral nature, p. 65.

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The firm...mouth—One could read gentleness as well as strength of will in Nancy's face. See p. 164 of these notes.

the clear...glance—the look or expression in her eyes which told of her perfectly upright nature. Lat. *verax* from *verus*, true.

Has been tested—Cf. p. 77, "Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lameter...," p. 83, "not the most dazzling rank...," and next chapter, pp. 134—6.

has more significance—because it shows that Nancy's love of neatness was due to a fixed habit of mind. In her young days it might have been said that she dressed with taste and neatness simply out of a desire to look charming, but now that she is a married woman, and still dresses with her old neatness, one cannot say that she does so for any other reason than that she loves neatness. See p. 80, "Everything belonging to Miss Nancy..."

any higher title—The title of Squire was no longer given.

was gathered...fathers—a Biblical expression meaning 'dead and buried.' See *Genesis*, XXV. 8, XXXV. 29, etc.

his inheritance was divided—As there was no entail on his property, the Squire had been able to divide his property among his sons as he liked. See p. 60, "my property's got no entail on it."

plainly dressed woman—Priscilla. She now no longer dressed as her younger sister did, but followed her own tastes in the matter of dress.

opposite the Red House—See p. 18, “the large red house...nearly opposite the church.”

to have gathered—to have acquired.

a longer vision—People who are short-sighted in early life grow long-sighted as they grow old. This is due to the crystalline lens of their eyes becoming less convex, and thus throwing the image on to the retina properly, and not in front of it, as is the case in short-sightedness.

more answering—there was an intelligent look in his eyes, not the vacant gaze they had in early life; see page 67, “You were allays a staring, white-faced creatur...”

blond—of fair complexion and light hair and blue eyes, opposed to *brunette*.

dimpled—with small natural depressions on the cheek or chin. Dimin. of *dip* with inserted *m*.

to chastise—to brush out the curl from her hair.

auburn—This word has changed in meaning; it originally meant ‘light-coloured,’ O. E. *auburne*, blonde, O. F. *alborne*, from Low Lat. *alburnus*, whitish, from Lat. *albus*, white. The word now means, ‘reddish brown.’

ripples—is wavy or curly, resembling the ripples of a stream.

March breeze—March is the month for high winds in England.

prayer-book...handkerchief—the rustic mode of carrying books.

fustian—See page 83 of these notes.

in the abstract—i.e. without taking into consideration the owner of the hair. He has never thought of heads of hair and nothing else.

puts it to him—when she asked him for his opinion on some previous occasion.

are out—of the churchyard.

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murmuring little sentences—to drive away embarrassing thoughts by trying to make both herself and others believe that Aaron was not in her thoughts.

anyhow—even if you could do it.

taking in—enclosing and cultivating.

of the waste—the waste land near the stone-pit.

have a turn—work for a short time.

of formalities—without shaking hands and asking how they were. Cf. “I wasn’t aware of you.”

any odd bits o' time—any spare time.

I'll bring...garden—Aaron was Godfrey's gardener.

and willing—and he will gladly let me have it. Aaron, we notice, is of his mother's turn of expression, see pp. 74, 108, etc.

I see nothing...a-saying—I am altogether engrossed in what she is saying.

if you think...good—if you approve of it.

p. 118

half bashfully—because she was speaking of her lover.

half roquishly—out of a sense of triumph; she knew that he would do anything for her. See below, "I knew Aaron would dig it for us—I knew that very well."

turn o' work—any odd jobs.

to any ways...hands—to try to take the work out of my hands by doing it himself or paying somebody to do it for him.

There now—You have heard what he said.

till it is all easy—till Aaron has done all the hard work.

for I always think...about—The poetry in the simple village mind, "blessed with an infant's ignorance of all but its own simple pleasures," comes out. Howitt says in his *Rural Life of England*, p. 590, that the foxglove was looked upon by village girls, as being unlike 'other flowers, because possessing knowledge; "it knows when a spirit passes, and always bows the head. They have, therefore, a secret awe of it. With them the dog rose is unlucky; if you give one, you will quarrel with the person, however dear to you; if you form a design near one it will come to nought."

rosemary—a shrub with narrow greyish leaves; it has a fragrant smell, and pungent bitterish taste, and is used in cookery, perfumery, etc.

bergamot—a tree of the orange family, having a roundish or pear-shaped fruit, from the rind of which an oil of delicious odour is extracted, much prized as a perfume.

thyme—(pronounced *time*) a garden shrub cultivated for its fragrance; it is much used to give a relish to soups, etc.

"Many cottagers," writes Howitt (*Rural Life of England*, p. 548), "are most zealous and successful florists—so successful that they were amongst the first to raise fine flowers before floral societies and flower-shows were in existence; and the names of some of these village florists are attached to some of the finest specimens, Hutton, Barker, and Redgate, appellations which some of our finest carnations, polyanthus, and ranunculuses bear, are those of old Derbyshire villagers; well known to me, who scarcely ever were out of their own rustic districts, but whose names are thus made familiar all the country over," Howitt gives some interesting facts on pp. 550—4.

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there's no lavender...gardens—lavender is only to be found in gentlefolks gardens. See p. 157 of these notes.

slips—cuttings, i.e. twigs cut off from a stock for the purpose of rooting as independent plants.

no end—any amount, a very large quantity. In pruning plants Aaron cut off twigs which were suitable for planting, but which he threw away because he had so many of them.

throw'em away mostly—I am forced to throw nearly all the cuttings away.

so as—so long as you don't..., provided that you don't...

make free—help yourself to, take liberties you should not.

the new end—Godfrey had added new rooms to the cottage, and had had them furnished as bedrooms.

I couldn't abide...imposin'—I should never like to feel that I was imposing upon his generosity.

there's never a garden, etc.—there is not a single garden in all the parish in which there isn't...

was made the most on—was cultivated to the fullest extent. "Back to the land" say many men in England at the present day when discussing the problem of unemployment. "Small holdings are proposed, with afforestation; as a means of keeping the population upon the land. The effect of this will be to steady trade, and to supply many opportunities which do not now exist for odd jobs to men unemployed in towns. It will also greatly increase the consumptive capacity of the people." (J. Ramsay MacDonald, M. P.)

and there was never...mouth—and if there was no waste, but if every morsel of food went to feed somebody. If the crumbs from rich men's tables were given to the poor, there would be food enough to feed many hungry people.

and her not know—without letting her know all about it. Dolly would be sure to have some useful suggestions to make.

on their right end—help us to set about to do things in the proper way, to make a good beginning.

with roguish triumph—archly; see note on *half-roguishly* on the previous page.

a deep little puss—a cunning little thing. *puss*, a playful name for a child or girl. Irish and Gaelic *pus*, a cat.

passive happiness—Old people do not as a rule make an outward display of their happiness, for age generally has the effect of toning down the emotions,

It is youth that is demonstrative. Cf. Eppie's "energetic kiss." Old age enjoys its happiness silently

love-crowned age—Silas Marner's clinging, loving nature had in its old age an object to love and to be loved by.

fine and beholden—finely beholden; you will lay yourself under an obligation to Aaron. We notice a new spirit of independence in Marner. It is, however, only on behalf of his adopted daughter that he feels as he does, for he very naturally does not want her to be under an obligation to a young man, for fear of giving him a claim over her of any sort. We see the father's guardian love keeping watch over Eppie.

her behaviour—She had laughed and frisked about because she knew that there was nobody by watching her.

browsing—grazing, literally eating or nibbling off the tender branches of trees, shrubs, etc.; O. Fr. *brouster*, from *broust*, a sprout.

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not...human trivialities—not disposed to look with contempt on the humbler joys of life, as some of the intellectual and proud ones of this world are apt to do. George Eliot set herself chiefly to preach the worth of common things, in which respect her teaching resembles Wordsworth's; see Appendix, pp. v, vi and p. 59 of Myers's *Wordsworth*

thankful to share in them—The donkey stood and looked at Eppie, wanting her to come and scratch its nose for it and pet it. To play with a friendly old donkey would have been considered a silly, frivolous thing to do by those who affected to despise "human trivialities."

did not fail—she *did* rub his nose for him.

the inconvenience—Eppie was prepared to be followed by the donkey, for she knew that if she petted him, he would follow her up to the door of the cottage.

painfully—because the poor donkey had a log tied to his leg.

modified...views—The donkey no longer wanted to stay with Eppie when he heard the dog's bark, as he did not want to be chased by the dog when the door was opened.

knowing—clever, intelligent.

terrier—a dog that "takes the earth," or unearths his prey. The word "terrier" is also applied to the holes which foxes, badgers, rabbits, etc., dig under ground to save themselves from the hunters. The dog called a "terrier" creeps into these holes like a ferret to rout out the victim. Lat. *terra*, the earth. Cf. *terrier*, a register or roll of a landed estate.

hysterical manner—the dog was beside himself for joy.

with a worrying noise—with a sharp loud bark as if he were going to tear the kitten in pieces. See note on *worry*, p. 114.

tortoise-shell—with its fur marked like the shell of a tortoise, mottled in yellow and black.

I have done...creature—it is my duty to frighten and worry the kitten, and that, you see, I have done.

The presence, etc.—Marner lived in complete isolation before Eppie came ; there were no animals in the cottage then.

There was no...living-room—The cottage, as we know (see p. 121, "built us up the new end"), had been enlarged by Godfrey. Whereas formerly it had consisted of only one room which was bedroom, work-room, and kitchen all in one, now there were separate rooms set apart for bedrooms. An interesting account of cottage life is given in Howitt's *Rural Life of England*, Chap. I, Pt. VI, from which we take the following, "When we go into the cottage of the working man, how forcibly are we struck with the difference between his mode of life and our own. There is his tenement of, at most, one or two rooms. His naked walls, bare brick, stone or mud floor, as it may be, a few wooden, or rush-bottomed chairs, a deal or old oak table, a simple fireplace, with its oven beside it, or, in many parts of the kingdom, no other fireplace than the hearth, a few pots and pans—and you have his whole abode, goods and chattels. He comes home weary from his out-door work, having eaten his dinner under hedge or tree, and sends himself for a few hours with his wife and children, then turns into a rude bed, standing perhaps on the farther side of his only room, and out again before daylight, if it be winter."

Dolly Winthrop's eye—Dolly Winthrop was a "notable housewife," and liked to see things neat and tidy. We see she taught her god-daughter, Eppie, habits of tidiness as well. See p. 108, "But I can teach'em this little un."

did very kindly...weaver—was very good to the weaver. Godfrey, we know, was prepared to do anything for his daughter except own her. See last para of Chap. XIII. We see now that the time had come when he could do something for her without arousing the slightest suspicion. See Chap. XV, para 1.

looked on—respected.

so as...week—so that he had nothing but his weekly earnings, nor could he now put by anything out of these earnings.

when the weaving...too—the power-loom was driving out the hand-loom, and cotton and woollen goods were beginning to be manufactured more extensively than linen goods (cf. "there was less and less flax spun"). See note, on *In the days when*, p. 1. All the more credit was due to Marner for adopting

the child when his business was in a bad way, and his earnings had decreased considerably.

was jealous...weaver—because he was shown so much consideration. Luckily for Godfrey there was a fair proportion of kindness in Raveloe, or perhaps somebody might have set to work to enquire whether he had any hidden motives for being so kind to the weaver and his adopted daughter.

an exceptional person—his case was without parallel in the village, and his claims therefore on the rich were superior to those of any one else.

an entirely new colour—was viewed in a different light altogether. Instead of regarding him as being in league with the Evil One, people looked upon him as an ill-used old man, who deserved all the pity and sympathy one could give him. Sixteen years ago Mr. Macey had hinted that his money had been taken from him as the result of his wicked dealings with the Powers of Darkness; now he looked so favourably upon him that he gave it as his opinion that the money would yet come to light or the robber be brought to book, for he felt certain that Murner's cause would not go unavenged.

door-sill—threshold. *sill*, the basis or foundation of a thing, especially, a horizontal piece, as a timber which forms the lower membrane of a frame.

made to answer for it—either in this world or in the next. The robber would never escape punishment.

his faculties...ever—so that the villagers were not to think his opinion was that of a feeble old man, but of one whose words should still carry weight with them.

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potatoe-pie—stewed meat baked within a crust made of potatoe with a little egg and flour smeared on top. The pie had most probably been made the previous day, and was warmed up on Marner's return from church by being put on a slow fire so as not to get burnt. If Eppie and Marner went to church, there was no time to cook a dinner; so the Sunday meal consisted of something that had been already cooked, and had only to be warmed up.

a grate and oven—The style of oven meant is most probably an arched cavity built either of brick or of stone beside the grate or fireplace. The more modern oven consisting of an iron chamber with shelves *might* also be meant. See note on *high hearth*, p. 108.

The gods of the hearth—"The *Lararium* was the inner part of a Roman house, which was dedicated to the Lares, and in which their images were kept and worshipped. It seems to have been customary for religious Romans in the morning, immediately after they rose, to perform their prayers in the *Lararium*." (Dr. Smith.) The Lares, or household deities of the Romans, were originally deified ancestors of the families whose family life they protected,

and images of whom were kept in some shrine in the house near the hearth, The hearth was therefore sacred in the eyes of the Romans. It is sacred also in the eyes of the Englishman, though for a different reason. To an Englishman his home is everything, and the hearth the most sacred part of the house, because here have gathered many members of the family, and here every evening father, mother, and children meet, so that the hearth has come to stand for home, and is, as Washington Irving says, "the rallying point of the affections." Cf. "What sweet faces and lovely forms are seen by the evening passer-by in the light of the ingle, amid the family group, making some smoky-raftered hut a little temple of rare beauty and of filial or sisterly affection." (Howitt.) See para 2, p. viii of the Appendix.

let all new faith...roots—Let us not want to introduce radical changes in our homes all at once, lest in attempting to do so we defeat our own ends by succeeding merely in putting people against reform. It is in a tolerant and sympathetic spirit that sentiment and prejudice are to be overcome.

fetishism—A fetish is a material object supposed among certain African tribes to represent in such a way, or to be so connected with, a supernatural being, that the possession of it gives to the possessor power to control that being. (Webster.) Fr. *fetich*—Port. *feitico*, magic: a name given by the Portuguese to the gods of West Africa—Port. *feitico*, artificial, Lat. *factitius*—*facere*, to make.

half-abstractedly—in a sort of reverie, though gazing at Eppie still not seeming to take in what he saw. Cf. "wandering thoughts."

Snap—the terrier.

rippling ratiance—her wavy, glossy hair. Cf. p. 119, "the hair ripples as..."

set off—well contrasted with, made to look more beautiful.

jug-handle—The kitten's body was arched in the form of a bow, and suggested a novel design for a jug-handle.

cogent...growl—an angry growl which frightened the cat, and made it give up trying to get the morsel.

futility—The dog felt that the cat stood no chance at all of getting the morsel so long as he was there trying to get it as well.

clear away—the dinner things.

the f'ts—to which Silas was subject.

which was made...work—a principle which he frequently adopted in his doctoring; if he did not know what medicine to prescribe for a particular patient, he prescribed one which he knew would do no harm,—he knew enough about medicines to be able to do that.

a humble...good—Cf. p. 115, "he listened docilely..."

the only clew...hold by—He was so bewildered he did not know what to do or think; so he simply followed blindly what the villagers bade him do and placed his entire confidence in their judgment. See note on *clew*, p. 105 of these notes, and p. 48 of the text, "This strangely novel situation..."

the darkness—Cf. Marner's words, "My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where."

to appropriate—He began to adopt the village customs and share the beliefs prevalent there.

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mould...life—which shaped Raveloe life, or were typical or characteristic of it. The author has acquainted us with several Raveloe beliefs and customs.

re-awakening sensibilities—See p. 110, "Eppie called him away...re-awakening his senses with fresh life," and p. 111, "his soul...was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness," and cf. p. 13, "Thought was arrested by utter bewilderment..."

elements—the various beliefs which made up his old Lantern Yard faith. See p. 10, "We are apt to think..."

his new impressions—the doctrines and beliefs of the Church of England which he had now become acquainted with.

a consciousness of unity—See p. 110, "He was quite unable..." and notes.

presiding goodness—of a righteous God Who orders everything for the best. Cf. p. 10, "There is no just God that governs the earth righteously."

with all pure peace and joy—In the hour of adversity we forget God, with the return of brighter days our faith and trust in Him revive. Mary had not the faith of Job who said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."

that dark shadow—"Frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night," p. 12.

to open his mind to—to unburden himself to, to lay his doubts. Cf. Jeremiah, XX. 12, "Unto thee have I opened my cause."

readiness of interpretation—Dolly was slow of understanding. See "My husband says...for he's very sharp."

narrow outward experience—She knew nothing of the great world outside her own district.

no key to—no clew to or means of explaining. The only customs Dolly was acquainted with were those of her own village.

of other views and customs was of itself something strange and new to her, much less could she reason about those strange beliefs and customs.

made every...wonder—We know how Marner puzzled her the first occasion he used the word “chapel” in conversation to her. See p. 72, and notes. Now as he told his story to Dolly, he had to pause pretty frequently in the narrative to explain terms to her.

its false testimony—that he had stolen the money.

under new questions—to enable her to get clearer ideas on points which perplexed her. Cf. “The works of other writers might also be passed *under* the Academy’s review.” (Matthew Arnold.)

clearing—freeing from the imputation of guilt.

the same Bible—as the one we use. Dolly has become mystified, and wonders whether the Church assembling in Lantern Yard used a different Bible to the one used by her own Church, and whether it was thus that sanction was found for so strange a custom as the drawing of lots in order to detect guilt.

every bit—in every particular.

there’s drawing o’ lots in the Bible—See *Leviticus*, XVI. 8, *Numbers*, XXVI. 55, *Joshua*, XV, I *Samuel*, X. 17, and *Acts*, I. 26. We quote *Proverbs*, XVI. 33, “The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.”

mind you—remember that.

O dear, dear—See pp. 139, 181 of these notes. Dolly was hoping that it might have been because Marner used a corrupt Bible that he was done so grave an injustice, but now she saw that that view was untenable.

happen—perhaps.

how it all is—how it is that Scripture countenances the drawing of lots.

I’ll be bound—I am sure (and I undertake the responsibility for the statement).

them things—a vulgarism for *those things*.

poor folks...out on—uneducated people cannot understand.

rightly—exactly, for Dolly was no “scholar,” p. 109.

lies upo’ your mind—troubles you.

had done...by you—had treated you properly. Dolly states Marner’s difficulty concisely

turned out—expelled from the church as a thief.

Ah!—now you understood me; that is my difficulty.

who had now...phrasology—after sixteen years' acquaintance with her mode of speech. On the occasion of her first visit to him we were told that "her exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly" on his ears and that "his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun," (p. 72.)

that was...red-hot iron—that was what I felt so acutely. The simile may be reminiscent of 1 Timothy, IV. 2, "having their conscience seared with a hot iron."

there was nobody...me—After the lots had declared him guilty Marner felt forsaken both by God and man; he went out, George Eliot told us, with despair in his soul—"that shaken trust...a loving nature," p. 10. *clave*, stood by me in spite of the verdict of the lots. Cf. *Genesis*, II. 24, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall *cleave* unto his wife."

And him...in wi'—my most intimate friend (William Dane, p. 6). *St. John*, X. 9.

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went halves—shared everything equally with him.

mine own...friend—Marner had evidently begun to read his Bible again, for he now quotes Scripture. See *Psalms*, XLI. 9, "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me."

had lifted up...again'me—had risen up against me.

another such—another man so bad as that.

I'm overcome—I am quite at a loss what to think; I don't know how to explain the difficulty about this lot-drawing.

as if I'd waked...morning—I feel as if I weren't in the full possession of my senses.

laid something up—put away something. Though the exact place where we have put a thing has gone clean out of our minds, there is often present a half tantalising feeling that we *do* know where the thing is, and that we would remember the exact place in a second, if only we could divest our minds of the sense of vagueness obsessing every faculty. *justly*—exactly. *put my hand on it*—find it straight away.

there was...to you—some good purpose, I feel sure, was served, though it is hard to tell what that purpose was. *as* = that. Dolly's faith remains unshaken. "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, *the proving of things not seen*," *Hebrews*, XI. 1, (R. V.) "The mind has no horizon; it looks beyond the eye, and seeks for mind in all it sees." (Shakespeare.)

poulticing—applying a poultice of meal, bran, etc., to sores. Lat. *pultes*, pl. of *puls*, *pultis*, (Gr. *pollos*), porridge. See p. 69, "She was always first thought of..." Every hour of the day almost brings with it a fresh frame of mind.

Dolly was too useful, etc.—If it was while attending the sick that Dolly's mind was most active, it was not long that she waited for the enlightenment she needed, for, busy woman that she was, her services were always in requisition at the bed of suffering, and so before long, the necessary frame of mind having been induced, and she had solved Marner's difficulty. See preceding note.

Eppie's washing—Eppie's clothes which she had washed for Marner. See p. 110, "and as to washing its bits o' things..."

twisted—like a piece of yarn. 'I was so terribly perplexed in mind, that I could not see my way out of the difficulty.' Cf. p. 109, "as if I was putting the haft for the handle."

It came to me all clear—I saw my way out of the difficulty.

bring it...end—clothe my thoughts in words, give expression to what I thought. Cf. "On the tip of the tongue," i.e. on the very point of being spoken.

for I've....out—For

"Thought is deeper than all speech :
Feeling deeper than all thought."

"Speech," as George Eliot says elsewhere, "is but broken light upon the depth of the unspoken."

your old country—where you lived before you came to Raveloe, "Lantern Yard."

never saying...heart—Dissenters use no prayer books, as they do in the Church of England. Their prayers are the expression of the feelings of the man who prays, and are composed on the spur of the moment in his own words. Dolly had never heard of any prayers of this kind, and the ability of the Lantern Yard people to pray without set prayers struck her as being wonderful.

Our Father—the Lord's Prayer, so called because it was taught by Jesus Christ to His disciples. *St. Matt* : VI. 9-15.

little bits...church.—Cf. p. 109, "I'm no scholar...words," Dolly used words and phrases in her private prayers which she had picked up at church.

I might down...knees.—I might go down on my knees as if to pray, but should not be able to do so. Dolly needed a form of words to form the basis of her prayers.

Mostly—generally. Marner pays Dolly a compliment, telling her that she is not as stupid as she makes herself out to be. There was a time, however, when Dolly's exposition of her simple theology had fallen "rather unmeaningly" on his ears.

it come to me—when I was sitting up with poor Bessie. *come*, a vulgarism for *came*.

summat—somewhat. Dolly is not able to state the exact sequence of her thought.

I can make nothing—I am utterly at a loss to explain how it was that the answer came wrong when the lots were drawn.

it 'ud...parson—See previous page, "The parson knows, I'll be bound... big words." It would require the parson's big words to explain the mystery, —words such as ignorant folk like ourselves 'could not understand.

troubling over—anxiously attending upon.

can't do a power—can't do much, can't in any way..., that it is not in my power to help them.

not if...night—even if I were to exert myself to my utmost.

a deal tenderer heart—Her faith in God's love and in His overruling providence remains unshaken. Cf. *St. Matt*: VII. 11, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" and *Proverbs* III. 5-6, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding, etc."

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that it is—her usual trick of repeating herself to be emphatic. See pp. 71, 106, 107.

it all come...in—I viewed your case in an entirely new light; fresh thoughts came into my mind.

if I felt—when I heard you tell me your story.

by you—to do to you.

and them as prayed—know as well what was the right thing to do by you (for they had no intention of doing you a wrong when they resorted to the drawing of lots, but had on the other hand meant to do their duty by you, by not prejudging you, but by giving you a fair trial.)

that wicked one—William Dano.

if they could—Dolly gives the ministers, etc., of Lantern Yard credit for having resorted to the drawing of lots as a means of detecting guilt with the honest conviction that they were doing Marner no wrong by so doing, but were adopting a perfectly legitimate and just means of detecting guilt.

isn't there them—Is it conceivable that God, Who is omniscient and is all Love, would not have cared for you, and seen that you were done no wrong? Cf. *St. Matt.* VII. 11 quoted above.

that's all—my perfect trust in God's overruling providence. "Faith is not reason's labour, but repose." (Young.)

For there was the fever—Dolly gives examples of the unaccountable in the world—events and circumstances which try one's faith, and which are a "big puzzle" to one.

full-growed—the parents, leaving helpless orphans behind. Dolly is thinking of a time when fever was bad in the village.

breaking o' limbs—accidents, such as falling from hay-ricks, being driven over by carts, etc.

as 'ud do right—those who want to live honest lives. Cf. *Psalm XCIV.* 3-7.

contrairy—are wicked and drunken.

make out the rights on—altogether unaccountable occurrences in which we quite fail to detect the hand of a benevolent Providence, which "are big puzzles" to us.

to trusten—The Mid. Eng. infinitive termination *en* is thus preserved in the language of the uneducated.

The genuine dialect of the Peak in Derbyshire is nearly pure Saxon, says Howitt. "It is curious to see in the southern agricultural counties, how the old Saxon terms are worn out by a greater intercourse with London and townspeople. . . as you proceed northward, the Saxon becomes more and more prevalent in the country dialects. In the Peak of Derbyshire such dialogues as the following between farmer and guest may be heard:—

Farmer at table to his guest.—Ite, mon, ite!

Guest.—Au have iten, mon. Au've iten till Au'm weelly brussen.

Farmer.—Then ite, and brust thee out mon: au wooden we hadden to brussen thee wee." (*Rural Life of England*, p. 109.)

We give below a few examples of English provincialisms:—

(a). *Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, etc.*

Foyne, twoyne, for *fine, twine*; poo for *pull*.

(b). *Cumberland, etc.*

Cuil, bluid, for *cool, blood*; hawf for *half*; whoam for *home*.

(c). *Devonshire, etc.*

F-vind for *find*; wid for *with*; zee for *see*; tudder for *the other*.

(d). *Essex, etc.*

Went for *vent*; vot for *what*; vite for *white*.

(e). *Hereford, etc.*

Clom for *climb*; puck for *pick*; rep for *reap*.

(f). *Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, etc.*

Housen for *houses*; n-loyne for *a lane*; mon for *man*; thik for *this*.

(g). *Yorkshire, etc.*

Foyt for *foot*; foight for *fight*; o-nooin, gooise, fooil, tooil, for *noon, goose, fool, tool*.

rights—right. Dolly reminds us of Plato and his Realism; according to him in his world of types and symbols there are perfect forms of the imperfect forms which we have in this world of ours. These Entia he considered to be distinct realities, eternal and unchangeable, in which particulars partook. Somewhat like Plato Dolly argues that because we have certain forms of goodness in this world, we may suppose that there is a world where everything is brought to perfection, in which we have perfect goodness, etc; it is quite possible at any rate to conceive of a Being Who is omniscient and all-loving. Cf. *Hamlet*, Act I. Sc. 5,

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

my inside—my mind. Though conscious herself of an eternal purpose in all things in this world, she cannot formulate her reasons for her belief.

with compunction—feeling half ashamed of herself for having spoken so lightly of Marner's difficulty. *nor done*, than done.

a good more...see—there are times in our lives when we see that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

the trouble and wickedness—which Dolly had spoken of.

is dark—is inexplicable, mysterious.

was sent to me—we were told on page 97 that the child "stirred fibres... Power presiding over his life." We see that Marner still felt that Eppie had been sent to him by a Power an object of Whose care he was.

there's dealings—the events of our lives are controlled by God; we are objects of His care. Cf. *St. Matt.*, X. 30.

dame's school—See page 80, "Dame Tedman's," and note.

quiet outpouring—quiet heart-talks, when he gave expression to his deepest feelings, when he told her of all his secret sorrows which he had hidden in the quiet and secrecy of his heart.

her too—he had already spoken to Dolly.

even...if been expected—The villagers were blunt and outspoken, and knew not what it was to consult other people's feelings in the irresistible desire to gossip on all possible occasions. See page 67, "it was often of a beery and hanging sort...hypocritical." *even if*, it could not have been.

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been parried—been put off or evaded. Lat. *parare*, to prepare, in Low Lat. to keep off.

complete shrouding—Marner would have had to withhold from her all knowledge of the past, which would have seemed strange to her, and would have led to estrangement between “father” and “daughter,” because of his not being quite open with her.

who had taken...for—See page 97, “to his blurred vision it seemed....”

the seclusion—the cottage stood on the outskirts of the village; see p. 2, “near the village of Raveloe,” and *farther extremity*, p. 60, of these notes.

lowering influences—Except for telling us that the villagers were not regular church-goers, and for one or two other references, such as the poaching propensities of Jem Rodney, George Eliot has told us very little about the morals of her villagers; from her present remark, however, we cannot suppose that they were of a very high order. In his criticism of *Silas Marner* Leslie Stephen draws attention to the fact that George Eliot describes but slightly the more repulsive and brutal elements in the rustic world, and says that a “realist” would be apt to find fault with the story on that score. In art and literature Realism is the tendency to conceive and represent things as they are, however unsightly and immoral they may be, without any respect to the beautiful, the true, or the good. In Ruskin’s teaching mere realism is not art; according to him art is concerned with the rendering and portrayal of ideals. For an account of what the morals of rustics once were in some counties in England see pages 136-8 and 222-3 of Howitt’s *Rural Life of England*.

freshness—Cf. Cowper’s description of a rustic,

“The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blessed with an infant’s ignorance of all,
But his own simple pleasures.”

is sometimes—is by some people.

perfect love, etc.—See page 25, “perhaps the love of some sweet maiden...,” and page 84, “reverent love has a politeness...”

a breath of poetry—i.e. an ennobling influence.

had surrounded Eppie—See p. 110, “Eppie was a creature of endless claims...,” and notes. She was a child of Nature.

that beckoned her—that, as it were, welcomed her to the warm cottage.

fervour—intensity of feeling, as opposed to the obtuseness of the dull-witted villagers. Lat. *fervere*, to boil.

unvitiated feeling—See above “preserved her from the lowering influences.” She lived aloof from the villagers, and thus escaped contamination with their grossness.

to rove into questions—to speculate as to who her father was.

wasted finger—of the dead woman (Molly) found in the snow; see page 98.

lackered—now generally spelt *lacquered*; varnished with *lac*.

the symbol—the wedding ring is the symbol of marriage, and implies a husband.

a father—Silas, who, as the villagers expressed it, was both father and mother to her.

forlornness—that state of utter destitution in which Eppie was told she was found.

often pressed...mind—that she often brooded over, that it worried and distressed her to think of.

her knowledge—the example of a mother she had in Mrs. Winthrop in the way she cared for and looked after her children.

the little footsteps—of little Eppie. See page 98, "he could just discern the marks made by the little feet..."

that arrested...thoughts—that attracted her attention.

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cadence—the fall of the voice at the end of a sentence; a term from music. Lat. *cadere*, to fall. In the midst of her merriment she would stop and become quite sad as she thought of her mother, just as in a musical composition sad notes mingle with bright cheerful notes.

we shall take...garden—we shall enclose the furze bush in our garden. Being the spot where her mother had died, it was sacred to her.

snowdrops and crocuses—the snowdrop is a white flower which is cultivated in gardens for its beauty, and which like the crocus is the earliest flower of the year, appearing often while the snow is yet on the ground. The crocus is a plant with brilliant yellow or purple flowers. Lat. *crocus*, saffron. A yellow dye is extracted from the crocus.

more and more—Being bulbous plants they would increase, and grow in greater numbers, instead of dying out and needing to be planted afresh every year.

enjoying...puffs—See page 123, "Silas did not highly enjoy smoking."

wouldn't do—would not be right.

leave out—of the garden, not take it in.

it's yellow—The furze has a yellow flower.

what we are to do—how we are to manage for a fence, where we are to get the necessary material from.

can help...thought—can give us some suggestions,

fencings...got at—it costs much to put up a fence.

by what I can make out—so far as I can see.

to go all round—sufficient to build a wall all round the garden.

dellicate made—weakly girl.

what a many stones—how many stones there are.

ever so full—very full, ‘as full as any pit ever was.’

to be sure—to be sure it is as you say. Marner shows some surprise.

that's the draining—that is due to the draining.

“One of the greatest drawbacks to the pleasantness of their [farmers'] abodes, is to be found in their miry roads and yards, and the stagnant pools and drainages that, in the great number of instances, stand somewhere about them... There is scarcely a farm-house but one of those drain pools, into which all the liquid refuse of their yards runs, and into which dead dogs and cats find their way as a matter of course. In summer, these places are green over, and often stand thick with the bubbles of a pestiferous fermentation; to all which they appear totally insensible, and must be really so, or they would contrive to locate them at a greater distance, or have them carried in a water-cart, and dispersed over their grass lands, where they would be of infinite service.

It is in winter that they are beset by miry roads; and have often yards so deep in dirt, that you cannot reach them on foot without getting over the shoes. They and their men stalk to and fro through a six-inch depth of mire as if they trod on a Turkey carpet; but I have often amused myself with imagining what would be the consternation of a cockney, or indeed of any townsman only accustomed to clean roads and good pavements, to find himself set down in the middle of one of these lanes that lead up to farmhouses, or away into their fields, or even in one of their fold-yards. But to find himself in one of these, as I have done many a time on a dark night, and with a necessity of proceeding—oh patience! patience! then it is really felt to be a virtue. To slip, and plunge, and flounder on in such a darksome, deep-rutted, slipping and stickfast road—sometimes the puddle soaking into your shoes, and sometimes sent by the pressure of your tread as from a squirt into your face:—‘hoc labor, hoc opus est.’

A few hours' work now and then with an iron scraper in the yard, and a spade to let off the water in the lanes into the ditches, and the nuisance were prevented. One would have thought that the universal excellence of all the highways now would have made them sensible of the luxury of a good, dry footing; but they seem really quite unaware of it, except you point it out, and then they will tell you in good humour that they have road-menders at work regularly twice a year—dry weather and frost!” (Howitt.)

harvest—Harvest is “a time of incessant and hurrying occupations.... The labourers leave everything else, and are all in the harvest-field. The women leave their cottages, and are there too. Young, middle-aged, and old,—all are there, to work or to glean.” See Chap. III, Pt. II, of Howitt’s *Rural Life of England*.

if we lay...bone—if we drained the Stone-pit dry.

had gone into—had seen to the draining of the land.

he’d been taking—perhaps on lease from Mr. Osgood. The fields referred to are those into which Marner went when he was searching for Eppie (page 113).

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you’d need have—it is necessary that you should have somebody to work for you.

more than met the car—as if his words implied more than their usual meaning. He meant to say that Eppie should get married, and have somebody to work for her. He had Aaron in mind as we shall see.

the arm...strong—Marner was getting feeble. See p. 119, “The weaver’s bent shoulders...age.”

dutifully—Cf. last page, “apparently enjoying....” Marner smoked simply because he had been advised to do so for his fits. Cf. “Medicinal appliance” below.

ash—The sun shone behind the tree, and cast a chequered shadow in front of Silas and Eppie.

fretted screen—The tree was but an imperfect screen, for it let the sun pass through. *fret*, a piece of interlaced ornamental work. O. Fr. *frete*, trellis-work. Cf. “fleckered shade,” p. 131.

playful shadows—the shadows danced about as the tree swayed in the wind.

fell in with—was in harmony with, anticipated. We see now what it was Marner had in mind when he told Eppie she would need somebody to work for her.

subdued tone—in a quiet, emotionless tone. Marner did not want Eppie to see that he spoke with a full heart, but that he discussed matters in a perfectly sensible and business-like manner.

ingenuously—frankly, without any attempt to hide the truth. Lat. *ingenuus*, inborn, innate, frank.

lest he should...Eppie’s good—lest by betraying traces of emotion in his voice he should alarm Eppie, and make her consult his feelings rather than her own in coming to a decision. Silas had a horror of doing her a wrong.

a-going-in—going to be twenty-four.

Mr. Mott—some old gardener who had become too old for work.

take him on—engage him (as a gardener). In England a gardener goes on his rounds as a doctor does.

sad smile—at the thought of having to part with Eppie, or, perhaps, jealous because Eppie bestowed her love on another; see p. 107, "else it may get fond...."

to have him—to accept him as your husband.

father—Silas, and not Godfrey.

a lone man—a solitary man. Perhaps Marnier wishes to remind Eppie that he would once again be left alone should she marry. Cf. Eppie's reply.

it would be no use—because if your marrying me meant separation from "father," I wouldn't consent to marry you.

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only what's for your pleasure—only as a pastime, and not as a means of livelihood.

but if it wasn't for that—one of my objects in wanting to marry is to make it possible for you to give up work.

believe pretty—help you and treat you in a respectful manner.

his mother's lad—he takes after his mother.

cry a bit—Aaron's reproach wounded her feelings.

it were useless—The conversation now engrossed his attention; it was always with some effort that he smoked, and now he willingly gave up the attempt.

o'er young—too young. Cf. *Earthly Paradise*, III. 255,

Grey night made the world seem *over-wide*,

And *over empty*.

come at it—know what it is, know what would be the proper thing to do.

things will change—there is bound to be a change of some sort in our life together, whether we wish it or not; things will not continue much longer as they do at present.

and no difference—without any difference.

belike—perhaps.

if I don't go away altogether—even if I don't die.

not as I mean—I don't for a moment think, etc.

to the end—as long as you live.

trembling—quivering with emotion.

she'll wish...too—she will suggest what is best for you both.

there they come—Aaron and his mother were seen coming in the distance.
See p. 121, "Bring her with you this afternoon, Aaron."

than so much—than taking too much at a time.

Summary.

This chapter describes the changes after sixteen years in some of the people connected with this narrative.

It is Sunday morning in Raveloe, and the people are streaming out of church after the morning service. Among them are Godfrey Cass and his wife, Nancy. He has not changed much, except that he is stouter and looks older, but she has changed considerably. The bloom in her cheeks is not as constant as it used to be in her youth, but there is the look of repose in her features which tells of strength of will; there is the expression which shows that disappointment has touched her and left her stronger. Her dress still has its old daintiness and purity. As they leave the church the two wait to be joined by Mr. Lammeter and Priscilla.

Silas Marner and Eppie are also leaving the church. He looks an old enfeebled man now and is bent with age; but his eyes seem more far-seeing and have a less vague expression. Eppie is a blonde dimpled girl of eighteen. Her auburn curls blow rebelliously about in the March breeze, and are a trial to her for she is neat in her habits.

Aaron Winthrop, now a good-looking fellow, walks a few paces behind them. From the shy look on Eppie's face, we know she knows he is there, trying to get up courage to come along side of her. She talks unconcernedly to Silas on different subjects and says she wishes they could have a garden. Silas at once enters into her wish. Aaron comes up and hearing about the garden volunteers his services after his day's work at the Red House. He impresses his willingness of service on Eppie. Aaron is ready to meet Eppie's slightest wish. They arrange that he and Dolly should go to the Stone-pits that afternoon to make arrangements about the garden. As Aaron leaves them, Eppie kisses Marner with delight at the thought of the garden, and mischievously confesses that she knew Aaron would help. There is absolute confidence, love and fellowship between Silas and Eppie.

They reach the cottage where many changes have taken place. First there are Eppie's pets, the dog and the cat. The living-room has decent furniture in it now, much of which has been given Marner by Mr. Godfrey Cass. The gifts were but kindness towards an old man who had befriended an orphan child. That act had changed the feelings of every one in Raveloe towards the weaver; even Mr. Macey, now fourscore and six, endorsed public opinion and held that in return for his act, Marner's money would either return, or the thief would suffer for his sin.

The home-life of Eppie and Marner was very simple and very happy. Eppie did all the household work. Marner had taken to smoking on the advice of the Raveloe sages and with Dr. Kimble's approval. He did not enjoy his pipe, but a spirit of humbleness and a wish to do what was held good had taken possession of him ever since the coming of Eppie. He always sought her good and shared the effect of everything with her. This had made him more at one with Raveloe life. His memory also had re-awakened. His new church-going life led him to think of his old religious beliefs and he saw the connection between his new impressions and his old faith. There was unity now in his life. He saw so much goodness and trust around him, that he realised that there must be an over-ruling providence in things. As for those early dark days of his life, there must have been some mistake somewhere. With the growth of his friendship with Dolly Winthrop, he had been led to tell her of his trouble, of the casting of the lots and the shattering of his faith. Though Dolly did not understand the casting of the lots,

she understood and sympathised with Silas's perplexity in the wrong verdict that had been given him, and in his grief at finding his trusted friend a deceiver. At the moment she could find no explanation to account for the verdict of the lots; but a few days later she gave Marner the explanation that had come to her "clear as daylight" when she was troubling over Bessy Fawkes, though she could not prove that hers was the right explanation for she "often had a deal inside as would never come out." She did not understand Marner's folks being able to say prayers without a book, for she herself, if she did not know "Our Father," would be dumb at her prayers. Yet the explanation that had come to her was that if she felt so keenly for distress of any sort, then surely 'Them above' had got a deal tenderer heart than what she had got, for she could not be anyways better than 'Them as made her.' She knew that where things looked hard it was because she did not understand, for she knew so little. Thinking in that way Marner's case had come into her mind and she had felt that if she and his Lantern Yard associates, except "the wicked un," would have done what was right and just for him, surely God meant better by him than any of them. She said there was much that was mysterious in life, but all we have to do is 'to trusten and to do the right thing as far as we know.' Had Marner trusted he would not have been so lonely. By degrees Marner came to see things in Dolly's light. He knew there was good in the world; more good than a man could see. The drawing of the lots was still dark; but the child had been sent him, and there was a power shaping human ends. The above discussion had taken place in Eppie's early years. When she grew up, Marner gave her the same confidence. He did not withhold from her her parentage. Even if such concealment had been possible, it would have lead to estrangement between him and Eppie. The story of her mother interested her much; but she was indifferent about her father. Eppie was different from ordinary village girls. Silas had reared her in such an atmosphere of pure love and their home was so secluded, that she had been preserved from all lowering influences. She was simple and natural.

As they went outside the cottage that Sunday afternoon, Eppie expressed a wish to have the furze bush taken into the garden, because her mother had been found dead there. She and Silas made plans about their garden and how to fence it in. Her suggestion was to pile stones around it from the pit. She looked over into the pit and to her surprise found that the water in it had lessened very considerably. She called Marner to look, and he said it was due to the draining of certain fields by Mr. Godfrey Cass. Eppie could not carry very far the large stone she had lifted up, which led to Marner's remarking that she needed somebody to work for her. Eppie nestled to his side and questioned him on what he thought about her getting married. She said Aaron had proposed to her the previous week, that he was doing well as a gardener, and that they had planned that Silas should live with them and do no more hard work. She did not want to marry for some time, but Aaron wanted a change and had made her cry a little by saying she could not care very much for him if she did not want to be married soon. Eppie's confession startled Silas. He said she was young to be married, but it was right she should, for he was getting very feeble, and if he did not die, he might be a burden to her, though she would not think so. He would like to see some one young and strong beside her to take care of her. He would not say no to her marriage, but they had better ask her godmother, Dolly Winthrop.

As he spoke Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron approached.

CHAPTER XVII.

Page 131: 128.

take tea—have tea, that is, stay on till the evening; her father would thus be able to have a sleep after his Sunday dinner. Mr. Lammeter and Priscilla were spending the day at the Red House. Priscilla wanted to return home early in the afternoon, while Nancy tried to persuade her to stay on,

dessert—fruits, confections, etc., served at the close of a dinner after the rest has been taken away. "*dessert*" means simply the cloth removed (Fr. *desservir*, to clear the cloth), and dessert is that which comes after the cloth is removed.

filbert—the nut of the cultivated hazel. Probably from St. Philibert, whose day fell in the nutting season, August 22.

duly ornamented with leaves—See note on *has more significance*, p. 119.

since we saw it—See page 20, "The fading grey light fell..."

all is polish—everything is bright and clean now that there is a wife in the house to look after things.

the yard's width...boards—the carpet did not extend right up to the walls, but was in the centre of the room, and the bare boards showed all round in a border a yard broad. These were nicely polished.

old Squire's—Godfrey's father now dead many years. His gun, whips, etc., were arranged upon a stag's antlers above the mantelpiece, and were well looked after. *mantelpiece*—the ornamental shelf over a fire place.

all things of a sporting—Cf. p. 20, "walls decorated with guns, whips, and foxes' brushes."

filial reverence—as shown by the old Squire's gun, etc., over the mantelpiece. Cf. p. 19, "that presence...wholesome love."

bossed silver—silver dishes, etc., ornamented with "bosses," that is, ornamented with raised designs. O. Fr. *bocce* (Fr. *bosse*), from O. Ger. *bozan*, to beat. The silver was cleaned every day owing to Nancy's tidy habits.

no dregs—See page 20, "tankards sending forth a scent of flat ale."

unpleasant suggestions—smells of stale liquor.

Derbyshire spar—a massive variety of fluor spar, found in Derbyshire, and wrought into vases and other ornamental work. *Spar*, a term applied by miners to any bright crystalline mineral.

a new presiding spirit—Nancy. There had been no mistress at the Red House for some years.

any call—any occasion or necessity.

beautiful evening—so that there is no reason why you should want to hurry home; it is sure to keep fine this evening.

the increasing poor-rate—The times were indeed ruinous, and we must not suppose that Mr. Lammeter had no just cause for complaint. The small freeholders or yeoman, so powerful in the seventeenth century, were now rapidly disappearing, except in out-of-the-way parts of the country. "The decline of

domestic manufactures and the Enclosure Acts were partly accountable for their decline, but the main cause of it was the political importance attached to land-holding after 1688, which caused men anxious to rate the country to buy them up at high prices. It paid small capitalists better to invest their money in other ways. So the power of the territorial aristocracy grew, and the land passed into fewer and fewer hands, for the small squire, rustic in garb and speech, who never travelled further than his county town, was swallowed up almost as completely as the yeomanry." (Tout.) The student should read Chap. VI, Book VII, of Tout's *Advanced History of Great Britain*. Cf. p. 18, "the fall of prices had not yet come."

The following extracts are from Green's *A Short History of the English People* :—

"During the earlier years of the war indeed the increase of wealth had been enormous. England was sole mistress of the seas. The war gave her possession of the colonies of Spain, of Holland, and of France; and if her trade was checked for a time by the Berlin Decree, the efforts of Napoleon were soon rendered fruitless by the vast smuggling system which sprang up along the southern coasts and the coast of North Germany. English exports had nearly doubled since the opening of the century. Manufactures profited by the discoveries of Watt and Arkwright; and the consumption of raw cotton in the mills of Lancashire rose during the same period from fifty to a hundred millions of pounds. The vast accumulation of capital, as well as the vast increase of the population at this time, told upon the land, and forced agriculture into a feverish and unhealthy prosperity. Wheat rose to famine prices, and the value of land rose in proportion with the price of wheat. Inclosures went on with prodigious rapidity; the income of every landlord was doubled, while the farmers were able to introduce improvements into the processes of agriculture which changed the whole face of the country. But if the increase of wealth was enormous, its distribution was partial. During the fifteen years which preceded Waterloo, the number of the population rose from ten to thirteen millions, and this rapid increase kept down the rate of wages, which would naturally have advanced in a corresponding degree with the increase in the national wealth. Even manufactures, though destined in the long run to benefit the labouring classes, seemed at first rather to depress them; for one of the earliest results of the introduction of machinery was the ruin of a number of small trades which were carried on at home, and the pauperization of families who relied on them for support. In the winter of 1811 the terrible pressure of this transition from handicraft to machinery was seen in the Luddite, or machine-breaking, riots which broke out over the northern and midland counties; and which were only suppressed by military force. While labour was thus thrown out of its older grooves, and the rate of wages kept down at an artificially low figure by the rapid increase of population, the rise in the price of wheat, which brought wealth to the landowner and the farmer, brought famine and death to the poor, for England was cut off by the war from the vast corn fields of the Continent or of America, which now-a-days redress from their abundance the results of a bad harvest. Scarcity was followed by a terrible pauperization of the labouring classes. The amount of the poor-rate rose fifty per cent; and with the increase of poverty followed its inevitable result, the increase of crime. The natural relation of trade and commerce to the general wealth of the people at large was thus disturbed by the peculiar circumstances of the time. The war enriched the landowner, the farmer, the merchant, the manufacturer; but it impoverished the poor. It is indeed from these fatal years which lie between the peace of Luneville and Waterloo that we must date that war of classes, that social severance between employers and employed, which still forms the main difficulty of English politics."

The peace which closed the great war with Napoleon left Britain feverish and exhausted. Of her conquests at sea she retained only Malta, (whose former possessors, the Knights of St. John, had ceased to exist), the Dutch colonies of Ceylon, and the Cape of Good Hope, the French colony of Mauritius, and a few West India islands. On the other hand the pressure of the heavy taxation and of the debt, which now reached eight hundred millions, was embittered by the general distress of the country. The rapid development of English industry for a time ran ahead of the world's demands; the markets at home and abroad were glutted with unsaleable goods, and mills and manufactories were brought to a standstill. The scarcity caused by a series of bad harvests was intensified by the selfish legislation of the landowners in Parliament. Conscious that the prosperity of English agriculture was merely factitious, and rested on the high price of corn produced by the war, they prohibited by an Act passed in 1815 the introduction of foreign corn till wheat had reached famine prices. Society, too, was disturbed by the great changes of employment consequent on a sudden return to peace after twenty years of war, and by the distanding of the immense forces employed at sea and on land. The movement against machinery which had been put down in 1812 revived in formidable riots, and the distress of the rural poor brought about a rapid increase of crime."

We take the following figures from the article "Poor Law" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th. ed., p. 471:—

Years.	Estimated Population of Eng. and Wales.	Expended on the Relief of the Poor.	Per Head of the Population.	
			s.	d.
1790	8,675,000	£. 2,567,000	5	11
1800	9,140,000	3,861,000	8	5
1810	10,370,000	5,407,000	10	3
1818	11,702,000	7,890,000	13	4

the once firm voice—Cf. p. 85, "That grave and orderly senior...dignity," and p. 77, "her own father, who was the soberest and best man..."

And reason good—and there is good reason why I should do so. Mr. Lammeter needed some one to look after him, for he was not careful with himself. If not prevented, he would go out into the rain, and so get rheumatism.

rheumatism—"a general disease, characterized by painful, often multiple, local inflammations, usually affecting the joints and the muscles, but also extending sometimes to the deeper organs, as the heart." (Webster.) Gr. *rhein*, to flow.

there's nothing...but himself—See page 25, "If the curses he muttered half aloud..." There is a certain comfort to a man in difficulties to feel that he is in those difficulties through no fault of his own; it would be exasperating if he felt that he had only himself to blame. So long as there is an object to blame, he has always some outlet for his pent-up feelings. The half-cynical, outspoken Priscilla refers bluntly to the little foibles in her father's character. See p. 77, "only a little hot and hasty now and then...to the minute."

a stroke—of paralysis. The excessive worry would derange his nervous system, and end in paralysis.

then manage—persuade father to stay, etc.

stay tea—stay to tea, (colloquial).

gig—a light two-wheeled carriage.

dairymaid—my dairymaid, who has become very absent-minded now that her wedding is drawing near.

turned Michaelmas—as soon as Michaelmas shall have come.

Michaelmas—the feast of the archangel Michael, a church festival celebrated on the 29th of September; the day is one of the quarter days on which rents are levied and servants engaged or dismissed.

she'd as lief pour—there is no knowing what she might not be doing, perhaps pouring the milk into the pig-trough, imagining she is pouring it into the pans! *lief*—willingly.

new-made—as if a new order of things prevailed to suit them. Priscilla means that they expect to be forgiven all their mistakes, because they are soon to be married.

put in—harnessed and put into the gig.

bright turf—well mown lawns, showing that there was now some one to look after the garden.

dark cones and arches—the yew, in old fashioned gardens, is cut in all sorts of strange shapes, such as, that of cocks standing on coops, etc. See illustration on p. 67 of Howitt's *Rural Life of England*.

as anything—as can be.

making that exchange—See p. 128, "he'd been taking these fields o' Mr. Osgood," and note.

cousin Osgood—See p. 79, "her cousin Gilbert Osgood," Mrs. Lammeter was a Miss Osgood, p. 42.

the dairying—Godfrey had started a dairy, and had taken over Mr. Osgood's grass land by the Stone-pit to pasture his cattle on. See p. 113, "the grass was high in the meadow."

a bit o' worrit—something to keep their minds engaged. Priscilla explains herself.

when you can see...table—when you have polished the furniture so that you can see your face in it, there is nothing more you can do. Nancy's household duties did not occupy all her time; looking after a dairy would keep her fully occupied.

to make the days pass—to wile away the time, not to let time hang heavy on your hands.

conquering the butter—churning the milk until the butter is formed. It takes longer to make butter in winter than it does in summer.

whether or no—whether it likes to come or not.

affectionately—Priscilla knows of Nancy's secret trouble—her childlessness, and she gives her her sympathy.

be low—feel sad or depressed.

grateful glance—Nancy was grateful for her sister's sympathy.

clear eyes—Cf. p. 119, "the clear voracious glance of the brown eyes." Nancy's honest nature spoke through her eyes.

make up to—compensate Godfrey for having no children.

not so much to—not a source of so much interest to; a man cannot be expected to take the same interest in a dairy as a woman does.

what he cares for—i.e., the absence of what he desires. It was not herself she thought of, but Godfrey.

never easy—never contented, but always restless.

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better than well—better than they already are. Priscilla does not mean to say that smoking does men any good; she merely makes fun of their strange habits.

something strong—some strong intoxicating drink.

forced to make haste—Priscilla refers to their heavy eating. The intervals between meals were so short that there was no time for a drink!

joyful be it spoken—I am thankful to say. *joyful for joyfully*.

our father...sort o' man—See p. 77, "who was the soberest and best man in that country side," and p. 82, "thank God! my father's a sober man."

uneasy blood in their veins—men who are restless and hard to please. See p. 81, "I've no opinion o' the men." Priscilla has Godfrey in mind; see Nancy's reply.

counted on—looked forward to.

making a fuss—petting them.

hanker—long for and show his discontent outwardly: more than Godfrey does. *Hanker* is a frequentative of *hang*, in the sense "to hang on," i.e. to be importunate.

set one on—make or induce one to...*turn round on*, confront in a hostile or angry manner.

to sell'em—See note on *horse dealing*, p. 64 of these notes.

turn—turn and walk back to the house.

old grey—old grey horse.

fine points—excellent features.

Speckle—the horse.

that spirited time—his young days. Mr. Lammeter liked his juniors to remember that in his young days he had been a dashing spirited young man. Cf. the old Squire's vanity, p. 99, "very proud of his lithe son..."

week's out—the week is over.

injunction—order.

friendly incitement—an intimation that he had to start.

against—near, facing.

the draining—See p. 128, "the draining they've begun on."

contemplative farming—Godfrey did not work on a Sunday, but simply walked round the farm and decided upon what improvements he would carry out either during the week or when circumstances permitted.

the women of her generation—the women of her day. Herbert Spencer makes some scathing remarks in his *Education*, Chap. IV, on the tendency present in his day of bringing up young ladies without healthy, outdoor exercise. "How absurd," he exclaims, "is the supposition that the womanly instincts would not assert themselves but for the rigorous discipline of school-mistresses!"

like Priscilla—who, as we have just seen, managed her father's property.

Mant's Bible—an annotated edition of the Bible published in 1814. Richard Mant, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore, was born on the 12th Feb. 1776 at Southampton, where his father was rector of the church of All Saints. In 1810 he was presented to the vicarage of Great Coggeshall, in Essex; and the sermons which he preached at the Bampton Lecture, in 1812, having attracted general attention, he rose rapidly in the church. In 1820 he was consecrated,

Bishop of Killaloe, and translated to the see of Down and Connor in 1823, the care of the diocese of Dromore devolving upon him in 1842, on the death of the last bishop, Dr. Laurie. Among his works were an edition of the Bible with notes and commentaries, which he prepared in conjunction with Dr. D'Oyley, a *History of the Church of Ireland*, (1840), etc. He died on the 2nd Nov. 1848.

had already—before she had withdrawn her eyes from the open book.

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Nancy's Sunday thoughts—Though she permitted her thoughts to wander, she did not entertain thoughts which were of a worldly nature. Her thoughts were always of a serious turn.

the relation—she could not see the relation or bearing the Bible had on her own simple life, she could not, as the apostle declared, see that all the things that happened to the children of Israel "happened unto them for ensamples." Cf. p. 75, "a vague exulting sense..." Page 131

spirit of rectitude—the high moral sense implanted in her. Cf. p. 81, "she had the essential attributes of a lady...."

had made it a habit—See p. 77. Nancy was in the habit of scrutinising her feelings before she was married to Godfrey. Cf. p. 77, "All these thoughts rushed...in their habitual succession."

solicitude—anxiety or uneasiness of mind.

courted—being distracted, diverted.

the vacant moments—when she had nothing much to think of.

living inwardly—that is, in spirit,—by calling the past to mind, and living through it once again.

had been doubled—After her marriage her influence over Godfrey had increased, but she asked herself whether during the fifteen years of close relationship her influence had been always for Godfrey's good. See p. 92, "Not if I turned a good fellow...."

critical scenes—the great crises in her life when her moral nature had widened and deepened.

painful adherence—Nancy made a bold stand for her principles.

morbid habit—not a natural state of mind. Lat. *morbus*, disease. Nancy's austerity reminds us of George Eliot's own condition of mind in her young days at Griff. See her letters to Miss Lewis.

outward activity—This excessive rumination on Nancy's part was due to her not having enough to keep her mind fully occupied; if she had had children she would have had enough to keep her busy. "But as it was, her mind preyed upon itself."

rumination—contemplation, calm reflection,

no voices—of children.

superfluous scruple—an unhealthy state of moral sensibility.

one main thread—one subject her thoughts always recurred to, *viz.* her childlessness.

deeply-felt scenes—the memory of the look of pain that came over her husband's face whenever he spoke to her of their childlessness, etc. She could feel for him with all her heart, because she herself felt her childlessness very keenly, nor was her sense of pain without a tinge of self-reproach and a feeling that her husband had ample reason for being unhappy or even harsh at times. Cf. *deepest wounds* below.

determined—decided the trend of her thought, what thoughts would fill her mind.

implied blame—See p. 132, "It drives me past patience..." and Nancy's reply, "nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey." Nancy now set herself to defend Godfrey against all possible attacks.

vindication—justification. Lat. *vindicare*—*vis*, *vim*, power. and *dicare*, to proclaim.

the best balm—Nancy naturally felt hurt to be treated harshly by Godfrey whom she loved so, and it was a comfort to her to be able to say to herself, that he was to a certain extent the victim of circumstances, and that his harshness was not a sign of ill-nature. Cf. Wordsworth, *Michael*,

There is a comfort in the strength of love ;

'Twill make a thing endurable, which else

Would upset the brain, or break the heart.

a man...on his mind—a man always has so many cares and anxieties to contend with, that it is not surprising that he should be cross at times. Nancy found some consolation in this thought, in thus being able to account for her husband's quick tempered answers.

supports a cheerful face—is able to look bright and cheerful, and not betray outward signs of the strife within.

was dwelt on—was brooded over and taken to heart so much.

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more keenly—than for the reason given above, *viz.* the grief her childlessness caused Godfrey. She had her own sorrow as well—the loss of her little child in infancy, and it is generally the wife who feels childlessness more than the husband does. See p. 137, "But I won't murmur...other ways."

a blessing...children—Cf. Psalm CXXXVII. 4, 5, "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man ; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them : they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

preparations—such as making clothes, etc.

burial dress—the dress in which the child had been buried. One little child had been born, but it had died in infancy, and Nancy had had no more children afterwards.

look forward more—See page 133, "Every man likes...lay by for."

predetermined sympathy—having resolved to be as sympathetic as possible, to put herself in Godfrey's place.

not exclusively masculine—unless they were such as concerned men only; Nancy was as methodical in her thinking as she was in her outward habits.

their basis—not necessarily because she based her arguments on sound reasoning, but simply because of the point of view being her own. She inherited, we see, with her sister Priscilla, some of her father's firmness. See p. 82, "There you are again! You'd come round to the same thing..."

unobtrusive way—She did not force her views on others, nor did she make a show of the rules in accordance with which she regulated her life; when, however, occasion arose, there was nothing that could turn her aside from what she considered to be her duty.

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on dressing alike—See page 82, "What I find fault with..."

gown dyed with cheese colouring—See page 82.

difficult resistance—the resistance which she offered her husband in the matter of adopting a child and which she found it hard to make.

in spite of—though God had denied it to you, because He in His wisdom knew what was best for you.

would never turn out well—would not grow up to be a good child. God would thus punish Nancy for not submitting to His will. Cf. Nancy's views in this matter with Marner's views on the sinfulness of collecting medicinal herbs; see p. 12. The child, Nancy felt, would be a source of pain instead of joy to her. Had it been better for her to have a child, God would have given her one.

so much as...it—for it was a sin to indulge such longings.

a verbal improvement—learned men could clothe her thought in finer words, but could not improve upon the thought itself. Her language, and not her thought, was crude.

held it apparent—considered it to be evident.

she would have given up—Nancy was superstitious; she took natural obstacles, such as rain, etc., as indications of God's disapproval. Her views were very similar, we see, to those of the members of the "Church assembling in Lantern Yard."

as child could do—as any child could do.

the station—the rank in village society that she would have as our adopted daughter; she could hold the position that would be hers. Eppie, we were told, had a certain amount of refinement, and was unlike the rest of the villagers; see p. 127, "The tender and peculiar love...."

tightly clasped together—The clasped hands showed fixity of purpose and intense emotion. Though clearly moved by her husband's words, she was not persuaded by them.

Royston Baths—some place where people went to "drink the waters." It was not until about the beginning of the last century that the habit of sea-bathing became popular in England. Before that time fashionable people used to spend their holidays at inland watering-places, such as, Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Harrogate, or Buxton. George III made Weymouth a popular watering-place, and his eldest son, George IV, converted Brighton from a fishing-village to a great town. Perhaps George Eliot has Buxton (in Derbyshire) in mind. See Chap. X, Pt. VI, of Howitt's *Rural Life of England*.

the only adopting—See previous page, "Adoption was more remote...our own."

transported—convicted of crime and sent to Botany Bay, the penal settlement in those days. Botany Bay, an inlet in New South Wales, 5 miles south of Sydney, was discovered by Capt. Cook in 1770. It was so called by Sir Joseph Banks from the variety and beauty of its flora.

it's very hard for you—See previous page, "It's very different...to a woman."

religious theory—her notions as to the means God employs in His dealings with man, conceived of by analogy with the relations she saw subsisting between the higher and lower grades of village society, by means of her imperfect knowledge of church doctrines, etc.

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a system—The Jewish religion, and for the matter of that, most Oriental religious systems, see a God at work in all the great forces of nature. The religion of the ancient Aryans was a system of wonder-worship. See *Psalms* LXVIII. 33, "To him that rideth upon the heavens of heavens, which were of old; lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice." Cf. in this connection p. 12, "poor Silas was vaguely conscious...an unpropitious deity." Many people see in the little details of life the wise provision of an overruling Providence, and consequently they feel bound to acquiesce in the existing order of things. God's will must be supreme.

barriers of system—The same religious beliefs are often found in several religious systems. A particular form of belief is very often not peculiar to one system only.

wish, the best—wish her the best possible position in the world—a position such as would be hers, were Godfrey to adopt her.

well provided for—Godfrey would see that he was well provided for.

the excellent part—the loving way he had looked after the child. See 122, “he was regarded as...not to be matched in Raveloe.”

to take a charge off—to relieve a man of the burden of expense. Cf. p. 116, “He dared not do anything...,”

for reasons—he as her father wanted to restore her to her proper place in his home, but his secret reasons were known to nobody but himself.

would be easy—We know that Godfrey was given to hoping against hope. See the last para. of Chap. VIII.

a coarse mode—to think that his affection for Eppie was merely skin-deep, and that considerations of material prosperity would induce him to give her up.

callous palms—hard horny hands, hands hardened by labour. Lat. *callosus* callous, hard, from *callum*, *callus*, hard skin.

scant means—poverty.

had not the opportunity—Godfrey met Marner only occasionally; see para 1, Chap. XV.

if he...power—being a childless man he did not know what it was to love and to be loved by a child.

exceptional—There was not another man in the village who had been through what Marner had; added to this, he had an affectionate, clinging nature, and was more educated than the rest of the villagers. His past history was known only to Dolly Winthrop, and was of so strange a nature that Godfrey could not possibly have known anything about it.

an unfeeling project—that of taking away Eppie from Silas. He did not mean to be cruel, for he knew nothing of the affection between “father” and “daughter.”

his natural kindness—See p. 19, “a fine open-faced good-natured young man.”

blighting time—When Molly was alive, and when he “was fast becoming a bitter man, visited by cruel wishes...home,” (p. 27); see p. 100, “there was one terror...dead.” *blighting*, when Godfrey became insensible to all higher influences.

Nancy's praise of him—See p. 133, “Nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey... He is the best of husbands.”

a wilful illusion—a deliberate attempt on her part to shut her eyes to his faults. Cf. p. 134, “The vindication of the loved object...” Godfrey had

turned over a new leaf; and was not altogether undeserving of Nancy's tender love.

to say him nay—to refuse to adopt a child.

though it hurt me—though it grieved me not to grant him his cherished wish.

standing out—refusing to yield; or accede to.

thrown out—said (in their anger).

it's only...hide—he cannot help showing outwardly what he feels so keenly inwardly.

so blank to him—without children to live and work for he seems to have no aim in life. See p. 135, "a man wants something that will make him look forward more;" and p. 133, "every man likes to have somebody to work for and lay by for."

murmur—grumble. Cf. p. 132, "I'm contented with the blessings we have."

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this possibility—that he might have married a woman, who, though she might have had children, might still have made his life miserable in other ways—by her want of sympathy for him, etc.

impossible that...wife—by treating him with all the tenderness she could. So long as she did so, there was one comfort that was hers, *viz.* that derived from the thought that no other woman would love him as much as she did herself. There was one thing at any rate she need not reproach herself for, and that was her love for Godfrey.

loving effort—to make him think as she did.

no injustice—admitted that Nancy had good reason for holding the views she did on the subject of adopting a child.

unselfish clinging to the right—Nancy would have said with Tennyson,

"Because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

flower-born dew—the drops of dew as clear as crystal on every petal in the early morning.

his own more wavering nature—See p. 22, "That big muscular frame... helped him to no decision," and the last two paras of Chap. VIII, etc.

unvaryingly simple and truthful—See for example p. 61, "The sudden alarm pushed him on..." and p. 100, "I don't know—some poor woman's... snow."

certain awe—a feeling of mingled admiration and wonder, for Nancy's firm nature was the very opposite of his own. In the same way Godfrey could

not understand his father's severity with his tenants. See p. 57, "Godfrey had constantly suffered annoyance..."

make up his mind to—resign or submit himself to.

that roid—Cf. "everything seems so *blank* to him," p. 137.

grey hours—the years of middle life. When a man has no aim in life, he fancies that his happiness lies in the attainment of the unattainable. Before his marriage Godfrey had always painted his life with Nancy in the brightest of colours; to win her, he thought, meant the attainment of all his most cherished wishes. See p. 117, "the vision of his future life seemed to him as a promised land." The object longed for may not be for their good, yet still men yearn for it, as if all their happiness lay in the attainment of it.

Dissatisfaction—Dissatisfaction in a childless man is over his vacant hearth, round which he yearns to see children crowding: in a man with a numerous family it is over his scanty means, and his anxiety when he looks at each child, and is baffled to know how he is to provide for its growing needs, and to start it in life.

nursery plants—the same simile was employed on p. 115 when the author described the upbringing of Eppie,—as "some man who has a precious plant..." Cf. *Psalm CXXVIII. 3*, "Thy children like olive plants round about thy table." "Nursery plants" are the young plants grown from seed in a nursery, from whence they are transplanted.

freedom—of single life.

ties—of matrimony.

brief madness—short madness; a man must be temporarily insane on his wedding day. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. i,

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

solicited—disturbed—a Latinism rarely used. Lat. *solicitare*, from *sollicitus*, wholly (i.e. violently) moved; *solus*, whole + *citus*, past part. of *ciere*, to move, excite. Cf. "Hath any ill *solicited* thine ears?" (Chapman.)

retribution—he felt that by refusing to give him any more children Heaven had punished him for not acknowledging his child.

under Nancy's refusal—with Nancy refusing to adopt her.

any retrieval—any attempts at righting the wrong done Eppie.

more and more difficult—because what, with Nancy's refusing to adopt her, he found he could adopt no half measures in restoring Eppie to her rightful place in his house, but would have to strike out boldly, and tell Nancy that Eppie was his daughter before he could get her to consent to have the child in the house; there was no getting Eppie into the house

clandestinely under the pretence of adopting her, because Nancy had set her face against adopting a child. Godfrey, however, lacked the moral strength to make a frank confession to Nancy for fear of losing her love. Cf. p. 63, "he fled to his usual refuge."

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buried—forgotten.

I'm afraid more—I'm afraid he will feel it more.

the miss of—the absence of.

not holding together—not being very friendly, or on good terms, with.

make out beforehand—anticipate, picture the future to myself.

the forsaken page—of Mant's Bible.

tea-things—cups, plates, etc. for afternoon tea. Nancy must have spent about an hour or so day-dreaming.

her reasons—Jane, the servant girl, had news to give.

the yard—the farm-yard, on his way back from his walk to the Stone-pits.

a slight emphasis—to show that she had some startling news to give.

all one way—all hurrying in the same direction.

afore the front window—past the front window, as if hurrying to see something higher up the road.

I doubt—I expect.

and see—find out what is the matter.

top attic—the room immediately under the rafters, generally used as a lumber room. The word was introduced into architecture (in the 17th century) from the idea that the feature to which it alluded was constructed in the Athenian manner.

for trees—because of the trees. They obstruct one's view.

Mr. Snell's bull...again—got loose again. The landlord of the Rainbow had a bull which he perhaps kept for breeding purposes. Such bulls are dangerous animals, and are usually tied up.

he mayn't gore anybody—That he will not gore anybody. Though she expressed this wish, pictures arose in her heated imagination of people being gored by the ferocious bull. George Eliot makes fun of her excitable nature.

a hypothesis—that suggested by Nancy, that the cause of the excitement was a ferocious bull that had broken loose.

placid churchyard—The calm quiet scene in the churchyard. Lat. *placere*, to please.

green hillocks—The low grass-grown graves.

autumn colours—In autumn the green leaves change to beautiful hues of red and brown before they die and fall off.

before such calm—Very often though everything is bright and cheerful around us a strange sense of fear looms in the background of the mind. It is amid scenes of calm and quiet that the presence of a fear is felt most, just as on a bright sunny day a raven flying overhead is at once noticed. "The raven is a bird of ill omen, and is said to forebode death, and bring infection. The former notion arises from ravens following an army under the expectation of finding dead bodies to raven on; the latter notion is a mere offshoot of the former, seeing pestilence kills as fast as the sword." Cf. Marlowe, *The Jew of Malta*,

Like the sad-presaging raven that tolls,
The sick man's passport in her hollow hoak,
And, in the shadow of the silent night,
Does shake contagion from her sable wing.

See the art. "Raven" in *Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

Summary.

This chapter describes the married life of Godfrey and Nancy.

Godfrey and Nancy had now been married fifteen years, and their home showed signs of a wife's transforming influence on all sides. In the once dreary parlour all was purity and order; from the brightly polished boards to almost the ceiling not a speck of dust was to be seen on anything. The tankards were on the side-table still, but the hoased silver was bright and clean, and no smell of stale ale came from them; the only prevailing scent in the room was that of the lavender and rose-leaves in the vases of Derbyshire spar. Outside in the neatly laid out garden the lawns were beautifully mown and the hedges of yew neatly cut. But there was more than all this love of neatness and order where once was disorder; there was the habit of filial reverence which Nancy had brought into the Red House. In the parlour ranged on the stag's antlers above the mantelpiece were the old Squire's gun and whips and walking sticks; but all other signs of sporting and out-door occupation Nancy had removed to another room.

On the Sunday mentioned in the previous chapter the family party (of four only) were seated round the table in the dark wainscoted parlour, with the dessert before them, of fresh filberts, apples, and pears, duly ornamented with leaves by Nancy's own hand before the bells had rung for church. Priscilla was resisting her sister's arguments, that it would be better to take tea at the Red House, and let her father have a long nap, than drive home to the Warrens so soon after dinner, and Mr. Lammeter was powerless against his daughter's will. He confessed to Nancy that she managed both him and the farm—which, chimed in Priscilla, was a good thing for him, as he needed somebody to look after him, or he would be giving himself his death of cold, and also it was well for him that in those bad times he had somebody to direct his farm for him, and had merely the scolding to do himself; for there was nothing so effectual in killing a man as having only himself to blame when things were going wrong. Many a man would be saved a stroke of paralysis if he let others manage for him. Priscilla was firm; she said she could not think of staying to tea, as there was no knowing what the dairymaid, who was to

be married after Michaelmas, would be doing—perhaps pouring the milk into the pig trough instead of into the pans!

While the horse was being harnessed, the sisters walked round the garden. Priscilla said she was glad of the exchange of land Godfrey had made with cousin Osgood, and glad that he was beginning dairying. When Nancy had her dairy she would have no time to fret. Nancy said sadly that a dairy would not mean the same to Godfrey, and all her wishes were centred in his. This exasperated her sister. She said that men were never satisfied with what they had, but were in a state of chronic restlessness. Nancy, sorry for having called forth this remark from Priscilla, defended Godfrey against Priscilla's implied charge, saying that it was but natural that he should be disappointed at not having a child, that all men liked to have some one to work for and provide for, and that Godfrey was an excellent husband. Whereupon Priscilla retorted that wives purposely provoked abuse of their husbands and then turned on the abuser. With that they reached the front door at which the carriage was standing, and the father and daughter soon drove away.

Godfrey left Nancy to take his customary Sunday walk round the farm. That afternoon he was going to the Stone-pits to see how the draining was progressing. Nancy seldom accompanied him on these walks. She passed Sunday afternoon with Muat's Bible before her, from which she would read a little, and then allow her thoughts to wander. Her thoughts were always reverent on such occasions, and took the form of self-examination. She would recall the fifteen years of her married life, and judge her conduct during it. Such somewhat morbid retrospection was inevitable in a childless woman with a limited sphere of activity. The current of her thoughts on the afternoon in question was determined by her dialogue with Priscilla. Nancy enlarged upon her defence of her husband, and so soothed her own wounds caused by Godfrey's not being able to reconcile himself to his childless lot. Yet Nancy might have been expected to feel that even more keenly than he did, for all her expectations and preparations for motherhood had ended in the death of her child. But she had only taken that as a sign that motherhood was to be denied her, and so had given up visiting the drawer full of baby-clothes lest it should be a temptation to harbour a sinful wish. Though Godfrey still wished for a child, she excused his wish by saying it was different for a man. She shrank from imputing a sinful regret to him. At this point in her musing, she always turned to question herself whether she had done right to refuse to grant Godfrey his request that they should adopt a child, a request which he had made twice, the last time having been four years back. Nancy always had strong and unwavering principles. She had refused her husband's request, because she believed that to adopt a child would be to choose one's lot wilfully and rebelliously in opposition to the will of Providence. She felt the child would prove a curse instead of a blessing. Eppie, whom Godfrey wanted to adopt, had been sent to the weaver, Nancy said, and not to them. Did not Godfrey remember the only case of adoption they had heard of—how the child was transported when it was twenty-three? Nancy's principle was that clear denial of a thing meant giving up even wishing for it. Many wise men have held the same principle; Nancy differed from them merely in her way of recognising denial. With fragments of church doctrine and narrow social traditions she held beliefs very nearly akin to a system of religious faith of which she had no knowledge. This is not extraordinary, for human beliefs stand outside systems.

When Godfrey had urged Nancy to adopt Eppie he had been regardless of Marner's say in the matter; not because he was callous, but because he argued with his usual plausibility on such occasions, nor had he the insight to enter into the relation between Marner and Eppie. His knowledge of labouring people had shown him that they did not refuse a good offer; so he had concluded that Marner would be only too glad to part with Eppie.

Revolving her usual memories this Sunday, Nancy had again come to the conclusion that she had done right in refusing Godfrey's request. She fully appreciated Godfrey's worth.

Other men would have complained, perhaps have regretted marrying her ; Godfrey had never said an unkind word ; but he could not hide his disappointment. Nancy found comfort in the thought that perhaps another wife, who might have borne him children, may have vexed him in other ways. To make up for her one denial she set herself to be a model wife in everything else. Godfrey thoroughly understood and prized his wife's loving effort. He knew her high-principles and sincerity ; and his own weaker nature kept him in a certain awe of his obedient wife. He felt he would never have the courage to confess all to her. Nancy would feel repulsion towards him and the child. The shock might kill her. He had not the courage to create a breach between himself and Nancy. For all that Godfrey could not reconcile himself to his childless hearth. It was his childlessness that caused dissatisfaction and banished joy. He had reached middle age without realising that life can never be thoroughly joyous. His conscience attributed his childless home to just retribution, and Nancy's refusal to adopt Eppie made it impossible to retrieve his error.

Nancy awoke from her reverie to see the servant entering with the tea things. Jane was purposely a little before tea-time, for she had news to give. To Nancy's question whether the master had returned, Jane replied that he had not, and that she felt sure there had been some accident, for folks were going all one way. Nancy tried not to let what the girl said worry her, but she began to feel nervous all the same, and to wish for Godfrey's return. She went to the window, but could see no signs of excitement on the road. Yet she wished her husband would return.

CHAPTER XVIII.

chief dread—that something had happened to Godfrey.

I began to get—anxious about you.

unanswering glance—a vacant stare, which showed that he did not heed what she said to him, because his mind was otherwise occupied.

of a scene...herself—He saw her, but it was as an actor in a scene not seen by her. He saw her as a pure, innocent woman, who had been shamefully deceived. His secret was as yet unknown to her ; when he met her this afternoon, the scene of confession stood full before his mind, and he could only think of Nancy as figuring in that scene, in which he trembled to think of the part she would take.

hissing urn—the vessel with boiling water for tea.

I care most...to you—I am most concerned for you, whether you will bear up under the news.

it isn't father and Priscilla—they haven't had an accident, have they ?

it's nobody living—The accident has not happened to anybody now living. Nancy might, however, have thought that Godfrey meant to say that the person to whom the accident had happened had died.

unequal...skill—not able to break the news in the gentle manner he had intended to. He blurted out the news.

gone dry suddenly—See p. 128, " I shouldn't wonder...as dry as a bone."

wedged between—jammed in between two boulders.

hunting whip—See p. 30, "It was Godfrey's whip...a gold handle."

worse things...augured—viz. that he would be hanged. Cf. p. 19, "whose taste...something worse than wild oats...it was no matter what became of Dunsey."

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the blood rushed—she blushed with shame when she heard the news.

compassion—sympathy for Godfrey.

more keenly by her husband—because Dunstan was no blood relation of hers, but of Godfrey.

no hindering it—no keeping the news from you, because you would soon hear all about the find.

must know—*must* is emphatic. Nancy was bound to hear all about it.

by anybody else—from somebody else. I should like to tell you of it myself.

"*I will*" and "*I won't*"—a continual struggle whether to confess the truth or not. Godfrey had often made up his mind to make a clean breast of everything, but his courage had always failed him when the time for telling came. See p. 62, "You're a shilly, shally-fellow," and p. 63, "He fled to his usual refuge..." etc.

I will make sure now—I will summon up enough courage to make my confession at last.

a crisis—almost as if the news to be divulged was to be of so bad a nature as to make it imperative for Nancy to give up her love for Godfrey. "*Crisis* properly means the 'ability to judge.' Hippocrates said that all diseases had their periods, when the humours of the body ebbed and flowed like the tide of the sea. These tidal days he called *critical days*, and the tide itself a *crisis*, because it was on these days the physician could determine whether the disorder was taking a good or a bad turn. The seventh and all its multiples were critical days of a favourable character. Greek, *krino*, to judge or determine."—(Brewer.)

meditative statue—a statue of a person meditating, a figure in a meditative posture.

think the same—love me again as you have already loved me.

to give you up—Had Nancy known the truth about Godfrey's secret marriage she would never have married him; Godfrey knew this. See p. 26, "the certainty that he was banished for ever from the sight and esteem of Nancy Lammeter."

I was led away—by Dunstan; see p. 25, "the delusion was partly due to a trap laid for him by Dunstan."

go to her father's—refuse to live with Godfrey any longer.

six years ago—when you first suggested that we should adopt Eppie, see p. 135, "Had she really been right...six years ago, and again four years ago."

had defeated its own end—Godfrey had thought that by concealing the fact that Eppie was his daughter, he would have been able to adopt her, and thus do the duty he owed her as her father; but instead of this the withholding of the secret had only resulted in a most unfortunate and unnecessary delay, because, as he now saw, Nancy would never have objected to adopt Eppie, if she had known that she was Godfrey's own daughter. This precaution of secrecy was quite unnecessary and had defeated its own ends.

not measured—not thoroughly understood the noble character of.

from the first—soon after the mother died. Eppie was about two then, as she was eighteen now, and it was sixteen years after her mother's death. Perhaps Nancy married Godfrey early in the year following that in which the money was stolen; cf. below, "you've been good to me for *! fifteen* years."

taken to her—loved her.

for her mother—as if I were her own mother.

you'd have been happier—because you would have had no secret to hide from me.

my little baby—See p. 135, "but for one little dress...." Nancy would not have felt the loss of her baby if she had had Eppie in the house, nor would Godfrey have.

more like—happier, with children around our hearth.

what we used...to be—See p. 117, "He saw himself with all his happiness...children," and p. 83, "at home in a venerable...wife."

wouldn't have married me—Cf. previous page, "I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy."

the bitterness of his self-reproach—See above, "the bitterness of an error...end." Stung with remorse Godfrey tries to defend himself for having withheld the secret from Nancy.

you would—would have married me, even if you had known all.

wouldn't then—wouldn't have married me then.

the talk—the scandal. You would have had nothing to do with me. See p. 77, "Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lammeter was to be won by any man...bad life?"

I should never...else—See p. 84, “‘love once, love always,’ was the motto of a true and pure woman....”

doing wrong for—for my sake you did Eppie a gross wrong, by not acknowledging her openly as your child; I was not worth so great a sacrifice.

as it seems beforehand—Godfrey and Nancy had looked forward to their married life as a time full of happiness, as is the case with all human yearning—hope always paints the future in bright colours. “‘Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

not even our marrying—was an exception to the general rule, for our marriage has not brought complete happiness. It had brought them only one child, which had died in infancy. See p. 133, “he always counted so on making...little.”

a faint sad smile—as she felt the vanity of human wishes, and how helpless we are against the rulings of a Supreme Power.

made it up—made good or compensated for it.

another—Eppie. *I doubt*—I think.

all made up for—that you can altogether right the wrong done.

take—not adopt Eppie, but acknowledge her as my daughter.

knowing—all about my secret marriage.

plain and open—candid and sincere.

be different—it will be hard to get Eppie to love us as her parents and to settle down to our mode of living.

shaking her head sadly—she saw it was too late for anything to be done.

everything's quiet—The discovery of Dunstan's body had (as we learnt from Jane) caused much excitement in the village, and people naturally flocked to the Stone-pit to view the place where the body was found. Godfrey and Nancy therefore decided to go to see Marner at nightfall, when the crowd had dispersed.

Summary.

This chapter throws light on Dunstan's mysterious disappearance, and relates Godfrey's confession to Nancy of his previous marriage.

Nancy was still at the window when Godfrey came home. She turned to welcome him, but his disturbed appearance made the words die on her lips. She saw that something had happened. Godfrey seated Nancy opposite him, and exerted himself to break the news. He allayed her fears that something had happened to her father and sister, and proceeded to tell her that the skeleton of Dunstan had been found in the Stone-pits, wedged in between two stones, Dunstan's watch and seals and Godfrey's gold handled riding-whip identified the skeleton. Nancy wondering at her husband's agitation, asked if Dunstan could have drowned himself. Godfrey said it had been an accident, that Dunstan had been to Marner's cottage to steal his money, for the bags of gold were with the skeleton. Nancy felt ashamed at being connected even so remotely with dishonour; but she felt that the shame would be felt more by her husband.

After a pause Godfrey, looking steadily at Nancy, said that he had kept a secret from her for all those years. He said that he had hesitated all his life about telling her the secret of his life, and had at last made up his mind to do so. Nancy looked at him with the greatest suspense, as if the moment were a crisis in their affection for each other. Then Godfrey slowly and deliberately told Nancy that Eppie was his child and that the poor woman whom Marner had found in the snow was his wife. He feared how Nancy would take his confession. She remained silent with eyes cast down. In a penitent tone Godfrey said that he knew he had fallen in her estimation, and that he ought to have owned the child, but that he had not been able to endure the thought of giving up Nancy. Then Nancy spoke without indignation, but only with regret—regret that he had not told her all six years back, for then they could have done their duty by the child and have gained her love, while the loss of Nancy's own baby would have been felt less acutely; Godfrey also would have been happier. It was a revelation to Godfrey to find that after all he had never really understood his wife, for he had expected her to take the news in a different spirit, and he had the bitterness of knowing that his concealment had defeated its own end. To Nancy's regret Godfrey objected that, had she known all, she would have refused to marry him. She answered that she could not tell what she would have done; but she knew nothing was worth sinning for, even as the outcome of their marriage had proved. Godfrey pleaded forgiveness. Nancy replied that very slight wrong had been done her; the injury was to the child. Godfrey promised to be open for the future, and suggested that they should take in Eppie at once. Nancy said there would be a difference taking the child after she had grown up, but yet it was their duty to acknowledge her. Accordingly, they decided to visit Marner's cottage that very night.

CHAPTER XIX.

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the great excitement—at finding his money under such tragic circumstances; also many of the villagers must have thronged into his cottage to talk about the discovery, and perhaps to refer to the events of the past.

this quietude—Marner and Eppie sat alone in the cottage.

naturally lingered—being their nearest friends.

had not passed away—Marner had not settled down yet; his nerves still vibrated with excitement. So overwrought was his nervous system, that the slightest stimulus from without, such as the presence of a person, upset him altogether. Added to this hypersensitiveness of his nerves there was as well a heightening of his powers of introspection; the discovery had thrown a flood of light on his past life, and there were several views of his which he had to re-adjust in the new light thrown on his life. To think over matters he needed a few hours of absolute quiet.

strange definiteness—Features of the face you never took much notice of before now stand out vividly so as to impress themselves upon the mind. It is as if the person had seen a vision, his countenance is so lit up.

a new keenness—a keener sensibility.

spiritual voices—It is at the great crises of our lives that we seem to hear the voice of God directing us. We are alive to influences to which our

souls are under ordinary circumstances insensible. Marner saw fresh indications of a Divine Purpose in his life.

wonder-working vibrations—fresh aspects of things, entirely new thoughts, which it thrills one to think of.

I'd a sort of feeling—See p. 97, “when to his blurred vision it seemed as if there were gold on the floor....” The love of gold did not die out all at once with the appearance of Eppie; Silas tells Eppie it died out only gradually.

the heavy mortal frame—Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Sc. i,

Such harmony is in immortal souls :
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

“beauty born...sound”—a quotation from Wordsworth’s *Three years she grew in sun and shower*, one of the Lucy poems. We quote a few lines,

Myself [Nature] will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The Girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain....

and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

The sentiment of Wordsworth’s *Lines Written in Early Spring* might be compared with what Eppie says to Marner on p. 120, “for I always think the flowers...,” especially ll. 11, 12,

And ’tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

had passed...face—the light of the countenance tells of the spiritual exaltation within. See *St. Matt.* XVII. 2.

as Silas used—See p. 117; “then he counted them and set them up in regular piles.”

for sometimes...the gold—The night Eppie was to toddle into his cottage Marner stood at his open door expecting the return of his money; and even after her appearance, Marner tells Eppie, he continued in the same frame of mind, expecting the return of his money, and at times even imagining that she might turn into his gold!

after a bit—i. e. after he had got to love her.

the workhouse—or in Crabbe's words, the

House that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce hear the broken door.

they'd have taken—See p. 115, "there isn't many lone men...."

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the blessing was mine—it was not to your good so much as for my own good that I found you. You have been a greater blessing to me than I have been to you in anything I have been able to do for you.

in time—before it had killed every higher feeling in me. See p. 65, "it might have seemed that so withered and shrunken a life..." and p. 110, "Unlike the gold, which needed nothing..."

it was wanted—to meet your marriage expenses.

take no hold—has no attraction for me.

I doubt—I think it is possible it might fascinate me once again, if...

lose the feeling—the sense of God's presiding goodness of which I am so powerfully conscious at present. If Marner lost Eppie, the shock would be so great that he would relapse into his old aimless existence. Cf. p. 12, "His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom."

Without answering—her heart was too full to speak, so she was glad of an excuse to get up, and turn the tide of her emotion by action. See the next sentence, "with the tenderness of gathering tears in her eyes."

slight flush—of bashfulness. Perhaps she thought that it was Aaron who had returned on some errand from his mother.

her...curtsy—the curtsy she was accustomed to make to her superiors.

anxious interest—Nancy had much to be anxious about; she naturally wondered whether the girl would love her, etc.

against—beside.

even if I looked no farther—even if it was only the robbery that gave you a claim against our family. Godfrey was indebted to Marner for having brought up Eppie for him.

I'm beholden—for which I am indebted to you, am under obligations to you.

the painful light—Nancy felt that Eppie would be shocked to find that Godfrey had never owned her mother, but had always kept his marriage a dead secret. She would naturally wonder what sort of woman her mother was that her father should have been ashamed of her.

florid men—See p. 12, "the purple faced farmers."

seen chiefly...on horseback—See p. 30, "to walk many miles..."

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answerable—responsible, accountable.

I never can—I cannot help being conscious of our indebtedness as a family to you.

let me act...just—Godfrey now proceeds to lay before Marner his new proposal. He is careful to make it appear that the interest he takes in Eppie is due to a desire on his part to discharge his family's indebtedness to Marner.

what I held by—what I clung to. See p. 65, "It had been a *clinging* life," and p. 12, "His first movement...."

close work—hard, unremitting labour.

laid by—a vulgarism for *lay by*; 'ceased work.' Cf. the idiomatic phrase "to lay on the shelf."

pulled down—aged and weak.

as near—as far as I can tell. The poorer classes in England were very often unable to say how old they were. See chapters II and III of Part III of Howitt's *Rural Life of England*.

look at old Macey—see how old he is, and why shouldn't you live to the same age?

as a deal—as a considerable sum.

almost too much—so that we scarcely know what to do with it.

blushing...ears—at the broad hint she had given Godfrey. She had spoken under the impulse of the moment, and it was not until the words had passed her lips that she realised what she had done—that she had asked Godfrey to help with the garden!

this turn...view—hoping that Godfrey might find a new line of argument to pursue. There seemed to be no hopes of getting Marner to part with Eppie by pointing out to him the expense he incurred on her upkeep: now there was a new line of argument open to Godfrey—Eppie cared for gardening, there was a beautiful garden at the Red House, why shouldn't Eppie come and live there with him, and have the use of the garden?

we should agree—Nancy now makes known Godfrey's intention of asking Marner to let Eppie live with them; she says that were Eppie to go and stay with them, she and Eppie would find that they had one taste at least in common. Eppie and Marner, however, must have been at a loss to see the drift of her remarks.

so easy—One of the great faults of Godfrey's character was its extreme hopefulness. Cf. p. 137, "by a common fallacy he imagined...it."

you've done...part—you've acted well towards Eppie.

strapping girl—strong, healthy girl.

come off—born of.

can leave her well off—with money and worldly goods.

come to have—be reduced to, be forced to live.

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nothing to do...reality—she could not believe that Godfrey meant what he said; what was the use of his talking about her being a lady?

hurt and uneasy—hurt that Godfrey should think that he looked upon Eppie as an encumbrance, and uneasy because he feared that Godfrey might be contemplating taking Eppie away from him by some means he knew not of.

don't take your meaning—don't understand you.

to be better—to make use of and share all the advantages and comforts of our home.

more than enough—which is more than enough.

in the place of—us.

for that—for bringing her up.

on the look-out—always ready to seize every opportunity of making you comfortable. R1

blunders on words—is unfortunate in his choice of words. Cf. p. 67, "I suppose one reason why we are seldom able...lips."

that are coarser—that do not convey the delicacy of feeling intended to be expressed. Cf. p. 140, "Godfrey unequal to the considerate skill with which...revelation."

gratingly—harshly. Marner was in a high state of excitement, and these unfeeling words of Godfrey's jarred on his feelings. See p. 143, "The excitement had not passed away...external stimulus intolerable."

one struggling dread—the fear that Godfrey's offer might have proved too great an attraction for Eppie, and that she might be willing to leave his cottage for the Red House. Marner, who in all things consulted Eppie's good, was anxious to let her decide her case for herself in accordance with her own wishes, and not in accordance with his own. But the trial was a severe one for him, torn as he was between love for Eppie and the feeling that he should not mar her prospects by getting her to consult his feelings rather than her own in coming to a decision. See below, "the sense that her father was in doubt..."

I won't...in your way—I have no desire to spoil your prospects, I do not wish to prevent you from accepting Mr. Cass's kind offer should you wish to do so.

own anybody...him—give any one else a superior claim on my affections, love somebody else more than I love him.

all the same—though I do not accept your kind offer.

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distress on...account—She could not help feeling for her husband, and thinking what he must be feeling like to find his own child turn away from him, so that she could not altogether sympathise with Eppie.

full of—His mind had been full of thoughts of...

all important feelings—the feeling of remorse, which, as he thought, was everything; he thought that his determination to do all he could for Eppie was a guarantee that things would turn out as he wished them to. See p. 137, "and by a common fallacy..."

he was not prepared—He did not for a moment think that Marner would refuse to give him Eppie, or that Eppie would refuse to go to him. He thought that in wanting to adopt her he was doing the utmost that could be expected of him; but it was an easy and welcome way of quieting his conscience, and so he was very naturally annoyed with Eppie for upsetting the "course of action which he had fixed on as the right." His selfish nature could not sympathise with Marner's feelings or Eppie's; he could view the situation from only one point of view, and that was his own.

virtuous resolves—George Eliot is of course sarcastic.

stand before—that is superior to any other claim.

4 *should be in opposition to hers*—lest she should want to live at the Red House. From her answer given to Mrs. Cass ("Thank you, ma'am,...") Marner saw that Eppie did not want to leave him, and his mind was set at rest, so that now he was free to speak out for her, for there was no longer any fear of his doing her a wrong by so doing.

the memorable day—See p. 10, "there is no just God that governs the earth...."

take the heart...body—she is my very life, and to take her away would be like cutting the heart out of my body.

turned your back upon her—forsook her, were ashamed to own her.

as take it in—who accept the blessing.

I've repented—Godfrey does not see that the wrong done cannot be rectified by so simple an act as that of merely repenting for it. See pp. xii, xiii, of the Appendix.

the edge—the keen and merciless discrimination. Marner's words were only too true.

but repentance...year—One cannot help being struck with the freshness of Marnor's thought as compared with the bungling, illogical thought of the villagers. See p. v of the Appendix.

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you'll cut us in two—we are now united in thought and feeling, and you would separate us—would make us drift apart.

the pregnancy—the force and truth. Looking at the situation solely from his own point of view, he could not discern the element of truth in what Marnor had said. He also knew very little about the home life of Silas and Eppie, and so did not know how dearly Silas loved his daughter, nor was he possessed of a keen intellect to discern the merits of an argument. Cf. p. 137, "It had never occurred to him that Silas would rather part with his life than with Eppie..."

who had never...sacrifice—Godfrey had been no exception to the common run of young men; he had availed himself of the licence that was allowed him both by his father's means and by the general consent of the people of Ravoloe, who looked with an indulgent eye on their young men, who must needs, they thought, sow their wild oats. Cf. p. 69, "it was understood...or young men... great festivals," and p. 102, "was much concerned at a young gentleman's... impulse."

you're own life's uncertain—you may die any day. Godfrey had said the opposite a short time back. See p. 145, "you may live thirty years longer...."

very different...father's home—where she might marry some well-to-do man.

you're putting...welfare—you are spoiling her prospects.

dark featureless shadow—the hazy idea of her father which Eppie had all along had. Marnor had told her all that he knew about her mother, but had not been able to tell her anything about her father. See p. 127, "she thought hardly at all about the father...."

her imagination—She thought of the past, and wondered what Godfrey's treatment of her mother must have been like, considering he had refused to acknowledge her. Then as to the future, she wondered what claim or claims Godfrey had over her by virtue of his being her father; could he take her away from Marnor? It seemed from what he had said as if he could. See p. 152, "She thinks I did wrong by her mother, as well as by her," and p. 149, "She was old enough to judge him."

there were words—"I feel now it is my duty to insist on taking care... duty."

the provisions...definite—It seemed pretty certain that Godfrey meant to assert his rights, and take Eppie away from Marner.

determined her resolution—influenced her in any way. But cf. p. 152, "She thinks I did wrong...."

vibrated to—responded to, echoed Marner's feelings.

stricken in conscience—accused by his conscience. Marner wondered whether Godfrey was after all right, and whether he really was standing "in the way of her (Eppie's) welfare."

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his own will...good—making his own feelings the first consideration, and ruining Eppie's prospects.

self-conquest—the strength of will required to give up Eppie.

sensibility—that would on other occasions have made her sympathise with and understand Marner's feelings. The consideration of Godfrey's feelings biased her mind, and made her look at things from his point of view.

foster father—a father who has adopted a child and brought it up. A *foster brother* or *sister* is one brought up by the same nurse. (Saxon, *fostrian*, Danish, *fostrer*, to nurse.)

plenteous circumstances—affluent circumstances: comfort and abundance of the good things of this world.

"respectability"—i. e. what was considered such at Raveloe. See p. 80, "The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly...."

the little aims...poor—Nancy, who was well off, did not know what the simple joys and pleasures of the poor meant to them. "Happiness is a fireside thing; and the simplicity of cottage life, the fewness of its objects, and the strong sympathies awakened by its trials and sufferings, tend to condense the affections, and to strike deep the roots of happiness in the sacred soil of consanguinity." (Howitt.)

unquestionable good—as it seemed from her point of view. But to Eppie her simple life was more to her than all the glories of rank and state. Cf. p. 114, "The stone hut was made a soft nest for her."

relief—from Marner's answer ("I'll hinder nothing"). It seemed as if there were hopes still of Godfrey's being able to get Marner to give up Eppie.

old enough to know it—When Eppie came to Marner, she was too young to appreciate a mother's love and care, even if her mother had been tender to her, which we know she was not; see p. 95, "The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother...." Her Godmother, Dolly Winthrop, had, however, been a mother to Eppie; but of this, Godfrey did not know.

want for nothing—lack nothing, our happiness will be complete.

a weaver's hand—a delicate, sensitive hand, and not a horny hand like that of a labourer. See p. 115, "I reckon the weaving makes you handier."

colder decision—more deliberately ; with less emotion in her voice.

my father—Silas. She addresses her father Godfrey as "sir."

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he'd nobody—See p. 129, "Your father was a lone man..." and p. 144, "I doubt it might, if I lost you...."

between him and me—separate us.

sorry because you've—sorry that you've...

sensitiveness—He was afraid lest Eppie might sacrifice her own interests to his. He was anxious that she should decide for her own good, and these protestations of love from her made him feel anxious lest she should be allowing herself to be carried away by her feelings, instead of comparing the two lives, and choosing the humbler life with the full conviction that it was the happier of the two.

I shouldn't know...about me—I should feel altogether out of place with fine things...

poor work—a sad thing.

put on things—dressing in expensive clothes.

a place at church—in the Casses' pew at the head of the church, and away from the poor among whom she now sat. The following extract is from Howitt's *Rural Life of England* :

"And yet, where is it that our old customs, and the impress of past times and generations, linger so strongly as about our village churches in England ! Entering one of them in some retired district on a Sunday, you seem to step back into a past age. The quaint old place—its rude and ancient pillars and arches—its oaken pews and pulpit, grown almost black with years ; the massy font, the grim, grotesque human heads for corbels, every one differing from the other, where the mason seems to have indulged his humorous fancy without regard to the sacred character of the house in which they were to figure—the contrasting, though often faded splendour of the Squire's pew ; the heavy tombs, with procumbent effigies of knight and dame—the mural tablets to the memory of departed rectors ; the hatchment in sign of some once important personage gone to his long home—and the half-worn stones on which you tread,

Where many a holy text around is strewn,
To teach the rustic moralist to die.

And then, the simple congregation! All in their best attire, in cut and texture guiltless of modern fashion: the clergyman, who with the air of a gentleman, has probably caught somewhat of the Doric air of the region; and the old clerk with his long coat, and long hair combed over his shoulders, doling out his responses with a peculiar twang, to which an ancient parish clerk can only attain. Then the little music-loft, with its musicians, consisting of a bass-viol, a bassoon, and hautboy, and the whole congregation singing with all their heart and soul. These are remnants of antiquity that are nowhere else to be found.

There is a paper in Blackwood's Magazine for April 1838, called "Church Music and other Parochials," which gives you a picture of things which everybody who has gone to a thoroughly old-fashioned country church has seen over and over. The old clerk, the writer says, always reads Cheberims and Sepherims, and most unequivocally—"I am a Lion to my mother's children," and truly he sometimes looks not unlike one: and when told by the clergymen that he must take him to task to teach him to read and give the responses differently, he replies—"Why, sir, if I must read just like you there wouldn't be a bit of difference between us."

Such is the peculiar elocution of the true old parish clerk, that even a dog is sensible of it. I wandered into a rustic church where I accidentally saw the congregation collecting, having at my heels a little favourite spaniel. The church stood in the middle of a field at some distance from the hamlet, and I did not see where to secure the dog during the service; I therefore trusted to his general good behaviour, and made him lie down under the seat. Here he slept very quietly for some time; but at the very sound of the clerk's voice, which was of the genuine traditional tone, up he jumped and began to bark most vociferously. I kicked him with my heel; menaced him with look and hand; set my foot on him, held his mouth—but all in vain. While the clergyman, who, I must confess, shewed great forbearance, perceiving that I was a stranger, and who moreover betrayed by a suppressed smile that he also perceived the true cause of the dog's irritation, was reading the lessons, the dog was perfectly still; again the clerk said, "amen," and again up started Fido and barked as loud as ever. The cause was hopeless—nothing remained but to retire."

them as I'm fond of—Silas, Dolly Winthrop, and Aaron. They would keep aloof from Eppie, thinking she would be too proud to take any notice of them.

then—in my new position in Raveloe society. Nancy and Godfrey had given as their reason why Eppie should go to the Red House the fact that she would be better off there, and Godfrey had also suggested as a reason that

she would be able to marry better ; Eppie now tells them that to do as they bid her would mean the destruction of her present happiness.

questioning glance—to ask what should be said in reply to Eppie. Eppie had proved both Godfrey and Nancy wrong in what they had thought would be to her an " unquestionable good."

absently—absent-mindedly.

a word...her lips—She thought it was better that she spoke, as she might be able to do some good, for Eppie had nothing against her as she had against Godfrey.

on more sides than one—you have to make us some concession as well ; you should consider our feelings, as you want us to consider yours.

opens his home to you—offers you a home.

turn your back on it—refuse to accept his of...

in the corner—near the fireside. See p. 161 of these notes.

feud—See p. 206 of these notes.

no other home—than the one I have pictured to myself.

turn my mind—make up my mind to..., got myself to want to be...

victuals—food. Lat. *victus*, food, from *vivo*, I live. The word is now vulgar.

the tears fell—because Godfrey had spoken slightly of her lover.

flushed...dilated eyes—his look of mortification. What he had feared had even come to pass.

exalted consciousness—Before setting out he had thought that at last he was going to right the serious wrong done his daughter, and it was with a sense of relief that he repaired to the cottage. Arrived there he met with opposition first from Marner and then from Eppie ; and now to crown all he heard that his daughter was to marry a working man ! So overcome was he that he felt as if something were choking him.

well-wishers—we wish to do you what good we can.

covered—did not let her husband's abrupt departure seem strange by staying behind herself and saying a few kind words before leaving ; she explained as well that it was getting late.

Summary.

This chapter describes the fruitless attempt made by Mr. and Mrs. Cuss to restore Eppie to her rightful place at the Red House.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening Silas and Eppie sat alone in the cottage. The friends, who had gathered there on getting the news of the discovery of Marner's gold, had all gone home, and now Marner sat in his arm-chair with Eppie beside him, holding his hands. The gold, arranged in heaps as of old, was on the table. Silas was telling Eppie that when she

first came to him, he used to think at times that she was his gold come back, and that she would turn into his gold; but that gradually that feeling wore off, and he got to love her so much that he felt the return of the gold would have been a curse. Eppie said that if Silas had not taken her in, she would have been sent to the workhouse, where there would have been no one to love her; but Silas answered that the blessing was not hers, but his; for had she not come, he would have died in misery. He saw now that the money had been taken at the right time, and the wonderful thing was that it had returned just when it was needed. He said that the gold no longer fascinated him, but he was afraid it might once again do so, if Eppie was taken from him, and he felt he was again forsaken.

A knock was heard at the door, and Eppie got up to open it. She was surprised to be confronted by Mr. and Mrs. Cass. Nancy, pale and tremulous, apologised for their late intrusion. Eppie placed chairs for the visitors, and took up her stand beside Silas. Godfrey opened the conversation by saying how pleased he was about the restoration of the money; that since it was one of his family who had done the wrong, whatever he might do for Silas would be merely repaying a debt; and that there were other things besides the robbery for which he was beholden to Silas. Here Godfrey paused, for Nancy had advised that the disclosure should be made gradually, since it could not make a favourable impression on Eppie regarding the relations that must have existed between her parents. Silas, who always felt ill at ease when spoken to by his "botters," answered that he had much to thank Godfrey for; and as for the robbery, he did not count it a loss, neither could Godfrey have helped it, nor was he answerable for it. Godfrey said that he could not view the matter in that light, and he hoped Marner would not hinder him in acting as he felt right. Marner, he said, had lived a hardworking life, to which Silas immediately answered that his work had been a blessing and his stay in trouble, when he had been bereft of all else. Godfrey, taking his words literally, said that linen-weaving had doubtless been a good trade for him at Raveloe, where there had been so much weaving to do; but Marner was becoming past such close work, and it was time he had some rest. Though a comparatively young man, and likely to live for another thirty years, Marner had to remember that his money, even if lent out on interest, would not last his lifetime; much less was it sufficient for two people to live on. Silas said that he did not fear poverty, as his wants were few, and he really had more money than he knew what to do with. He was reminded, however, by Eppie that they needed a garden, the girl in her simplicity hoping that Godfrey would take the hint, and help them in the matter. But Nancy saw that the remark helped to bring her husband to the point, and said that she liked gardening herself, and that Eppie would find that they had at least one taste in common. Godfrey made an aimless remark; he was surprised to find how difficult it was to broach a subject which at a distance it had seemed so easy to broach. However, he plunged into his subject, saying that Marner would like to see Eppie provided for; that her appearance, though healthy-looking, showed she was not fit for hardships, and that Marner would, he knew, like to see the girl made a lady of and her future assured her. Silas flushed painfully at the words, but Eppie wondered at their drift. Controlling himself, Silas said that he did not understand Mr. Cass. Then Godfrey made plain his meaning, and said that he and Mrs. Cass wished to adopt Eppie, and he felt sure Silas would like to see her provided for. Eppie would go to see him very often, and would always be grateful to him, while they would do everything to make him comfortable.

Godfrey's character was neither one of insight nor of depth. This fact and his embarrassment led to his blundering and unfeeling remarks. Eppie's hand rested caressingly behind Silas's head, and she felt him trembling violently. He was torn by conflicting emotions. Eppie was grieved at his distress, and was going to speak to him, when the sudden fear seized his mind that Eppie might want to go to the Red House, and so summoning up his courage he told her to

thank the Casses for their kindness, for he would not stand in her way. With flushed cheeks, and no longer shy, but only eager to set her father's mind at rest, Eppie spoke out. She said she could not leave her father or let anyone else take his place in her affections; she did not want to be a lady, and she could not give up those she had been accustomed to.

Nancy was much moved; but though sympathising with Eppie, she naturally felt distressed on account of her husband. He was irritated at this hitch in the course of action which he in penitence had resolved on as a retrieval of his errors. He could not therefore appreciate those feelings which hindered his virtuous resolves. In agitation and anger he blurted out that he had the first and strongest claim on Eppie, and it was his duty to provide for her, since she was his child. Eppie was now agitated; but Marner, who had been relieved by her answer, felt arise in him with almost parental fierceness the spirit of resistance. With the bitterness of his youthful years when his hopes had been crushed, he told Godfrey he ought to have made his claim sixteen years back, and not then when Marner was wrapped up in Eppie. He said God had given her to him, and Godfrey had no claim upon her, "for when a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in." Godfrey felt and confessed the truth of Silas's words, but pleaded his repentance. Marner said firmly that he was glad Godfrey had repented, yet that did not alter the fact that he, Marner, had been a father to Eppie for sixteen years, nor could Godfrey's statement alter their feelings towards each other. Godfrey, awed by such plain-speaking, tried to argue that Eppie would not be taken quite away; she would see Marner frequently, and feel just the same towards him. But Silas asked bitterly how she could feel the same when they had been accustomed to share together not only every morsel of food, but even their thoughts. He said Godfrey would sunder them.

Godfrey's unappreciative and unsympathetic nature made him feel angry again. He thought (as do those who have never tested their own powers of self-sacrifice) that the weaver was selfish in thus opposing Eppie's welfare, and he told Silas so, adding further that Eppie was now of a marriageable age, and might marry below her station; that Silas was thus standing in her light; and though sorry to cause pain, he (Godfrey) must insist on doing his duty to his child. It seemed as if Eppie and Silas were equally moved by Godfrey's speech. Eppie's thoughts had been very busy as the two men had contested their points. She had tried to picture to herself what her life with her mother must have been like with a father who disowned them, and she pictured her life now with this father, after she had learnt to love another as her father. Both visions repelled rather than attracted her. It was not, however, this repulsion that determined her resolution. Her own feelings, which responded intensely to all Silas had said, had determined that. Godfrey's accusation of selfishness had struck home in Silas's conscience. He wondered if it was true. After a pause, when he had gained sufficient mastery over himself, he said tremulously that he offered no opposition, and he said the child could speak for herself.

Even Nancy with her affectionate nature had felt the weaver's opposition to the real father's claim unjustifiable. She felt that it was a very hard trial for him, but by her code of right no claim ought to be prior to that of the real father. Nancy had been in comfortable circumstances all her life, and could not enter into the simple joys of the poor, so that she felt that the restoration of Eppie to her birthright could only be an unquestionable good. So Marner's last words were a relief to Nancy.

Godfrey, somewhat embarrassed by the sense that Eppie was old enough to judge him, said to her in an apologetic tone that they would wish her always to show her love and gratitude to Marner, but that he hoped she would love them as well; that though he had failed in his duty towards her in the past, he fully intended making amends for his past conduct in the future, and he knew that she would find the best of mothers in his wife. Nancy seconded what he said.

Eppie grasped Silas's hand firmly, and from where she was standing, she spoke her decision calmly. She thanked the Casses for their liberal offers, so far above her wishes; but she said she could not accept them, for she could never be happy away from her father, who would, she knew, be thinking of her and be all alone. He and she had been very happy together, and apart from him she had no happiness, in his loneliness she had been with him; he had taken care of and loved her; and she would cleave to him for life, and no-one would ever separate them. Silas told her to consider her decision very carefully, lest she should afterwards regret it, for after what she had said he was more anxious still not to wrong her. Eppie answered that she would never regret her decision; fine things she had never been accustomed to, neither would they bring her happiness, and to be raised in rank would make her unfit for the society of those whom she loved.

Nancy looked at her husband with a look of distress, but his eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were lost in thought; so she spoke herself, feeling at the same time that it was best for her to do so. So addressing herself to Eppie, she said that Eppie's love for those who had brought her up was natural, but she owed a duty to her lawful father as well, and indeed she ought to go to the home offered her. Eppie answered impetuously that her feelings prompted her to acknowledge but one father and she could think of no other home than the little home she had always thought of where Silas would be able to "sit in the corner," and she would be able to do everything for him. She had not been brought up as a lady, nor did she wish to become one; she liked working-folks, their food and their ways; and besides, said she, as the tears fell, she was engaged to be married to a working-man, who would live with Silas, and take care of him.

Eppie's announcement of her engagement came as a shock to Godfrey; for the last hope of his being able to compensate her in some degree for the greatest demerit of his life was gone. He felt the air of the room stifling, and whispering to Nancy that they should depart, he left the cottage without another word. Nancy arose, saying that they would drop the topic for the present, as it was getting late. She assured Silas and Eppie that she and her husband had their welfare at heart, and they would call again another day. So she tried to hide Godfrey's abrupt departure.

CHAPTER XX.

oaken parlour—The walls of the parlour were panelled with oak. See p. 40 of these notes.

his chair—In English homes there is generally a special comfortable chair for the master of the house.

shawl—with which she had wrapped herself on going out into the cold. It was the fashion at this time for ladies to wear a shawl over the shoulders. It used to be folded in a three-cornered shape. Persian, *shal*.

hearth—The space just outside the fender and usually covered with a warm, hairy rug.

lest...feelings—Nancy did not wish to leave her husband, so stood beside him; but she did not speak to him, lest any word, however sweet and gentle, might be in discord with his feelings at the time. The expression 'to jar on one,' means to be out of tune, or out of harmony with. Cf. para 1, chap. XIX.

dwelling...side—that is, they let their eyes rest on each other, but made no further bodily movement. *mutual*—Lat. *mutare*, to change.

that...repose—The first moment after great weariness or great danger is felt to be one of great blessedness, and we do not break into the joy and repose of that moment with speech. In the same way, husbands and wives, who love and trust each other, often look at each other in silence, lest speech should mar the repose of their gaze. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i, "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

that's ended—the matter has been settled; Eppie will not come and stay with us.

alter her bringing up—make a fine lady of her, or cause her to wish to be one.

and what's come of it—her tastes and sentiments. See previous page, "I wasn't brought up to be a lady...their ways." Perhaps Nancy refers to her engagement with Aaron as well.

Paying extra—Paying interest.

the trees have been growing—a metaphor such as one would expect a farmer to employ. When trees are young, we can bend them as we please; but when they have grown up, we can no longer bend them. The proverb says, 'As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined.' Godfrey means that while he had been postponing acknowledging Eppie as his child, her future was being settled, and it was now too late to alter it. Cf. p. 115, "as some man who has a precious plant...harm." See p. ix of the Introduction.

to pass for—to appear or be considered,—that is, when he was courting Nancy.

did not...immediately—because Godfrey's words "against my wish" had wounded her. Her great grief in life was that he always bemoaned their childlessness. See note on *deeply-felt scenes*, p. 134, and pp. 132-4 of the text.

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Father...troubled—Nancy's love made her forgiving towards Godfrey; but Priscilla and Mr. Lammeter would not be as lenient. Nancy wished to spare her husband their censure and herself the shame of his conduct being made public.

a feeling—that everything about Eppie might be hushed up. Nancy had said, to begin with, that it was Godfrey's duty to acknowledge Eppie (see end of chap. XVIII), but now she was able to satisfy herself that such an acknowledgment was no longer required of him.

more than about Dunsey—nothing further than the robbery committed by Dunstan. Nancy did not mind so much if her father and Priscilla knew of Dunstan's crime; first, because it would be impossible to hide it from

them, since all Raveloe knew of it; and, secondly, because it did not touch so nearly the honour of her husband and her own pride.

in my will—when I am not alive to bear the shame. Men used often to put into their wills confessions of error and crime along with the usual directions as to the disposal of their property.

I shouldn't...Dunsey—Godfrey means that he would not like any sin of his to be found out, as Dunsey's had been, by mere chance. He would rather let the confession come from himself. He preferred a frank confession to an ignominious discovery. It is strange that the secret did not get out once Godfrey had told Marner it. But see below, "She thinks me worse than I am."

in her own way—in that station of life which she has chosen for herself.
engaged to—betrothed to.

going...church—See chapter XVII, p. 119.

trying to view...possible—trying to look on the bright side of the trying situation.

Godfrey fell...again—Godfrey could not help feeling a pang. Just as he was discussing his daughter's marriage she stood before his mind's eye, and the scene in the cottage came back. He recalled how she looked, her changes of expression and manner, and all she had said. Cf. what follows.

struck me before—I wonder I never noticed the resemblance before. Even while a child Eppie had had her "father's hair and eyes," p. 94.

I think...after that—This shows us how keenly Godfrey had watched Eppie. Perhaps in his mental review of the scene in the cottage much that had escaped him at the time struck him now. It does happen that things we do not particularly notice at the time of their occurrence recur vividly in our memories afterwards. Cf. p. 149, "not without some embarrassment...."

7 *not wishing...impression*—Nancy too had noticed Eppie's aversion to Godfrey when he had disclosed his parenthood; but to save him pain, she refrained from corroborating his statement. She explained Eppie's change of manner as being due to her love for Marner and her consequent inability to cease looking upon him as her father. To confirm really means 'to strengthen.' Lat. *con*, together, *firma*, I make firm or sure.

by her mother...her—that I sinned against both her mother and herself.

she must think it—she must remain under that impression, for she cannot know all the circumstances. See p. 25, "It was an ugly story...."

it's...punishment—The rest of his punishment was his remorse, and his childless lot.

true to you—See p. 26, "yet the hope of this paradise had not...."

if I...fool—See p. 26, “he had something else to curse...”

and when...too—considering I did not own my child either.

Nancy.....just compunction—Nancy was silent, because she felt the justice of her husband's self-accusation; it seemed right to her that he should recognise and correctly estimate the extent of his error. It was this spirit of integrity, which she possessed, which prevented her from sympathising with her husband and condoning his conduct. See p. 135, “On all the duties and proprieties of life...unalterable little code.” Lat. *rectus*, straight. She sympathised with her husband in his attempts to do his duty by his daughter, but when it came to the question of his actual guilt, she left him alone with his conscience. *edge*, that which cuts as an edge does, or wounds deeply.

tenderness...self-reproach—Because he recognised his own worthlessness, and how little he deserved Nancy as a wife.

And I...all—In spite of the fact that I was unworthy of you, I got you for my wife, and yet I have been most discontented with my lot, and have been pining for what has been denied me, as if indeed I deserved to get my wish, viz. a child.

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been wanting to me—You have never failed in your duty to me as a husband, though you may have failed as a father.

to the lot—our childlessness.

To mend a bit—To acquire a contented spirit. See p. 134, “Nancy's deepest wounds had all come...”

though it...things—Though it is a fact that some things are irreparable and irrevocable.

say what they will—In spite of the proverb which says, ‘it is never too late to mend.’ It was too late for Godfrey to change Eppie's upbringing. See page 151, “While I've been putting off...it's too late now”

Summary.

This chapter records the conversation between Nancy and Godfrey after their visit to the Stone-pits.

Nancy and Godfrey walked home in silence. On entering the parlour Godfrey threw himself into his chair, and Nancy after she had removed her bonnet and shawl, stood by him on the hearth in silence, fearing that speech might jar on her husband's feelings. At last he turned his eyes on her. Husband and wife gazed at each other in mutual trust and in silence, for speech would have destroyed the repose of the hour. Presently, he drew her towards him, saying, “That's ended.” Nancy kissed him, and as she stood by his side, she said that they had to give up the hope of having Eppie in the house as their daughter, since the girl was against it, and they could not force her to come against her will. They could neither alter her bringing

up nor change her tastes and sentiments. Slowly with a keen decisiveness of speech, which was in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech, Godfrey said that there were debts which were unlike money debts and which could not be paid by paying extra for past years of non-payment. He had put off paying his debt till it was too late. Marner was right about a rejected blessing falling to some one else: his (Godfrey's) wish had once been to appear childless; now he had to be so against his wish.

Nancy asked after a pause—for she felt hurt at Godfrey's last remark—whether he intended to make the relationship known. She herself did not want her father and Priscilla to know about her husband's past errors, as the news about Dunstan was bad enough as it was. She felt relieved therefore when Godfrey replied that he did not intend to make the relationship known, but would note it in his will to avoid an ignominious discovery like that of his brother's crime. No good purpose would be served by letting others know that Eppie was his child, but only harm would come of doing so. Still he would do what he could to make Eppie happy. It was Aaron, he knew, to whom she was engaged, and he knew of a way of helping her. Nancy tried to be cheerful, and said that Aaron was very sober and industrious, but Godfrey's brow again became clouded, and he sat lost in thought. After a pause he looked up sorrowfully to Nancy, and said in a questioning tone that Eppie was very pretty. Nancy replied affectionately that she was, and that the resemblance in hair and eyes to Godfrey had only just struck her. Godfrey remarked that he had noticed a look of dislike pass over his child's face when he had made known their relationship. Nancy, not wishing to confirm her husband's impression, answered that Eppie shrank at being asked to give up her affection for Marner. Godfrey went on to say that Eppie's dislike and her opinion of his treatment of her mother and herself would be his never-ending punishment, for his daughter must remain in ignorance of the extenuating circumstances; all had come about through his own folly; had he been true to Nancy, there would have been no *mesalliances* and no shirking of a father's part. Nancy's spirit of rectitude refused to soften her husband's self-judgment. She remained silent. Presently, he spoke again tenderly, though still in a tone of self-reproach. He said that in spite of all his errors he had Nancy, and yet he grumbled and was discontented when he deserved nothing. Nancy told him with quiet sincerity that he had been all-sufficient to her; it was only his want of resignation to their childless lot that had ever troubled her. Then Godfrey referring to the proverb, "it is never too late to mend," said he would try to mend in the matter of resignation, but the rest was irretrievable.

CHAPTER XXI.

The next morning—that is, Monday morning. Marner's money was discovered on the afternoon of the previous day.

a thing...mind—a thing I have been intending to do for two years past. The following remarks are from the article by Prof. Dowden which we have already quoted from:—

"If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie?" As the life of the race lying behind our individual life points out the direction in which alone it can move with dignity and strength, so our own past months and years lying behind the present hour and minute deliver over to these a heritage and a tradition which it is their wisdom joyfully to accept when that is possible. There are moments, indeed, which are the beginning of a new life; when under a greater influence than that of the irreversible Past the current of our life takes an unexpected course; when a single act transforms the whole aspect of the world in which we move; when contact with a higher nature than our own suddenly discovers to us some heroic quality of our heart of the existence of which we had not been aware. Such is the virtue of confession of evil deeds

or desires to a fellow man, it restores us to an attitude of noble simplicity ; we are rescued from the necessity of joining hands with our baser self. But these moments of new birth do not come by intention or choice. The ideal which we may set before ourselves, and count upon making our own by constancy and fidelity of heart, is that which Don Silva imagines for himself:—

A Past that lives
On through an added Present, stretching still
In hope unchecked by shaming memories
To life's last breath.

If no natural piety binds our days together, let us die quickly rather than die piecemeal by the slow paralyzing touch of time. All that helps to hold our past and present together is therefore precious and sacred. It is well that our affections should twine tenderly about all material tokens and memorials of bygone days. Why indulge a foolish sentiment, a piece of mere superstition, about an inanimate object? And so Tito sells the ring, and with it closes the bargain by which he sells his soul. There is, indeed, a noble pressing forward to things that are behind. George Eliot is not attracted to represent a characteristic of Hetty's shallow nature that in her dream of the future, the brilliant future of the captain's wife, there mingles no thought of her second parents, no thought of the children she had helped to tend, of any youthful companion, any pet animal, any relic of her own childhood. "Hetty could have cast all her past life behind her, and never cared to be reminded of it again. I think she had no feeling at all towards the old house, and did not like the Jacob's ladder and the long row of hollyhocks in the garden better than any other flowers—perhaps not so well." Jubal, after his ardent pursuit of song through the world, would return to Lamech's home, "hoping to find the former things." Silas Marner would see once more the town where he was born, and Lantern Yard, where the lots had declared him guilty. But Hetty is like a plant with hardly any roots ; "lay it over your ornamental flower-pot and it blossoms none the worse." (*The Contemporary Review*, 1872.)

the money's...to us—because it will provide for the expenses of the journey.

I've been...night—I have been thinking it over during the night.

while the...last—before the autumn is over, and the wet days of winter with the rain and snow come on. See chap. IV.

and everything—everything in the house.

care on—a vulgarism for 'care of.'

a little...things—a small bundle of the things (clothes, etc.) they would require for the journey.

where to go?—where are we to go to?

up Lantern Yard—Cf. "up Kench Yard," p. 105.

Minister—of the Lantern Yard Congregation. Christian bodies outside the Anglican and Roman Catholic bodies speak of their clergymen as ministers, not as priests. The Evangelical Section of the Anglican Church also emphasises the clergyman's office of 'Minister.' See *Ephesians*, III. 7 and I. *Timothy*, IV. 6. 'Minister' means an inferior person, in opposition to *magister*, a superior. Lat. *minor*, less. Cf. *St. Matt.* XX. 27. The minister of a church is the man who *serves* the parish or congregation.

ha' come out—come to light. The fact that Dunstan's crime had come to light had no doubt given an impetus to Marner's hope that William Dane's crime had been discovered as well; but it was not the discovery of Dunstan's crime that had determined Marner to visit Lantern Yard, for, he says, that that intention was two years old. Perhaps Marner's maturing faith in an overruling Providence led him to hope that his innocence had been established at Lantern Yard.

deal o' light—much spiritual knowledge. The word 'light' is commonly used figuratively for spiritual knowledge and insight. Cf. *Psalms*, CXIX, 105, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

the drawing o' the lots—The wrong verdict given by the drawing of the lots had helped to shatter Marner's old faith. He naturally wanted his minister to explain how so wrong a verdict had been given, and was anxious to know as well whether the real thief had ever been discovered. See p. 155, "I shall never know whether...lots."

country-side—this part of the country.

religion—This was the religion of the Anglican Church, which was very different from that of Lantern Yard. Both were Christian, but they differed in belief, in nomenclature (*e.g.*, Marner had only heard of baptism at Lantern Yard, never of christening) and in their form of worship. It seems as if Marner was inclining now towards the Anglican Church in preference to his old Lantern Yard religion.

a strange country—a new part of England.

Howitt writes, "The mechanic sees his weekly newspaper over his pipe and pot; but the clod-hopper, the chopstick, the hawbuck, the hind, the Johnny-raw, or by whatever name, in whatever district, he may be called, is everywhere the same; he sees no newspaper, and if he did, he could not read it; and if he hears his master reading it, ten to one but he drops asleep over it. In fact, he has no interest in it. He knows there is such a place as the next town, for he goes there to statutes, and to the fair; and he has heard of Lunnion, and the French, and Buonaparte, and of late years of America, and he has some dreamy notion that he should like to go there if he could raise the wind, and thought he could find the way—and that is all that he knows of the globe and its concerns, beyond his own fields."

this little...him—to be able to tell him something he did not know. Aaron was so much better informed in most things than Eppie, that her position was always one of learner, while his was that of teacher. She welcomed the idea of a journey as affording her the pleasure of reversing these positions for once.

possessed...journey—England was not over-run with railways as it is to-day, and poor people travelled very little. So that even a journey of a few miles was viewed as if it was a great and perilous undertaking.

carriers' carts...waggons—Dolly Winthrop's untravelled mind naturally became alarmed when it contemplated a long journey into an unknown district

and by strange modes of conveyance. Raveloe, which "was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn," was served, as we now learn, by carriers' carts and waggons. Before the days of railways passengers as well as goods used to be conveyed from place to place in waggons which left important towns and villages on fixed days in the week. A more expeditious but dearer mode of travelling was by stage-coach. At the end of the eighteenth century the chief roads were so hard and smooth that fast coaches, conveying passengers and mails, could go over them at a rapid rate. Great efforts were made to open up communications by good roads between one town and another, and the system grew up of erecting turnpikes, at which tolls were levied, which were devoted to the betterment of the high-ways. Stage-coaches began under the Commonwealth, and under Charles II. flying coaches, as they were called, managed to travel about fifty miles a day.

easier in your mind—your mind would be less troubled ; would be set at rest.

light—spiritual knowledge. See above. Marner wanted to see if his old minister would be able to explain how the lots had given a wrong verdict. See below.

as you talk on—which you talk of.

glad on—glad of. Dolly had not been able to give Marner a very convincing explanation as to how it was the lots had given a wrong verdict.

if you...back—if Marner could tell her of his explanation on his return.

fourth day—therefore their journey had taken three days.

Sunday clothes—which would be their best clothes. It is the custom in England to wear one's best clothes on Sunday to church.

with a...handkerchief—People's requirements were few in those days ; a bundle of clothes tied up in a fairly large handkerchief sufficed as luggage for Silas and Eppie on their journey.

thirty years—Silas had been fifteen years at Raveloe when his money was stolen. Eppie was sent to him that same year, and she had now been with him sixteen years. (See chap. XVI.) So that it was really thirty-one years since he had left Lantern Yard.

native place—the place of his birth. Lat. *nasci, natus*, to be born.

under a...it—that they had not come to the wrong town.

with the tassels—All large shops in England have porters in uniform waiting outside. Their business is to open the door for customers, to hail hansom or taxi-cabs for them, and to be useful in a general way. These men are usually tall, fine-looking men, and walk about in a leisurely, dignified way.

Their uniforms are often very handsome and decorated with gold buttons, braid and tassels. It is probably one of these men Eppie tells Silas to consult.

strange indifferent faces—The faces were unfamiliar to her and she did not like the cold look of unconcern for others in their expression. She had been accustomed to kindly interest and friendly greetings from every one in Raveloe.

gentle folks—The grand attire of the porter deceived Marnor into thinking him a gentleman.

happen—perhaps.

as if...yesterday—the way out of Prison Street is so vivid in my recollection that I might have seen it yesterday.

jail—The word is also spelt *gaol*. O. Fr. *gaole*, Low Lat. *gabiola*, a cage, dimin. of *gabia*, cage, a corruption of *cavea*, a cage. *Grim*, forbidding-looking.

the first...memory—the first object he recognised.

cheered him...place—as soon as Silas recognised the jail, he was certain that he was in his native town. Though he had ascertained the name of the town, that had failed to convince him till he saw the jail.

Aren't—I am not.

It's—the turning that leads to Lantern Yard is...

it hides the sky—because the jail and its wall were so high.

Workhouse—at Raveloe. The prison was higher than the Raveloe workhouse. A workhouse is a house of shelter for the poor, who are made to work.

never easy—never felt at my ease or at home in. It was too grand for me.

make'em out—recognise them.

entry—a passage into a short lane leading into a court.

o'er hanging window—Some old house perhaps of Tudor date when houses were built with the second storey slightly over-hanging the first. This will be noticed in pictures of old houses. Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon is so built.

The nick—the drain or gutter.

I can see it all—in his mind's eye. His memory of it is quite fresh.

stifled—suffocated. Eppie was a country child, and the close atmosphere of the town seemed to suffocate her.

I couldn't ha'thought—I could not have believed that people could live so crowded together. Houses in towns are always built much nearer to each other than they are in the country.

'ull look—will look by comparison with this.

comical—Here the word does not mean laughable, but rather strange, uninviting. Cf. "comical-looking," p. 14.

Smells bad—Even the cleanest town does not have the sweet fresh smell of the country.

as it used—that it used to.

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sallow—Townpeople do not as a rule have the fresh complexions of country people.

gloomy—dark and dirty.

alley—a passage in a city narrower than a street. O. Fr. *alee*, a passage, from *aller*, to go.

strip of sky—to be seen. The buildings were not as high here as in the alleys they had just passed through, and Shoe Lane was broader than the alleys.

Dear heart!—an exclamation of surprise. See p. 181 of these notes. Silas and Eppie had come to the site of Lantern Yard, and to his surprise, Silas saw streams of people coming from what used to be the Yard, just as if they had been to chapel.

this time o' day—at noon on a week day. In England it is the custom for churches of all denominations to hold a service at 11 a. m. on Sundays. This service gives over at about 12 noon. On week days of course people are at work at that time. Hence Silas's surprise.

suddenly he...amazement—because he realised that Lantern Yard and the chapel were no longer in existence, and that the people were streaming out from a large factory and not the chapel.

an opening—a passage leading into the factory.

women—About this time women and even children were forced to work as long and as hard as men.

mid-day meal—By the Factory Acts of 1802 and 1819 the hours of work in factories were regulated. All factory hands have an hour off from 12 noon to 1 p. m.

before Silas could answer—for he was dumb-founded with astonishment and agitation.

brush-shop—a shop where brushes and brooms were sold.

strange attacks—Marner was still subject to his old cataleptic fits, and Eppie was afraid lest the excitement should bring on one.

all about it—when it was that Lantern Yard ceased to exist, etc.

within his reach—which he could consult.

sweep' away—Swept away ; there is not a trace left of the chapel.

"The sweeping away of the little chapel in which the first injury was done to Silas is a fine image of the disappearance of wrong done in the gristle of early life in the larger and more liberal growth of later years." (Oscar Browning.)

little graveyard—attached to the chapel. There used to be graveyards in the heart of the city of London. In fact the G. P. O. is built on a graveyard.

they—his Lantern Yard associates.

I doubt...last—I doubt not but that it will be dark to the last ; *i.e.* I believe it is to remain a mystery to me to the end of my life.

listening face—with an expression of attention and interest in what Marner was saying.

bordered by gray hairs—Her hair was getting gray above her forehead.

I doubt it may—I believe it may remain a mystery to you always.

as a...to us—it is God's will that many things should be mysteries to us.

a many—a vulgarism. See p. 128, "what a many stones!"

I've never...about—I have been quite sure about. Dolly's was a strong practical faith, broad-based upon deeply-felt truths, and not on speculative principles or theological doctrines.

what comes...work—the ordinary duties, events, joys and sorrows of everyday life ; the things that come in "the daily round, the common task."

hard done by—were treated badly ; you had a cruel experience then.

as you'll—that you will. It seemed certain that Marner would never see how the false verdict of the lots was consistent with divine judgment.

being a rights—That you will never know why God allowed you to be so hardly dealt with, is no reason why He should not have had an object for your good in permitting such treatment of you.

for all...me—in spite of its being a mystery to you and me.

that doesn't hinder—there may be a Divine reason for permitting it.

as myself—In *Ephesians*, V. 29 St. Paul writes, "for no man ever yet hated his own flesh, but nourisheth and cherisheth it."

light enough...by—enough spiritual faith by which to trust that the Almighty is working for my good. See p. 126, "There's good i' this world...there's dealings." Cf. "All things work together for good to them that love God," *Romans*, VIII. 28.

she'll...me—Eppie refused to leave Silas to go to the Casses, and one of her stipulations to Aaron was that after their marriage, Silas should live with them, or, rather, that they should live with him.

trusten till I die—God had given him so many proofs that He cared for him. See p. 144, "I might come to think I was forsaken...."

Summary.

This chapter relates how Silas revisits his native town with Eppie, and finds that Lantern Yard is no more in existence.

The next morning at breakfast, to Eppie's surprise and delight, Silas proposed a visit to his old home. He wished to find out from Mr. Paston, the minister, whether any proof of his (Silas's) innocence in the robbery had ever come to light. He also wished to speak to the minister about the drawing of the lots and to tell him of the Raveloe religion.

Eppie was delighted at the prospect of a journey, and anticipated the pleasure of recounting her experiences to Aaron. In most things he had such superior knowledge that this little advantage over him would be rather pleasant. Mrs. Winthrop was very apprehensive of the dangers attendant on such a journey, and had to be assured that there were no dangers to fear. At the same time the projected visit pleased her for Silas's sake, for she hoped he would find he had been cleared from the false accusation. Dolly said that would ease his mind for the rest of his life. If he got an explanation from his minister of the drawing of the lots, she would like to hear of it, as we need, she said, all the light we can get in this world of ours.

In four days' time Eppie and Marner were making their way through the streets of a large manufacturing town. The place was so changed that Silas wondered whether he had got to the wrong town. Eppie was distressed at her father's bewilderment, and begged him to ask a man, with tassels on his shoulders, who was standing at his shop door, and who seemed in less of a hurry than the rest, the way to Lantern Yard. But Silas said a gentleman like him would not know where the Yard was; so he said he would ask some one the way to Prison Street, for with the jail as a landmark, he would be able to find his way.

After some difficulty, the two got to Prison Street. Silas felt he had found his bearings, and pointed out to Eppie the way to Lantern Yard. She did not like the forbidding aspect of Prison Street, and asked whether Lantern Yard was like it. Silas replied that it was not as big; that he also disliked that street, but liked the Yard; that the shops were all changed in the street, but if he could find the third turning, he would know his way. They got to the turning at last which led up Shoe Lane and out to Lantern Yard. Eppie and Silas were neither of them taken with their surroundings. Silas remarked on the bad smells, unknown in his day.

They got out of Shoe Lane at last, and away from the grimy faces that peered at them from gloomy doorways. They were now in the open space which used to be Lantern Yard. Streams of people were issuing from the Yard "as if they'd been to chapel at this time o'day—a weekday noon," as Marner exclaimed. Suddenly he gave a violent start, for he noticed that the men and women were coming from a large factory. Eppie clung to him in alarm, asking what was the matter. Greatly agitated he answered that Lantern Yard was no longer in existence; the chapel and the graveyard were gone and in their place was the big factory. Eppie, fearing one of his attacks, drew him into a little brush-shop near by to rest, saying he could probably hear about Lantern Yard from the shop people. But Silas could not learn anything about it or Mr. Paston from either the brush-maker, who was a recent comer, or from any one else.

On the night of his return to Raveloe, he told Dolly how every sign of his old home had been swept away. He said he had to remain in ignorance of whether his innocence was ever proved or not, and of Mr. Paston's explanation of the lots. He said everything was dark to him, and he doubted not that it would remain so. Dolly with her calm face now bordered by a

few grey hairs, gave him her comforting philosophy that though there were dark things in the world, it was the "will o' them above," and that the common things of the everyday round were clear; the hard treatment Marner had received and the doubt he was to remain in were dark, yet that did not "hinder there *being* a rights," although it was all dark to Silas and herself. Silas concurred in her philosophy, and said that since the advent of Eppie he had had "enough light to trusten by"; and since Eppie refused to forsake him, he would trust till his dying day.

CONCLUSION.

one time...year—Spring-time. See chap. XV, Pt. VI, of Howitt's *Rural Life of England*. Cf. p. 42, "Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time...."

lilacs and laburnums—blossom in spring. There are six species of lilac. The common lilac and the Persian lilac are frequently cultivated for the fragrance and beauty of their purplish or white flowers. The shrub was named from the colour of its flower. Pers. *lilak*, bluish. The laburnum is a small tree with beautiful yellow flowers.

old-fashioned gardens—See pictures of the gardens of old English houses. The picture "A Passing Cloud" gives a good idea of an old-fashioned garden. Hampton Court has many such.

lichen-tinted—The walls were so old that they had become the colour of the lichen on them. *Lichen*, one of a class of cellular flowerless plants. "The species are very widely distributed, and form irregular spots or patches, usually of a greenish or yellowish colour, upon rocks, trees, and various objects, to which they adhere with great tenacity." Gr. *leichen*, to lick.

to want...milk—to require to be fed on milk. They were too young to eat grass and hay.

full cheese-making—when the cheese-making was at its height.

the mowing—the harvesting; harvest-time is "a time of incessant and hurrying occupation," though the life of a farmer and that of his servants used never to be a very idle one as will be seen from the following extract from Howitt :

"It is no rare sight to see the farmer himself, with his clouted shoon and his fustian coat, ribbed blue or black worsted stockings, and breeches of corduroy; to see him arousing his household, at five o'clock of a morning, and his wife hurrying the servant-wenches, as they call them, from their beds, crying,—“Up, up, boulder-heads!” that is pebble-heads, or heavy-heads, and asking them if they mean to lie till the sun burns their eyes out; having them up to light fires, sweep the hearth, and get to milking, cheese-making, churning, and what not; while he gets his men and boys to their duties,—in winter, to fodder the horses and cows, and prepare for ploughing, or carting out manure; to supply the “young beast,”—young cattle, in the straw-yard with food; to chop turnips, carrots, mangel-wurzel, cut hay, boil potatoes for feeding pigs or bullocks; thrash, winnow, or sack corn. In summer, to be off to the harvest-field. The wife is ready to take a turn at the churn, or to turn up her gown-sleeves to the shoulders, and kneeling down on a straw cushion, to press the sweet curd to the bottom

of the cheese-pan. To boil the whey for making whey butter, to press the curd into the cheese-vats ; place the new cheese in the press ; to salt and turn, and look after those cheeses which are in the different stages of the progress from perfect newness and white softness, to their investment with the unctuous coating of a goodly age. He is ready to go with the men into the farm ; she is ready to see that the calves are properly fed, and to bargain with the butcher for the fat ones ; to feed her geese, turkeys, guinea-fowls, and barn-door fowls ; to see after the collection of eggs ; how the milk is going on in the dairy, the cream churning, and moulding of butter for sale."

light bridal dress—not made of heavy material. A light colour is always chosen for a bridal dress ; but here 'light' refers to the quality of the material.

worn with comfort—because the weather was not too cold for it.

seen to advantage—in the spring sunshine.

lilac tufts—The flowers of the lilac grow in bunches or clusters.

though...renunciation—She had often pictured to herself what kind of bridal dress she would like to have, though she had felt that when the time came for her to be married, she would have to wear something different for a wedding-dress. White cotton with pink sprigs would not be very serviceable to her afterwards as the wife of a working-man, and perhaps it would cost more than Marner could afford to give her.

perfection...dress—the ideal wedding-dress.

at wide intervals—with a considerable space between each sprig or spray of flowers (the pattern of the cloth).

decided...one—As she had thought about and had designed her wedding-dress long before, Eppie did not hesitate when asked by Mrs. Godfrey Cass to name the sort of dress she would like to have. Since Eppie was Godfrey's child, it was quite natural that Nancy should wish to provide the wedding-dress. But to outsiders this act would have been looked upon merely as one of kindness on the part of the Casses.

attired in pure white—Because the pink sprigs were at 'wide intervals,' and were of a delicate shade, so that at a distance the dress looked white.

dash...lily—Some species of lily are pure white with just a little yellow in the middle. From a distance Eppie appeared to be dressed in pure white, and her golden hair gleamed like the yellow of a lily against the white. *Dash*, a slight admixture. Cf. wine with a *dash* of water.

her husband's arm—The marriage ceremony was over, and the bridal procession was leaving the church.

giving me away—In the marriage service the minister says, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" when generally a parent comes forward, and "gives" the bride away. If the parents are unable to be

present, or the bride is an orphan, a friend or near relation gives the bride away. It is generally a man who does so.

you won't...away—because she was going back to live at the Stone-pits as heretofore. This is unusual in marriage, for the bride has generally to go to a new home, her husband's.

Aaron to...you—Parents look upon a child's husband or wife as a son or daughter.

just in time—as the bridal procession passed the Red House, which was nearly opposite the church. See p. 18.

Mr. Cass...reasons—He did not wish to witness Eppie's marriage with his gardener, for the sight would have unnerved him, and recalled the past and all its painful memories. Godfrey, therefore, pretended that he was called away by some important business to Lytherley, nor was there any reason why any one should think otherwise than that he had gone on business.

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he...Rainbow—We know why Godfrey provided the wedding-feast, but to the Raveloe folk it seemed only another instance of his kindness to and appreciation of the weaver, who had befriended an orphan, and who had suffered wrong from one of the Casses.

to find a child—as Silas had. Priscilla had not the same religious scruples as Nancy to adopting a child.

I should...calves—This remark shows us that Priscilla, though a spinster, possessed a mother's heart. All true women, married or unmarried, love children, and find life wanting without them. It is often said that 'the next best thing to your own child is your sister's child.' Up to now we have seen Priscilla apparently satisfied with her farm and her dairy and with no wish or thought beyond her lambs and calves. Now we see she longs to have a child to look after.

feels that—the want of children and young people about one.

look dim—look gloomy and cheerless. Old people always think the world getting worse and that goodness is not as plentiful as it used to be in their day. By having young people about them they learn with youth to be hopeful.

humbler part—where the working classes lived.

special notice—because he was the patriarch of the village, and was always specially singled out for notice.

for a word—for some recognition from us.

so racked—who is so racked, *i. e.*, tortured (with rheumatism).

quavered—trembled. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii,

and his' big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.

No harm in you—See chap. X, p. 67, "for as for thinking you a deen un..." and chap. VII, p. 48, "Folks as had the devil to back'em..."

though...again' you—See p. 67, "It isn't every queer-looksed thing..."

I was...money back—See chap. XVI, p. 122, "Mr. Macey...was of opinion that when a man..."

the 'Amens'—I would have willingly read the responses at your marriage.

holy Matrimony—In the opening address in the marriage service the minister reads the following to the congregation: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to join together this Man and this Woman in holy Matrimony." The address goes on to show why matrimony is holy.

Tookey's...now—Tookey has said the 'Amens' now for some time. Tookey succeeded Macey as parish-clerk.

none...luck—I hope you will not have less luck in your married life than you would have had if I had said the 'Amens.' Macey still retained his good opinion of himself, and his contempt for poor Tookey.

slow advent...pleasures—By being an hour earlier they could enjoy the pleasures of anticipation.

due degrees—by argument, by weighing the pros and cons, till they came to their decision. The rustic mind is always slow in coming to conclusions, and rustics are also as a rule fond of gossip; they talk for the mere sake of talking. Cf. chap. VI.

Even the farrier—Who was the "negative spirit."

took it up—spoke of the sentiment as if it was his own.

invited...him—He ehallenged any person to be so rash as to contradict him. Had any one done so, we know the sort of discussion that would have followed. *hardy*, bold, daring.

differences—of opinion.

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were merged—were lost sight of. So heartily did they agree with Mr. Snell's sentiment that they forgot that they differed on minor points. *Lat. mergere*, to plunge, sink.

the part—the duty.

jokes had...flavour—whose jokes were as popular as ever. The expression 'a spicy joke,' gives the same idea as, 'acceptable flavour.' Cf. p. 40, "This kind of unflinching frankness was the most *piquant* form of joke..."

congratulations—on the marriage of his son.

not requiring—Ben did not need the hour's quiet at the stone-cottage which it had been suggested he should have immediately after the wedding and before the feast began. Perhaps Dolly had, out of consideration for Marner's feelings, suggested that the bridal party should spend the hour's interval quietly at the stone-cottage, and go to the Rainbow only when it was time for the feast.

larger family—increased by Aaron.

fenced...sides—as Eppie had wished. See chapter XVI.

open fence—a fence made of strips of wood at certain distances apart.

the four—Eppie, Aaron, Dolly, and Silas, who were on their way home from church to spend the proposed interval of quiet at the Stone-pit before it was time to leave for the Rainbow.

answering gladness—As the four approached the cottage their faces beamed with looks of great gladness. Through the open fence they could see the flowers, which in their brightness seemed to smile back at them,

the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

As a fitting finale the student should read Gray's *Elegy*, which, in its "still sad music of humanity," catches the spirit which should remain with us after reading *Silas Marner*.

Summary.

The conclusion tells us of Eppie's marriage to Aaron, and we meet for the last time the characters of the story who have been most before us.

Spring was the time for marriages in Raveloe. People were not so busy then as later on in the year, and it was the time when a light bridal dress could be worn.

Eppie's wedding-day dawned with bright sunshine. This was fortunate, for her wedding-dress was a very light one with the "finest pink sprigs, at wide intervals." Eppie had often pictured to herself the kind of wedding-dress she would like to have, so when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, Eppie was not long in making her choice. Looked at from a distance as she walked across the churchyard and down the village, she appeared to be dressed in pure white, and her hair looked golden against the white background. The bridal procession was made up of Eppie, her husband, on whose arm she leaned, Silas, at her other side, and Dolly and Ben Winthrop who brought up the rear. Before the marriage ceremony, Eppie had told Silas he was not giving her away, but only taking Aaron to him as a son.

There were many lookers-on at the bridal party. Miss Priscilla Lammeter and her father drove up to the Red House just in time to see the procession. They were to keep Nancy company that day, as her husband had gone to Lytherley for special reasons. Otherwise he would

have gone to the Rainbow, as Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Osgood intended doing, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered as a mark of his interest in the weaver, who had been wronged by a Cass. As Priscilla looked at Eppie, she said she wished that Nancy had had such a child that she (Priscilla) might have had something to take her mind off calves and lambs. Mr. Lammeter seconded the wish, saying that with the approach of old age, young people were needed to teach the old that the world was still what it used to be. As the wedding group passed to the humbler part of the village, Nancy came out to welcome her father and sister.

Mr. Macey, now too old to attend the wedding-feast at the Rainbow, was seated in his arm-chair outside his door. Dolly felt he would be hurt if he was not given a special word of notice. So the party turned to shake hands with him. In a quavering voice he told Silas he was glad to be alive to see his words come true; he had been the first to say that though Silas did not look prepossessing, yet he was harmless, and also the first to prophesy the return of Silas's money; that it was right he should have got it back; that he (Macey) would have willingly said the "Amen" at the wedding ceremony, but that Tooke had been saying them for a long time; yet he hoped luck would not be less favourable to the happy couple.

The wedding-guests were assembled in the Yard before the Rainbow an hour before the time appointed for the feast. Thus they could enjoy the "slow advent of their pleasures," discuss Silas Marner's strange history, and by degrees come to the conclusion that his protection of an orphan child had brought him a blessing. The farmer not only affirmed this sentiment as if it was his own, but challenged any one to contradict him. The challenge passed unheeded, for all agreed with Mr. Snell's sentiment that his neighbours should wish joy to a man deserving of his good luck. So as the bridal-party approached the Rainbow on their way to the Stone-pits, a hearty cheer went up from the guests. Ben Winthrop, still famous for his spicy jokes, turned in at the inn to receive congratulations, rather than spend the interval before the feast quietly at the Stone-pits.

Many were the alterations there, undertaken at the expense of Mr. Godfrey Cass, and to suit the increase in Marner's family, for both Marner and Eppie did not wish to have a new home. Eppie's garden was large beyond her expectations. Two sides of it were fenced in by stones; the other by an open fence through which they could see the bright flowers as they drew near the cottage. Out of the fullness of her heart Eppie expressed her delight at the prettiness of their home, and said she thought nobody could be happier than they were.

ADDENDA AND CORRIGENDA.

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cut off...shilling—"To cut off with a shilling" is to disinherit by bequeathing a shilling; a practice adopted by a testator dissatisfied with his heir, as a proof that the disinheritance was designed, and not the result of neglect, and also from the notion that it was necessary to leave the heir at least a shilling to make a will valid.

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you'll be so sorry...him—Instead of the note given read :—Dunstan means that he will give him anything that it is in his power to give him; he will buy his silence at any price. Dunstan is bitterly sarcastic. He is doing all he can to aggravate his brother.

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In continuation of the note on *Sir Roger de Coverley* we quote the following note from Morley's *Spectator*, p. 163 :—

"The name of Roger of Coverley applied to a *contre-danse* (i. e., a dance in which partners stand in opposite rows) anglicised Country-Dance, was ascribed to the house of Calverley in Yorkshire, by an ingenious member thereof, Ralph Thoresby, who has left a MS. account of the family written in 1717. Mr. Thoresby has it that Sir Roger of Calverley in the time of Richard I had a harper who was the composer of this tune; his evidence being, apparently, that persons of the name of Harper had lands in the neighbourhood of Calverley. Mr. W. Chappell, who repeats this statement in his "Popular Music of the Olden time," says that in a MS. of the beginning of the last century, this tune is called "Old Roger of Coverley for evermore. A Lancashire Hornpipe." In the *Dancing Master* of 1696, it is called "Roger of Coverley." Mr. Chappell quotes also, in illustration of the familiar knowledge of this tune and its name in Addison's time, from "the History of Robert Powell, the Puppet Showman (1715)," that "upon the Preludis being ended, each party fell to bawling and calling for particular tunes. The hobnailed fellows, whose breeches and lungs seemed to be of the same leather cried out for *Cheshire Rounds, Roger of Coverly*, etc."

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joining hands—In the dance two couples join hands to form an arch while the others pass through.

The following remarks are from Oscar Browning's *George Eliot* :—

" *Silas Marner* draws but little on the author's personal recollections. No scene familiar in early life is described, no friend of early years is portrayed. The experience from which the characters are drawn is part of her life-blood, but in other respects the tale is a pure product of imagination.... *Silas Marner* and *Felix Holt* may be classed together as pure efforts of imagination. Each started with a central idea, which was worked out in the one case with success, in the other case with failure.... Men of letters, I believe, give the palm to *Silas Marner*. They are attracted by the exquisite workmanship of the story. The plot was constructed by George Eliot out of the merest hint. The story was written in haste, at one gush. It is a perfect gem—a pure work of art, in which the demands of art have alone to be considered."

Page	iv,	(Introd.)	l. 17	from below	for <i>quest</i>	read <i>quest</i> ,
"	6,		" 12	" top	for <i>powerful</i>	read <i>powerful and</i>
"	7,		" 18	" below	for <i>comfortable</i>	read <i>comfortably</i>
"	12,		" 14	" "	for <i>it</i>	read <i>it had</i>
"	18,	last line,	omit	<i>as it were</i> .		
"	21,		l. 4	from top	for <i>different to</i>	read <i>different from</i>
"	25,		" 14	" "	for <i>that</i>	read <i>that it</i>
"	35,		" 10	" below	for <i>did not...it</i>	read <i>was foreign to it</i>
"	49,		" 8	" "	for <i>and of</i>	read <i>and by</i>
"	50,	last line,	omit	<i>also</i> and insert <i>as well</i> , after <i>would be ruined</i> .		
"	57,		l. 9	from below	for <i>Nancy</i>	read <i>her</i> .
"	64,		" 7	" top	for <i>with</i>	read <i>of</i>
"	88,		" 7	" below	for <i>event</i>	read <i>extent</i> .
"	98,		" 9	" "	for <i>that</i>	read <i>who</i>
"	94,		" 7	" top	for <i>thread</i>	read <i>threatened</i>
"	104,		" 10	" below insert <i>even</i> after <i>nought</i> .		
"	105,		" 9	" top	for <i>a person</i>	read <i>one</i>
"	106,		" 12	" "	for <i>their</i>	read <i>its</i>
"	158,		" 9	" "	for <i>but</i>	read <i>though</i>
"	201,		" 19	" "	for <i>she</i>	read <i>it</i>
"	208,		" 8	" "	for <i>prettily</i>	read <i>pretty</i>
"	v,	(Appen.)	l. 16	" "	for <i>were</i>	read <i>mere</i>
"	viii,		" 14	" below, insert after <i>past</i>	; <i>the relations of retrospective reverence and</i>	

APPENDIX.

I.

Further Critical Remarks.

[From "*The Contemporary Review*," 1872].

When having closed George Eliot's books, we gaze onward with the mind's eye, the spectacle we see is that most impressive spectacle of a great nature, which has suffered and has now attained, which was perplexed and has now grasped the clue—standing before us not without tokens on lip and brow of the strife and the suffering, but resolute, and henceforth possessed of something which makes self-mastery possible. The strife is not ended, the pain may still be resurgent; but we perceive on which side victory must lie.

This personal accent in the writings of George Eliot does not interfere with their dramatic truthfulness: it adds to the power with which they grasp the heart and conscience of the reader. We cannot say with confidence of any one of her creations that it is a projection of herself; the lines of their movement are not deflected by hidden powers of attraction or repulsion peculiar to the mind of the author; most noteworthy is her impartiality towards the sororal creatures of her imagination; she condemns but does not hate; she is cold or indifferent to none; each lives his own life good or bad; but the author is present in the midst of them, indicating, interpreting; and we discern in the moral laws, the operation of which presides over the action of each story, those abstractions from the common fund of truth which the author has found most needful to her own deepest life. We feel in reading these books that we are in the presence of a soul and a soul which has had a history.

At the same time the novels of George Eliot are not didactic treatises. They are primarily works of art, and George Eliot herself is artist as much as she is teacher. Many good things in particular passages of her writings are detachable; admirable sayings can be cleared from their surroundings, and presented by themselves, knocked out clean as we knock out fossils from a piece of limestone. But if we separate the moral soul of any complete work of hers from its artistic medium, if we murder to dissect, we lose far more than we gain. When a work of art can be understood only by enjoying it, the art is of a high kind. The best criticism of Shakespeare is not that which comes out of profound cogitation, but out of immense enjoyment; and the most valuable critic is the critic who communicates sympathy by an exquisite record of his own delights, not the critic who attempts to communicate thought. In a less degree the same is true of George Eliot. There is not a hard kernel of dogma at the centre of her art, and around it a sheath or envelope which we break and throw away; the moral significance coalesces with the narrative, and lives through the characters.

In George Eliot's poems the workmanship is not less sincere than that of her prose writings, and a token of sincerity is that inasmuch as she laboured under a disadvantage that disadvantage immediately shows itself. Those honest failures are immensely more precious than any possible piece of splendid mendacity in art, which might have gained a temporary success. The poems are conspicuously inferior to the novels, and a striking indication that poetry is not George Eliot's element as artist is this, that in

her poems the idea and the matter do not really interpenetrate; the idea stands above the matter as a master above a slave, and subdues the matter to its will. The ideal motives of *The Spanish Gypsy*, of *Jubal*, of "Armgarth," can be stated in a concise form of words. For the mystery of life there is substituted the complexity of a problem of moral dynamics, a calculable composition of forces. And with this the details of the poems are necessarily in agreement. A large rhythm sustains the verse similar in nature to the movement of a calmly musical period of prose; but at best the music of the lines is a measurable music; under the verse there lies no living heart of music, with curious pulsation and rhythm, which is a miracle of the blood. The carefully-executed lyrics of *Jann* and *Fedalma* are written with an accurate knowledge of what song is, and how it differs from speech. The author was acquainted with the precise position of the vocal organs in singing; the pity is she could not sing. The little modelled verses are masks taken from the dead faces of infantile lyrics that once lived and breathed.

Having been brought into the presence of the nature which has given us these books, the first thing which strikes us is its completeness. No part of our humanity seems to have been originally deficient or malformed. While we read what she has written the blood circulates through every part of our system. We are not held suspended in a dream with brain asleep. The eye of common observation is not blinded by an excess of mystical glory; the heart is made to throb with fervour; the conscience is aware of the awful issues of life and death; the life is made facile to laughter. The genius of this writer embraces us like the air on every side. If some powerful shock have numbed for a while any one of our nerves of sensation, she plays upon it with a stimulating restorative flow. And in this fact of the completeness of her nature we receive a guarantee of the importance of any solution which George Eliot may have wrought out for herself of the moral difficulties of life. No part of the problem is likely to have been ignored. From a partial nature we can expect only a partial solution and the formation of a sect.

In this nature, complete in all its parts and with every part strong, the granite-like foundation of the whole is conscience, the moral perceptions and the moral will. Abstract the ethical interest from her chief prose work, *Romola*, or from her chief poem, *The Spanish Gypsy*, and there is total collapse of design, characters, incidents. Other story-tellers centre our hopes and fears in the happiness or unhappiness of their chief personages; a wedding or a funeral brings to an end at once our emotional disturbance and the third volume of the novel. George Eliot is profoundly moved by the spectacle of human joy and human sorrow; death to her is always tragic, but there is something more tragic than cessation of the breath, and of the pulse; there is the slow letting go of life, and the ultimate extinction of a soul; to her the marriage joys are dear, but there is something higher than the highest happiness of lovers.

"What greater thing", she muses, while Adam and Dinah stand with clasped hands, and satisfied hearts, "what greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labour, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting." She has shown us one thing greater—the obedience of man and woman to a summons more authoritative than that of any personal emotion:—

We must walk

Apart unto the end. Our marriage rite

Is our resolve that we will each be true

To high allegiance, higher than our love,

When Tom and Maggie sink in the hurrying Floss, there is left an aching sense of abrupt incompleteness, of imperious suspension, of intolerable arrest, and, with a sense of the utter helplessness of our extremest longings. The musician's hand has broken the movement in the midst, and it can never be taken up again. This is cruel to all our tender desires for joy. But there is something more dreadful. When the heavens break up over the head of Silas Marner, when the lots declare him, the innocent man, guilty in the midst of the congregation of Lantern Yard; when he goes out with despair in his soul, with shaken trust in God and man, to live for weary years a life of unsocial and godless isolation, accumulating his hoard of yellow pieces, the tragedy is deeper... When the story concerns itself with the ruin or the restoration of moral character, every other interest becomes subordinate. The nodes of the plot from which new developments spring are often invisible spiritual events.

It is a crisis, and we feel it to be such, when there falls into Maggie's hands a copy of *De Imitatione Christi*; the incident is fraught, we are at once aware, with momentous consequences. "Father I have not been good to you; but I will be" said Esther, laying her head on his knee. Slight words, but words which determine an epoch, because as they were uttered, self-love was cast behind, and the little notion of laying her head upon her father's knees was endowed with sacramental efficacy. **The relations that human beings can form with one another which are most intimate, most full of fate, are with George Eliot not intellectual or merely social relations, but essentially moral.** Eppie... toddles in through the weaver's open door, and does much more than console him for his lost treasures; she is to him the sunshine and spring breeze thawing the arrested stream of his affection, delivering him from his state of unnatural isolation, and re-uniting him with his fellow men. Edgar Tryan brings happiness to Jauet, but it is by saving her soul.... To Romola her early love is as a morning cloud, growing momentarily fainter and more distant; the one profound attachment which she forms is to her spiritual father, the man "who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives", who had forced her to submit to the painful supremacy of conscience.

The conscience of George Eliot asserts itself so strongly because there are in her nature other powers strong also, and urging great claims upon the will. **Her senses are framed for rich and varied pleasure.** The avenues between the senses and the imagination are traversed to and fro by swift and secret intelligences. There are blind motions in her blood, which respond to vague influences, the moral nature of which may be determined by a contingency; there are deep incalculable instincts, the heritage from past generations, which suddenly declare themselves with an energy that had not been surmised. There are zeals and ardours of the heart, eager demands and surrenders. There is the grasping, permitted or restrained, of a richly endowed nature after joy.—after joy from which to avert the eyes for ever is as bitter as a sundering of flesh and soul. This nature, in which conscience must needs be stern, is a nature of passionate sensibility. The pure gleaming of gems, the perfect moulding of a woman's arm, the face of youth that is like a flower, and its aureole of bright hair, the strong voice of a singer that urges and controls, the exquisite movement and excitement of the dance, not one of these fails to find an answer in the large **joy-embracing nature of George Eliot.** We recall to mind Tito's presence in the dark brillary of Bardi "like a wreath of spring dropped suddenly in Romola's young but wintry life," and the fascination exercised over Adam by the sweet, rounded, blossom-like, dark-eyed Hetty; and Maggie borne along by the wave of arrogant baritone music, too strong for her; and the wonder, and worship of Rufus Lyon in presence of

that miracle of grace, the French woman found by the roadside, and Fedalma circling to the booming and ringing tambourine, under the flushed clouds and in the midst of the spectators of the Place :—

Ardently modest, sensuously pure,
With young delight that wonders at itself,
And throbs as innocent as opening flowers,
Knowing not comment, soillee, beautiful.

* * *

All gathering influences culminate,
And urge Fedalma. Earth and heaven seem one,
Life a glad trembling on the outer edge
Of unknown rapture.

This capacity for pure joy, this noble sensibility to beauty, are attributes, not of the lower characters of George Eliot's creating, but of the worthiest. They are felt by her to be derived from the strength of our nature, not from its weakness. Adam Bede falls in love with a woman who has nothing to recommend her but exquisite curves of cheek and neck, the liquid depth of beseeching eyes, the sweet childish pout of the lips, and he cleaves to her with almost a humility of devotion. Does George Eliot think meanly of her hero for a proceeding so unbecoming a sensible man? By no means. She perceives that "*beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes; as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them: it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this impersonal expression in beauty.*" Whence sometimes as in the case of Adam, tragic consequences. . . .

Dissociated from the sympathetic emotions the immoderate love of beauty, as Baudelaire has well said, "Leads men to monstrous and unheard of disorders." The appetite for joy consumes all that the earth can afford, and remains fierce and insatiate. It is impossible even to imagine such a calamity overtaking George Eliot, so numerous and full of soundness and vigour are the sympathies which bind her to her fellows. There are certain artists who concentrate the light of an intense intelligence and passionate sympathy upon their two or three chief figures, which move in an oppressive glare of consciousness, while towards the rest they show themselves almost indifferent. George Eliot's sympathy spreads with a powerful and even flow in every direction.

As was to be expected from the translator of Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, Religion is approached with an ardent tenderness. The psychology of the religious consciousness had been accepted by Feuerbach in its entirety; but theological metaphysics were abandoned. For supernaturalism, naturalism was substituted; the phenomena remained the same, but the substance was changed. A miracle not priestly but scientific was effected—the bread and wine which feed the soul, and which had been very God, became now very man, and nothing more than man; in the sacred acts and dogmas of religion man presents to himself his own flesh and his own blood, and feeds upon them. "God is an unutterable sigh, lying in the depths of the heart." The supernatural basis of religion is denied; a natural one assumes its place; and the phenomena remain unchanged. Such a doctrine adapts itself readily to the purpose of

the novelist. Absolute fidelity in representing the facts of the religious consciousness is not only permitted, but enjoined, and every phase of religious faith and feeling from the rudest to the most noble and the purest, becomes precious to the lover of mankind.

Doll Winthrop's feeling of religious truth "in her inside" and the naive anthropomorphism of her Raveloe theology contain the essence of all religion, and differ from the sublimest devotion of saint or mystic not by kind but by degree:— "Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf and if you've niver had no church there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feel so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God as Mr Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes I feel I can put up wi't it, for I've looked for help i'the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it is n't to be believed as Thein as are above us all be worse nor we are, and come short O'Theirn." The triumph of George Eliot's art is that her portraiture of the religious nature, conspicuously that most noble one of the female Methodist preacher, are never were artistic studies; there is no touch of unsympathetic intellectuality about them; no touch of coldness. And here surely, there is more than a triumph of art. . . .

Complete in all its parts, and strong in all, the nature of George Eliot is yet not one of those rare natures which without effort are harmonious. There is no impression made more decisively upon the reader of her books than this. No books bear upon their faces more unmistakably the pain of moral conflict, and the pain of moral victory, only less bitter than that of defeat. Great forces warring with one another; a sorrowful, a pathetic victory—that is what we discern. . . .

The tragic aspect of life, as viewed by this great writer is derived from the Titanio strife of egoistic desires with duties which the conscience confesses, and those emotions which transcend the interest of the individual. It seems to her no small or easy thing to cast away self. Rather the casting self away is agony and a martyrdom. All the noblest characters she has conceived, certainly all those characters in presenting which a personal accent seems least doubtfully recognisable. . . . cling with passionate attachment to the joy which must needs be renounced. . . . The same doctrine of the necessity of self-renunciation, of the obligation laid upon men to accept some other rule of conduct than the desire of pleasure is enforced in the way of warning with terrible emphasis. Tito Melema, Arthur Donnithorne, Godfrey Cass, Maggie Talliver, are in turn assailed by one and the same temptation—to deny or put out of sight our duties to others, to gratify some demand for egoistic pleasure or happiness, or avoid some wholesome necessary pain. . . . Godfrey was full of easy good nature; and Maggie, of a wealth of eager love. But in the linked necessity of evil, each of these, beginning with a soft yielding to egoistic desires, becomes capable of deeds or of wishes that are base and cruel.—Edward Dowden.

[From "*The Nineteenth Century*," 1881].

We are conscious in her works of a many sided sympathy with the various phases of real existence, with its commonest experiences as well as with its finest emotions, together with a keen intelligence of the laws which regulate, and the general truths which bear upon the best and worst possibility of action and emotion: no human passion was wanting in her nature, there were no blanks or negations; and the marvellous thing was to see how, in this wealth of impulses and desires,

there was no crash of internal discord, no painful collisions with other human interests outside; how, in all her life, passions of volcanic strength were harnessed in the service of those nearest her, and so inspired by the permanent instinct of devotion to her kind, that it seemed as if it were by their own choice they spent themselves there only where their force was welcome. Her very being was a protest against the opposing and yet cognate heresies that half the normal human passions must be strangled in the quest of virtue, and that the attainment of virtue is a dull and undesirable end, seeing it implies the sacrifice of most that makes life interesting. She was intolerant of those who find life dull as well as of those who find their fellow-creatures unattractive, and both for the same reason, holding that such indifference was due to the lack of vital energy and generosity in the complainor, since the same world held interest enough for those who had enough impulses and affections of their own whereby to entangle themselves in its affairs. But though she set herself chiefly to preach the worth of common things, the admirableness of obscure good deeds, the value of common lives, and the sacredness of commonplace people in the crises of the great primitive emotions, though she preached thus to the conviction of her hearers and her readers there was reserved for her friends another experience, not indeed invalidating the other doctrine, but supplementing it with a truth she did not preach. If ordinary folks, with but mediocre powers of intelligence and attraction, were deserving of affection and respect—even from herself—could any intensity of such feelings transcend what was due to one who rose as far as she did above this margin of mediocrity within which she thought the choicest feelings of our nature might find ample food? . . .

And in this context it may be well to consider the much debated question whether the general impression left by her writings, the general tendency of her teaching, is melancholy or otherwise. It follows from what has been said that the consolations she had to offer were of a strenuous sort. She came as a very angel of consolation to those persons of sufficiently impartial mind to find comfort in the hint that the world might be less to blame than they were as to those points on which they found themselves in chronic disagreement with it. But she had nothing welcome for those whose idea of consolation is the promise of *deus ex machina* by whose help they may gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. She thought that there was much needed doing in the world, and criticism of our neighbours and the natural order might wait at all events until the critic's own character and conduct were free from blame. . . .

She felt strongly that there was a worse and a better, almost at every turn in every life. . . .

Her mind was a mirror, upon which the truth concerning all human relations was reflected with literal fidelity. What one generalisation can cover so wide a range? You can no more draw one moral lesson from her books than you can from life itself; you may draw a thousand if you will, but merely to read one of her books in an impressionable mood is to see such a portion of the world with her eyes and to share in the multifarious influence exercised by the vision. . . .

It is in the *Scenes of Clerical Life* more especially that the interestingness of commonplace lives is insisted on; the doctrine is defended in passages too numerous to quote, and its truth is demonstrated by each story as a whole, seeing that the interest they inspire is in about an inverse ratio to the presence of the ordinary elements of romance. . . .

"These commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrow and their snored joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born; and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance, in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share? . . ."

But it is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches, into which they were pouring their young life-juice, the wounds will be healed over with some rough bark, some odd overescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of hard sorrow, which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty, and the trivial erring life which we visit with our harsh blame may be but as the unsteady motion of a man whose best limb is withered. . . ."

In *Janet's Repentance*, besides the history of the central figure, the writer dwells with lingering pathos on the last faint traces of human goodness in a brutalised nature, and recurs again and again to the special claim of earnest and conscientious labours to at least the same measure of intelligent tolerance and sympathy as has been already extorted on behalf of lower natures:—

"It is apt to be so in this life, I think. While we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions, that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed. Yet surely the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion. Our subtlest analysis of schools and sects must miss the essential truth, unless it be lit up by the love that sees in all forms of human thought and work the life-and-death struggles of separate human beings." Only an obtuse reader of George Eliot's books can fail to discern traces in the author's self of an intensely—just not morbidly—acute sensibility.

It is in her later works, perhaps most of all in *Middlemarch*, that she ventures to give the largest space—while keeping within the limits of obvious probability—to the power of one character over another, a power of which the first condition is the ability to put on one side the consciousness of any personal hurt or slight, and join with the other soul in considering only its present feelings and its present good. *Adam Bede* is perhaps the most purely objective of her works, the one in which it is least possible to recognise the writer's self in any part of either of her characters. But if we look beyond the subtle analysis of character and passion and the fascinating idealisation of rustic humour; the same profound sympathy, the same tolerant knowledge as inspires the rare sentences of reflection, will be found underlying every passage in the drama. But probably most readers feel that the interest of the work culminates in the remarkable pages before the charming scene in which Lisheth rouses Adam to the consciousness of his new-love—a passage quoted by the reviewer in *Blackwood*, whose appreciation of the finer and less obvious shades of meaning was gratefully acknowledged by her. . . .

In *The Mill on the Floss* the action runs more nearly upon lines which have had their parallel in the author's thought and feeling, but we ought not to exaggerate the parallelism; especially since such exaggeration is an implicit

charge of transgression against the *duteous reticences* spoken of in *Theophrastus*. Read by the light of the really autobiographic sonnets, *Brother and Sister*, even the tragic passages in poor little Maggie's childhood appear less painful; one is apt to undervalue the compensations, the mere increment of happiness, that comes from the *sweet-skill of loving much*. But in this book moral problems, as to which so many readers desire chiefly to know George Eliot's thoughts, are more nearly discussed, the writer's own judgment more nearly declared in express terms, than in any of her other works. No didactic purpose is obtruded, but here, more than anywhere else, the crisis of the story turns upon the question in one of the actor's minds: What ought I to do? Every one to whom George Eliot is a moralist as well as a storyteller knows the spirit of the answer given, and criticism has a clumsy look when it attempts to supply a formula which the artist has not seen fit to construct. We know in general terms that *George Eliot believed the force of moral obligation to lie in the keen personal feeling of the claims and needs of others*, while the influence of such general rules of conduct as are commonly accepted seems in her mind associated rather with a sort of reverential custom than with the *categorical imperative* of speculation. *No personal bent is accepted as virtuous unless in the human relations of life it brings forth the fruits of virtue*; a passion that exists by natural bias apart from justifying conditions is the one form of passion for which she has little sympathy to show. We see this in her treatment of the cherished quality, constancy and *faithfulness* which 'mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us, whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us. . . .'

It was not the least among George Eliot's personal fascinations that opposite qualities appeared in her, each developed to an extent that might at first sight have seemed incompatible with even moderate indulgence of its opposite. **Conservatism**—the affectionate clinging of memory and affections to the past—is less a principle than an instinct with her; from the pretty touch of feeling which makes Silas Marner prop up his broken pitcher in its accustomed corner, to her own utterance, '*I love the very stones the better, the longer I have known them*,' there is nothing but tender constancy in her frequent moods of Looking Backward. But joined with this constitutional conservatism there was an **inexhaustible freshness of susceptibility to every new impression**, a readiness to respond to every new appeal, to enter into every new interest and welcome every new affection. There was room in that large soul for the love of both past and present service, each had a wide enough world of its own, created for itself. Few persons perhaps have recognised so many claims, yet none of them found themselves *crowded or jostled in her affections*. . . . But, to return to the moral problems of *The Mill on the Floss*. The writer's most general conclusion is that almost every situation has a right of its own, that there is no royal road even to the discernment of what is really right, but that the guiding intuition comes from upright, unselfish life, which enables the determining motive—of consideration for the good of others—to act predominately at last upon the inmost feelings, without whose co-operation even right action is little more than uncertain and laboured affection.

All her works abound in acute psychological interpretations of the subtle impressions out of which the belief in supernatural spiritual influences is woven; as in the case of Mr. Tulliver's dim feeling that if he were hard upon his sister it might somehow tend to make Tom hard upon Maggie at some distant day—for simple people, like our friend Mr. Tulliver, are apt to clothe unimpeachable feelings in

erroneous ideas, and this was his confused way of explaining to himself that his love and anxiety for the little trench had given him a new sensibility towards his sister,....And so of Dinah's loadings it is said :—"Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental powers, we must still say, as Dinah did, that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us."

But it is in *Silas Marner* that the real power of this superstition of the feelings is dwelt upon with most insistence and sympathy. The dim theological confabulations of *Silas* and *Dolly* have a point lent them by that vivid presentation of all that is acting on their consciousness, which makes this *one of the writer's masterpieces*. It is easier to feel than to find exact words to describe the suggestions of the passage where she described *not without an inward sob over its symbolism*, the bewildered eagerness with which the weaver 'looked out on that narrow prospect round the stone pits, listening and gazing not with hope, but with more yearning and unrest...He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while; there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair...We see no white winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.' A clearer intuition of the course of spiritual causation is given by the series of scenes than by the most unexceptionable of moralisings: *the native piety, which will attach itself to inanimate objects rather than perish altogether*, is made familiar to us before we are called upon to see the hand of some plain fate or providence in the deliverance that follows when the piety finds and welcomes a fitting object for itself again. This recognition of the deep sense in which men are their own and each other's providences has its share in inspiring the passionate fervour with which George Eliot welcomes every manifestation of common human goodness. She says (in *Adam Bede*):—"I herewith discharge my conscience and declare that I have had quite enthusiastic movements of admiration towards old gentlemen who spoke the worst English, who were occasionally frolic in their temper, and who had never moved in a higher sphere of influence than that of parish overseer; and that the way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is loveable—the way I have learnt something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries—has been by living a great deal among people more or less commonplace and vulgar, of whom you would perhaps have heard nothing very surprising if you were to inquire about them in the neighbourhoods where they dwelt."

The commonest acts of human kindness assume in her eyes a sacredness out of all proportion to their apparent merit or effect, because it is from such chance wayside springs that now and again a worn-out traveller quenches his mortal thirst—while every passer-by goes on refreshed. And side by side with this sense of the incalculable effects that may follow from a single act, or from *one of those small leanings undone that make a great difference to other lives*, there was present a sort of religious awe of the unseen power, made by interlacing streams of righteous influence and overshadowing over the lives that seem most forlorn.

Looked at from a sufficient distance, there is a certain temptation to group together the three next works—*Romola*, *Felix Holt*, and *The Spanish Gypsy*; notwithstanding their conspicuous differences of form and subject. The undercurrent of thought flows along another channel. The mental attitude is the same, but the familiar world is viewed in

a fresh aspect. The prevailing impression is less that of the bearing of single lives upon each other and of the bearing of the widest spiritual facts on single lives, than of the degree in which the duty of individuals may be conditioned, and the fortunes of individuals shaped, by the visible forces of national history and external obligation. In *Romola* the acceptance of a wider duty gives meaning and purpose to a life that has missed its private good, but *Romola* takes her place among Florentines in virtue of the positive womanly sympathies whose exercise is needed as well as the transfigured patriotism which played so large a part in Savonarola's religion. In *Felix Holt* and *The Spanish Gipsy*, more than in any of her other writings, there is the suggestion of some outward force, some external, constraining rule, limiting the natural freedom of the passions, and creating fresh susceptibilities for a scrupulous morality to respect. In the one case class loyalty, in the other loyalty of race serve to symbolise this embodiment of an external consciousness; in each case it is possible to see in the feelings, which make desertion wear the aspect of a crime, an illustration of the wider obligations of mere human fellowship. . . . This would not be a true, at least not an exhaustive, account of the intention of these works, but it was an impression she was satisfied for them to make; and, as *Daniel Deronda* was to prove later, there was something especially attractive to her in the idea of nationality as a sort of intermediate condition, giving definiteness to duty and aspiration. . . .

When the time for fair comparison arrives, it will not be surprising if *Middlemarch* is ranked among the greatest of her great works. . . .

Undoubtedly, in the case of either men or women, *George Eliot's sympathies went out more readily towards enthusiasm for the discharge of duties than for the assertion of rights*. It belonged to the positive bias of her character to identify herself more with what people wished to do themselves than with what they thought somebody else ought to do for them. . . .

Charity that did not begin at home repelled her as much as she was attracted by the unpretentious kindness which overlooked no near opportunity; and perhaps we should not be far wrong in guessing that she thought for most people *the scrupulous discharge of all present and unavoidable duties was nearly occupation enough*. . . .

—Edith Simcox.

[From "*The Westminster Review*," 1881.]

In the following year her most finished—we do not say her greatest book—was given to the world—"Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe". The perfections of this work lies in the fine proportion and symmetry resulting from the harmonious co-adaptation of its component parts. All superfluous, disturbing irrelevant matter is carefully excluded. There are no flaws, or gaps; no didactic or episodical prominences, to interfere with the continuity of narrative, or to block out or obscure the light which the imagination sheds over the world that it has created. And as the unity is complete, as the effectiveness is sustained, the sense of the satisfying whole is realized. There is in it a recurrent simplicity....The characters are created, not in accordance with mechanical law or as the common phrase is, from without to within, but in accordance with the laws of poetic biology from within to without. They have grown with a natural fatality of their birth. There is the action of the same law of mortal and artistic necessity manifested in place as in person. The people are fitted to the country, are the natural products of the soil; and the correspondence between the material scenery, and

the mental configuration, is a witness to the unity and genuineness of the creative impulse. Primitive English life has never been painted with such simple truth and unpretending philosophy as in *Silas Marner*. The lingering echoes of the old demon worship among the grey-haired peasantry; the obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns; the conviction of the poor confined hero of the story that the religion of his adopted country was unknown to the pious folk he had once lived with—as in the early ages of the world it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinity; the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable; and above all, the great sorrow of minds unhinged from their old faith and love, are all noted here, with such wisdom and grace that the significance of the thought is often veiled by the modest beauty of the expression. The most elaborate portrait in the book is that of **Godfrey Cass**, the worshipper of Favorable Chance, the mighty creator of success with him; as the Evil principle which he deprecated, was "the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind." The bewildering grief of *Silas*, and all his sad fortunes, are touchingly recorded. The picture of little *Eppie*, with the soft yellow rings round her head, as if there were gold on the floor in front of his hearth, as if his own lost treasure were mysteriously restored, is exquisitely imagined. The minor characters are all sketched with a fine, steady hand. *Dolly Winthrop*, with her tender heart and her genial stoicism, delights us with her unconsciously humorous piety; and the parish clerk, the farrier, the butcher, and the landlord, with their talk at the "*Rainbow*," are worthy to rank next to the homelier creations of the Sovereign Wit, whose name has lent an immortality to that sister inn, "*The Innmaid*."

Over all English—may we not say over all novelists, Goethe excepted—**George Eliot** is supreme in culture. With the literature of modern languages, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, she was more or less intimately acquainted. Her classical attainments command respect. Homer, the Greek Tragedians, the Latin poets, including Terence, Plautus, Phædrus, the speculating Plato and the gossiping Sæmoneus, were all known to her. That her scholarship was profound, or even exact, we do not know. It was sufficient for all literary purposes. In *Romola*, the paraphrase of a passage in Aeschylus is purposely free. In *Theophrastus Such*, her ascription of the narrative of Socrates' death to the "*Apologia*," instead of the "*Phædo*," is the consequence of a momentary confusion. Her study of the classics was comprehensive, if not strictly accurate. With the different **systems of philosophy**, including that of Spinoza, of whose "*Ethics*" she has left a translation, she was competently acquainted. In **German theology**—as witness her translations of Strauss and Feuerbach—she was a proficient. The **sciences**, of course, she had never mastered, but she was at least a diligent reader of scientific books, taking great interest in all the branches of physics, including astronomy in that category.

This culture, so rich, so multifarious, if it has sometimes marred the purity and effectiveness of her art, has often given a suggestive variety to her thought. To her art, however, she carefully subordinated her philosophy, her science, her learning, and her theology. Whatever else she was, she was, like Goethe, above all an artist. The artist temperament, the artist faculty, predominate in her; her negative convictions, her "advanced views," are all scrupulously repressed; though the lynx eye of a Catholic critic detected an "extreme orthodoxy and dangerous Positivism underlying all she thought." To us, at any rate this heresy in solution was not discoverable in her earlier novels; and to us, with all our admiration for

her genius, the result was not entirely satisfactory. Knowing well her negative opinions, knowing that she had abandoned all theological dogma, we could not bring ourselves to feel absolute contentment in a mere artistic identification with the theology of the Chapel or the Church. Convinced that a new life was coming into the world; that science was sitting on her throne creating all things new; thoroughly sympathising with the onward movement in religion, politics, and philosophy, holding that art ought to be "the mirror of the shadow which futurity casts upon the present," we were disappointed at finding that while justice, and, perhaps, more than justice, was done to the snottiness of the Church, the Meeting House, and the old Catholic Faith, the claims of the new creed, of the new life, were not directly recognized at all. We willingly concede that the main region of art should be life as it is, or life as it has been; but if the religious fervour of Methodism could supply fitting matter for poetic representation, why was not the earnest unbelief of a Strauss, the devout enthusiasm of a Theist, like Mr. Francis Newman, or of a pantheist, like Shelley—to receive some recognition from art? A poet, such as Leopardi, in our days; a philosopher, such as the God intoxicated Spinoza, in earlier days—could they not furnish suggestions and intimations from which a genius like that of George Eliot might appropriate valuable material for new portraiture? That whatever was sweet and fair and gracious in the old religions should be mirrored in her art, was reasonable enough; but why were not the favourable aspects of the new faith to be represented at all? For at first we could find nothing but an unqualified eulogy on the beliefs of the past. *To us her art seemed partial*; and we found little to help us in sounding our fathomless way through perilous seas. In Goethe, Shelley, George Sand, we had encountered hearts that palpitated to our own. In George Eliot we found the artist, the mistress, but not the prophetess; others drew instruction, consolation, inspiration from her pages. In some cases the difference of view was intelligible enough. The young and the ardent, escaping from the trammels of a contracting creed, discovered in the broader teaching of these novels a new version of Christianity, new readings of old lessons, and they supposed the existence of a greater dogmatic sympathy between themselves and the authoress than was warranted by fact, and were delighted and instructed accordingly. What we have finally discovered in her was a refined morality, in general harmony with that of Auguste Comte, with whose writings we had been familiar long before the publication of the earliest of her works. *Besides this acceptance of a religion of humanity, we have found in her teaching, the enforcement of the doctrine of Consequences, more richly illustrated, more variously applied, more scientifically stated than ever it was before.* This awe of the Divine Nemesis—though, to use her own words, it has taken a more positive form under Christianity—was felt by religious Pagans; and, as divested of its poetical drapery, it constitutes the very basis of scientific morality, we were less forcibly impressed by it than those whose minds were more acutely perceptive, because less systematically indoctrinated than our own.

Another moral characteristic of her writings is the preeminently tragical, not to say pessimist, aspect of her representations of life. "The waste of force, the inevitableness of mistake," the sorrowful frustration of human endeavour, are phases in our common mortality, which it has been rightly said, throw a shadow over the exquisite world which her genius has created. There is much truth in the conception which depicts the destiny of mankind in hues of gloom and darkness. Nature, if we will personify her, is from our limited point of view at least, maleficent as well as beneficent. But is human life so essentially sombre, human endeavour so characteristically

impotent for good, as the moral of her noble fiction suggests? Take the leading personages in the imaginary drama of the works of George Eliot;—Hotty, Arthur, Maggie, Tito, Savourola, Worrothen, Godfroy, Gwendolen, Fedalma,—many of them with fair promise of good, all of them with some mental or physical attractiveness, yet all alike predestined to error, some to moral shipwreck, some to tragical defeat, some to disappointing, condescensions; Dinah even, our sweet saintly Methodist, abandoning her mission, a decree of the Conference having suppressed the voice of the Eternal Spirit. Too terribly true is this sad portraiture of human struggle and suffering, of “human hopes defeated and overthrown.” We admit its truth. But is all the truth there? Have not our poor planet given us many a noble statesman, many a man who was a king in deeds as well as in name, many a successful cultivator of science as of song, many a “happy warrior,” many a sweet soul working—and with success too—for the welfare of others, many as pure and noble in mind and as prosperous in essential fact, as a Mazzini, a John Stuart Mill, or as George Eliot herself?

With this true though partial representation of life, this tragedy of her art, is associated another and contrasting characteristic—the laughing humour, the dazzling wit, which, somewhat in Shakespear's high fashion, when Shakespear is at his best, completes her ideal of a work of art, by the superaddition of the comedy of life.

In culture, then, we may say that George Eliot excels all English novelists. In the power of imagining impressive situations, in portraiture of character, in pathos, in descriptive force, in mastery of language—delicate, apt, lucid, carefully elaborated diction—she ranks with the highest prose writers of her school. In wit and humour she has no superiors, unless they be Lucian, Sterne, Swift, Rabelais, Voltaire. If the world as it is and has been, is painted by her in sombre colours, it cannot be too emphatically stated that *she did not hold the philosophy of Leopardi or Schopenhauer*. She was not, and could not be an optimist, in the usual sense of the word; but she was certainly no pessimist. She believed, we should say, with Fichte, in the moral order of the world; and we have heard her speak with approval of the truth that underlies the now familiar expression of Mr. Matthew Arnold: “*The Eternal, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness.*” Disarding, as it were, the two antithetical epithets, optimist and pessimist, she one day suggested the word *Mellorist*, as an appropriate term to designate the hope of those who believe in the gradual improvement of the world. In *Romola* she sees in the companion of Giotto “a prophetic symbol, telling that human life must somehow, and at some time, shape itself into accord with that pure aspiring beauty.” In the “Minor Prophet” she avows:—

“I, too, rest in faith

That men's perfection is the crowning flower
Towards which the urgent sap in life's great tree
Is pressing—seen in puny blossoms now,
But on the world's great morrows to expand,
With broadest petal and with deepest flow.”

She was not, however, very sanguine of the rapid realization of this “perfection” through external agencies. Her thought as nearly as we can recall it, was that the support and consolation which so many need, will be found in human sympathy and compassion and their practical issues, rather than in the improvement of external conditions within the limits of appreciable time. Speaking once of the immense misery of the world, she referred to the passionate cry of the sufferer of Uz, as the only adequate expression of unrestrainable emotion in the hour of overpowering calamity: “Have pity upon me, have pity upon me. O ye my friend!”—*Job*, XI, 5.

An intense sympathy with all sentient emotion—men, woman, children, animals—with all forms of thought, all varieties of belief not without some trace of good or beauty in them, carried to the verge beyond which acquiescence would be insincerity, was a prominent quality in her affluent nature, as noticeable in her life as it is conspicuous in her writings. Her heart, as Mr. Mill so beautifully says of the ideal poet, *opened itself freely and largely to the love of all that is loveable, to pity of all that is pitiable, every cry of suffering humanity struck a responsive chord in her breast; whoever carried nobly his own share of the general burthen of human life, or generally helped to lighten that of others, was sure of her homage.* Nor did she find the human sphere too small for her. Like Goethe, rather she inclined to the opinion that, in a certain sense, man was made for the little; and she spoke with something of quiet scorn of those for whose “magnificent intellect, this world of all of us” is not sufficiently ample; of those gentlemen, as she wittily expresses it in *Felix Holt*, “who have no particular talent for the finite, but a general sense that the infinite is the right thing for them.”

This purely secular theory of life, this virtual protest against *other-worldliness*—to use an expression of her own—appears to many limiting. It does not satisfy; it does not edify them. The question, however, is not, Is it pleasing? but, Is it true? Her reply, we believe, would have been in the affirmative. The related question, *What was the religion of George Eliot?* requires further elucidation here.

In 1852 an article by Dr. James Martineau, entitled *Christian Ethics*, appeared in the *Westminster-Review*, embodying, as we have reason to believe, though perhaps not without reservations, the opinions which she then held to be true. We may fairly infer then, that at that time she shared the conviction that “Christian Ethics, proposing as an end within their reach the ascent of the soul to a divine life, and, as the means, a simple surrender to its own highest intimations, have melted away the interval between earthly and heavenly natures, not by humanizing God, but by consecrating man. In treating the lower desires of sense and self as the streams that intercept the tender reverences, as the pure air that transmits the light of lights, they have struck the deepest truth of human consciousness.” In an article of her own, entitled “*Evangelical Teaching*,” she admits the value of the true theistic conception; of the idea of God, as possessing “all those attributes which we recognize to be moral in humanity,” of the efficacy of a “Sense of His presence, intensifying all noble feeling and encouraging all noble effort, on the same principle that human sympathy is found a source of strength.” This admission very powerfully impressed us in the earlier years of her authorship; but when, at a later period, we attempted in conversation to vindicate our own attenuated form of faith—if faith that could be called, which was rather a survival of difficulties—her somewhat discomforting response affirmed the practical sufficiency of the purely human ideal. Her answer to the theological argument was, “The explanation is contained in a nut-shell.” With Kant, though not in his words, she contended that the reflecting reason brings design into the world, and then admires a wonder created by itself. An apology for theism grounded on the distinction between the God of the people and the God of the philosophers she rejected, with the observation that the latter conception was the less reasonable of the two; glancing, probably at the common deistical notion of a sort of Deity Franaunt, who having made a world like a clock, sits aloft, seeing it go. Pantheism was even less acceptable to her than theism. Its “moral indifference” revolted her. Between theism and pantheism she had long oscillated. In 1871, perhaps much earlier, the oscillation had ceased. The statement, therefore, of

Professor Beesly, in his impressive "Annual Address," that she had "cast away every shred of theology and metaphysics," must not be accepted as scrupulously accurate.

Her religion was, unquestionably, the religion of humanity. If the scientific form of the conception emanating from Auguste Comte nowhere appears in her works, we find occasional approximations to it; as when, interconnecting the past, the future, and the present, she says, in the beautiful paper called *Looking Backward*, "All reverence and gratitude for the worthy dead, on whose labours we have entered; all care for the future generations for whose lot we are preparing; but some affection and fairness for those who are doing the actual work of the world." Making the faithful discharge of duty the primary consideration, she deprecated the "light abandonment of ties, whether inherited or voluntary, because they have ceased to be pleasing, and insisted on the sanctity attaching to all close relation, preeminently to the closest," (*Romola*).

In her religion, however, there was, we suspect, an element of mysticism—a phase of mental life with which we have strong sympathy. This mysticism, indeed, is not a theological, but an æsthetic mysticism; the offspring of the emotion which the sense of the unspeakable beauty, the illimitable splendour, the infinite play of force in the nameless external reality we call the Cosmos, awakens in responsive minds. The rapturous outburst of religious feeling in the garden scene in *Faust* was greeted by her as an admirable expression of this glow of the soul—this burning and profound emotion. To any attempt to ascertain an objective correspondent, to define the feeling, she was opposed, on the ground that to define would be to limit. In *Adam Bede* she clothes this sentiment in language of great beauty:—"Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture, under the influence of autumn sunsets or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty. Our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object and loses itself in the source of divine mystery."

The exercise of the imagination in idealizing our standard of excellence was recognized by her (the artist) no less than by Mill, the philosopher. "Even our illusions," she says, "do not lose their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal better; and, in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible, tangible selves.".....—W. M. W. CALL.

* Mr Call's article will be found in the *Westminster Review* of July, 1881. If the student has access to a good library, he should read the whole article. Mr. Call, who married Mr. Charles Hennell's widow—formerly Miss Brahant, was the author of 'Reverberations and other Poems.' He and Mr. Call remained amongst the Loweses' warm friends to the end.

[From Frederick Harrison's "Early Victorian Literature."]

I have no doubt myself that *Silas Marner* comes nearer to being a great success than any of the more elaborate books. Yet *Silas Marner* is about one fifth part of the length of *Middlemarch*; and its plot, *mise-en-scène* and incidents are simplicity itself. There is no science, no book learning, and but few ethical problems in it from beginning to end; and it all goes in one small volume, for the tale concerns but the neighbours of one quiet village. Yet the quaint and idyllic charm of the piece, the perfection of tone and keeping, the harmony of the landscape, the pure, deep humanity of it, all make it a true and exquisite work of high art.

Modern English (and I am one of those who hold that the best modern English is as good as any in our literature) has few pieces of description more gemlike in its crystalline facets than the opening chapter that tells of the pale, uncanny weaver of Raveloe in his stone cottage by the deserted pit. Some of us can remember such house weavers in such lonesome cottages on the Northern moors, and have heard the unfamiliar rattle of the loom in a half-ruinous homestead. How perfect is that vignette of Raveloe—"a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices"—with its strange lingering echoes of the old demon—worship among the grey-haired peasantry! The entire picture of the village and its village life a hundred years ago, is finished with the musical and reserved note of poetry, such as we are taught to love in Wordsworth and Tennyson. And for quiet humour modern literature has few happier scenes than the fireside at the "Rainbow," with Macey and Winthrop, the butcher and the farmer, over their pipes and their hot potatoes, and the quarrel about "sceing ghes'es," and about smelling them!

Within this most graceful and refined picture of rural life there is a dominant ethical motive which she herself describes as its aim, "to set in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural, human relations." This aim is perfectly worked out: it is a right and healthy conception, not too subtle, not too common:—to put it in simpler words than hers, it is how a lonely, crabbed, ill-used old man is humanised by the love of a faithful and affectionate child. The form is poetic: the moral is both just and noble: the characters are living, and the story is original, natural, and dramatic. The only thing, indeed, which *Silas Marner* wants to make it a really great romance is more ease, more rapidity, more "go." The melody runs so uniformly in minor keys, the sense of care, meditation, and introspection is so apparent in every line, the amount of serious thought lavished by the writer and required of the reader is so continuous, that we are not carried away, we are not excited, inspired, and thrilled as we are by *Jane Eyre* or *Fanshawe*. We enjoy a beautiful book with a fine moral, set in exquisite prose, with consummate literary resources, full of fine thought, true, ennobling thoughts, and with no weak side at all, unless it be the sense of being overwrought, like a picture which has been stippled over in every surface.

A clever French woman said of George Eliot's conversation—*elle s'ecoute quand elle parle*! Just so, as we read on we seem to see how she held up each sentence into the light as it fell from her pen, scrutinised it to see if some rare phrase might not be compacted, some subtler thought excogitated. Of all the more important tales, *Silas Marner* is that wherein we least feel this excessive thoughtfulness. And thus it is the best. Perhaps other born romancers would have thrown into it more life, energy, jollity, or passion. Thackeray would have made the weaver a serio-comic hermit: Dickens would have made Eppie a sentimental angel; Charlotte Brontë would have curdled our blood; Trollope might have made more of Nancy's courting. But no one of them could have given us a more lofty lesson, "of the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations." The only doubt is, whether a novel is the medium for such lessons. On this opinions are, and will remain, divided. The lesson and the art ought both to be faultless.

[From Hutton's "Literary Essays."]

To me, indeed, George Eliot's Scepticism seems one of the greatest of the limitations on her genius. One rises from the study of her works, profoundly impressed with their thoroughness, their depth, their rich colouring, their marvellous humour, their laborious conscientiousness, their noble ethical standard, and their weariness,—the weariness of a

great speculative intellect which can find no true spring of elasticity, and in vain forces from herself a certain amount of enthusiasm for optimist views of that "Wide, grey, lampless, deep, unpoppled world" from which Shelley makes Beatrice Cenci recoil in horror. The only flaw I can see in George Eliot's intellect consists in her attempts to conform her mind cheerfully to facts against which she inwardly rebels.

George Eliot, with a faith like that of her own "Dinah," would, to my mind, be one of the greatest intellectual personages the world had ever seen. Her imagination would gain that vivacity and spring the absence of which is its only artistic defect; her noble ethical-conceptions would win certainty and grandeur; her singularly just and impartial judgment would lose the tinge of gloom which now seems always to pervade it; and her poetic feelings would be no longer weighed down by the superincumbent mass of a body of sceptical thought with which they struggle for the mastery in vain. Few minds at once so speculative and so creative have ever put their mark on literature. If she cannot paint the glow of human enterprise like Scott, or sketch with the easy rapidity of Fielding, she can do what neither of them could do—see and explain the relation of the broadest and commonest life to the deepest springs of philosophy and science. With a quicker pulse of life, with a richer, happier faith, I hardly see the limit to her power.



II.

Examination Papers.

University of Madras.

B. A. Degree Examination Papers.

1880.

VIII. State as briefly as you can the spiritual condition of Silas Marner in each of the three periods into which his life may be divided.

Describe the steps by which the coming of Eppie gradually withdrew Marner from his unsocial life.

IX. Describe the parts which the Landlord, Mr. Macey, and the Farrier severally play in the conversation at the Rainbow.

In what feature does the sarcasm popular at the Rainbow differ from that of a higher class? Give the author's euphemism for this feature. Quote as exactly as you can the retort which seems to you of the greatest merit.

X. Give some of the characteristics of the rural population of England, as sketched in *Silas Marner*.

"The rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity." Account for this.

XI. Give approximately the length of time from the loss of Marner's money to the appearance of Eppie.

What is the subsidiary story in the plot of this novel, and what are its two chief points of contact with the main story?

XII. Explain the following allusions:—

(a) Not as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred.

(b) Angels who came and took men from the city of destruction



1894.

VI. 1. Describe carefully the change that took place in Silas Marner's inward life during the first fifteen years of his residence at Raveloe.

2. Mention the different causes of the repulsion between Marner and his neighbours, and state the part which each of the two most important episodes of his life at Raveloe had in dissipating it.

VII. State the grounds on which Mrs. Cass justified to herself her resistance to her husband's wish that they should adopt a child, and show that in this she acted consistently with the mode in which she regulated her life.

VIII. State (1) Mr. Macey's view of the condition of Silas Marner when Jem Rodney found him in what was supposed to be a fit; (2) the conclusion to which Dolly Winthrop came regarding Silas Marner's early trouble connected with the drawing of lots.

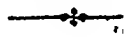
IX. Explain the following passages, giving in each case an incident by which the author illustrates her meaning.

1. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment; their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear.

2. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection.

X. Rewrite the following extract, employing, as far as possible, words of English origin:

Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community.



1904.

I. "In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

Show clearly that the purpose of the novel is expressed in these lines.

II. Examine one of the following criticisms:

(a) "It was undoubtedly a daring conception to make the bent figure and downcast features of the solitary weaver the centre of imaginative interest."

(b) "A modern realist would, I suppose, complain that she has omitted or touched too slightly for his taste, a great many repulsive and brutal elements in the rustic world."

III. Give the meaning, with reference to the context, of the following passages:

(a) "It's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the register does it—that's the glue."

(b) "The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots."

College Examination Papers.

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

November, 1903.

VI. Explain the impression which Silas Marner made on the villagers when he came to reside in Raveloe.

VII. Describe Silas's character as it was before his friend's treachery, and trace the transformation gradually wrought in him by fourteen year's residence in Raveloe.

VIII. Characterise in two or three sentences any one of the villagers who figure in the group at the Rainbow on the night of the robbery.



H. H. THE MAHA RAJAH'S COLLEGE—TRIVANDRUM. .

April 1910.

I. Estimate the place and importance of George Eliot in the development of English fiction.

II. (a) Give a concise account of the life of Silas Marner till he settled down at Raveloe.

(b) Give specific examples from the portion prescribed to show the provincial narrowness of the rustic population in the early years of the 19th century.

III. "About this time an incident happened which seemed to open a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbours." What was the incident referred to, and how did this incident make his isolation more complete?

or

Clearly bring out the meaning of the following passages :—

(a) To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection.

(b) To their untravelled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would have prevented any surprise if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime.

(c) No! He would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve—rather go on sitting at the feast, and sipping the wine he loved, though with the sword hanging over him and terror in his heart, than rush away into the cold darkness where there was no pleasure left.

I. "The condescending parish clerk, the judicious landlord and the contradictory farrier, with their discussions of village traditions, their attempts at humour, and the curious mental process which take the place of reasoning, are delicious and inimitable."—*L. Stephen.*

Examine the above statement pointing out clearly how each of the personages deserves the epithet given him and giving an example each of "their discussions of village traditions," etc.

II. "In Godfrey Cass we have the type of character in which self is the main object of regard and in which, with much that is estimable there is little depth, truth or steadfastness."—*J. C. Brown.*

Criticise the above statement in the light of what you know about Godfrey.

III. Explain fully any five of the following :—

1. Dunstan Cass set off at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter.
 2. There was a little account between us and Wildfire made it even.
 3. There was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion : it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact.
 4. The father wanted to ride the tailor out o' the lad and make a gentleman on him.
 5. The landlord, after taking the sense of the company and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari* consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's.
 6. 'The newspaper's taking about peace. Why the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack.'
 7. 'I'd have you remember, sir, my property's got no entail on it.'
 8. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us : there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.
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Questions from Various Sources.

- I. What periods of time elapse in the story? Give references.
 - II. What object is served by introducing Sally Oates in chap. II?
 - III. What is Dolly Winthrop's part in the development of the plot?
 - IV. Would the story suffer by cutting out the confab at the Rainbow?
 - V. Would Nancy in our estimate of her have refused Godfrey if she had known of his first marriage?
 - VI. Write a short note on the topography of the village of Raveloe with its outlying villages.
 - VII. Give a few characteristics of the village mind.
 - VIII. Compare the characters of Squire Cass and Mr. Lammeter.
 - IX. Mention a few characteristics of George Eliot's style.
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